

“Blue Prelude” by [Saeed Jones](#)

Last night, the ceiling above me ached
with dance. Music dripped down the walls

like rain in a broken house. My eyes followed
the couple's steps from one corner

to the other, pictured the press of two chests
against soft breathing, bodies slipping

in and out of candlelight. The hurt
was exquisite. In my empty bed, I dreamed

the record's needle pointed into my back,
spinning me into no one's song.