

Melodi Coda Laine
melodiclaine@gmail.com
125 Words

EVER SINCE
BY MELODI CODA LAINE

There's magic in these steps. There's something about the music, our laughter and our smiles that bring the hardwood alive. It's like the house wants in on our love. Damn it, the galaxy wants in. The way the orange of the sun reaches into the house and caresses your face, I can tell. They want in on our touch, our warmth, our joy—because on this very floor it is all that more beautiful and potent. I stare, dead, into your eyes, ignoring your loud, harsh words, dwelling on how it's been cloudy ever since you put those curtains up. *Christ! You listen to me when I speak!* you yelled. I looked down, to the floor. I think back to when this wood used to sing.