

Maggots—or The Sound of Water

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Eyebrows raised.

There were maggots in the kitchen.

I don't have to say anything.

The floor, still wet;

a good mopping. He can't
breathe – he feels them on his skin.

I pour myself a scotch.

He showers. I hang
my legs from a window—

I need you to know it is possible
to miss the view of a backyard,
70s linoleum, the sound
of water two rooms away.

Half-afraid and facing him.

I wish my name to drip down
his chest with the same
thick joy tomorrow – but who
has time for that conversation
when there is Chinese food
and wine on the table?