My Apartment

Heather Ruffalo
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My Apartment

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It is not
Who am I
But who I have become
because of it.

Remembering
long, lazy afternoons one stretching into the next
Macaroni and cheese concoction on the stove
forgetting about it, then
remembering
lying down on earthy tones, plush
against my flesh
being alone and turning the pages
of someone else's life
Remembering
The smells of summer
Humidity running down my cheek
The tender breeze laughing
Peaceful days watching cars whiz by
from my windowsill past the cobblestone
that contained my happiness.

Moving on
A new beginning
leaving old days
behind
But, never forgetting
me

— Heather Ruffalo
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- Heather Kipple

My Apartment

- Zeynep Mancirolli

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