

5:28am in Los Angeles

5:28am in Los Angeles, she sleeps quietly in the arms of her lover. Her breath passes across his chest, moves over the landscape of his body like warm breezes over still waters.

He sleeps.

His breath is steady, it is even. It is strong, like him. Her head ascends, descends. Closer to the sky and then to the ground as it is carried by the movements of his breath.

They sleep.

It is still dark in Los Angeles. Something wakes her, though she is not sure what and through the haze of sleep and dreams, she says to him:

“good morning”

“it is still night”

“but i have woken and so i may tell you good morning”

“good morning”

“good night”

They sleep again.

Perhaps yours lies next to you, dreaming, while you compose a letter to the sleeping woman in Los Angeles.

You tell her you are thinking of her. You tell her you are sorry. You tell her you want to see her. That you would like to say these words to her eyes.

The distance between you now is safe.

Sunlight begins to filter through the windows of her apartment, across the floor where you stood in the moments before you walked out of the door one morning last winter. She sits, sleepy-eyed, sees your name on the screen, apparition. It all seems so long ago now, so distant. Your memory is farther than you are.

She opens the correspondence bearing your name, the name of a ghost.

Subject: buenos aires.

She reads your words.

She returns to her bed, to the arms of her lover.

She kisses him, closes her eyes.

And forgets you again.



Corrie Greathouse

Corrie Greathouse was made in Orange County, lives in Los Angeles and still misses Massachusetts. In 2001, the reformed O.C. girl changed state of residence and mind by moving to Northampton, MA, where she spent several years writing, painting and alternately freezing in snow and choking on humidity. Corrie returned to California in 2005, settling in Los Angeles to continue the work she began one winter. Her debut release on Noble Swine Press, Portraits: Invisible Ink on Parchment is both collection of prose and peek into the past and present of characters never defined by name.