

“You don’t have to say yes but...”  
visits across the hall were never  
near the top of my 1L survival list.  
Unlikely Friends that make the sitcom  
seem forced now leave their doors open  
on the off chance I need their  
microwave. Making warm & melting  
any wedge we are told should be between us.  
Using their space to say  
“Yes” & “I love you”.

“If you say yes..”  
there will be coffee, and conversation  
you can’t have with just anyone ‘cause  
closeness becomes a hydra. Have you  
ever cut off anyone who heads to  
your side no matter what they see when  
you pull back your dragon skin?  
Do you know that every “yes” is also a shield?  
There’s another kinda cover where closed doors  
gape, gutted so they grow into arbors.  
“Yes, I have space & time to tend you, flower”

“But you have to say yes....”  
Happy to help a friend with their scruffy secret,  
we scramble to cover cameras & bus  
two canines up to the single occupancy apartment.  
A destination I meant to make a lone wolf den  
now has puppies and  
an even tighter tether to the pal downstairs.  
This space was surely just mine.  
“No” would render it so again  
But I said “yes”.  
I love yes.