**Someone Left a Window Open**

E.N. Loizis

I can’t see it. I just know.

I feel the cold. Oxygen fills the room with lifeforce.

All the outside things come rushing in as I knew they would.

*Fuck*, what if it rains?

What if the crows make a nest in my hair while I sleep?

What if their babies mistake the tangled mess of my head for safety

plunge into their deaths all dark and innocent and soft?

What if the fox chases the rabbit in my living room?

What if the rabbit dies because there are no holes it can escape into

just the ones I hide in my dreams every night?

What if the river swells and floods the bedroom?

What if the bed floats away into the unknown

my hands oars unwilling to divide a body

of water to find you?

Someone left a window open

and I can think of a hundred ways this home will turn

into a refuge, for every living thing inside its walls—also called

a grave.