

Rane Arroyo

MULTIPLE STORMS

Our nudity is luxury
while snow reshapes
slowed Chicago into

its own battered twin.
I ride across your skin
towards the window: look!

the first tow truck of
the season! It's a way
to laugh on the day of

Franco's funeral. We're
explicit, the wrong fire
exits. Streets, when

scraped, make our inner
ears real. Your morning
beard rubs me raw, leaves

maps for me to find in
the mirror. Shadows hide
above us, under us, inside us.