
A PLACE FOR YOUR HEART

At a point on the earth called mathematical north, north no longer exists. Things can come only from the south. In mathematical north it is every hour of the day. The year divides only once.

Extending my understanding, I eventually grow into my mathematical self. I save the money to buy a condominium. I take on the mathematical responsibilities of ownership. I don't throw large parties. I sign up for association meetings. I buy a puppy. But in a corresponding way, at the center of my condominium there is no condominium. At first I would like to disagree. Then I try to avoid the point, which I have marked on my rug with a sharpie. But over time I grow into it. I cover the point with an ottoman, and I sleep there, taking great effort to align my mathematical center perfectly with the one in the condominium.

JONATHAN APREA

I BECOME YOUR ENEMY

When I no longer love you
and when some of the color has drained from my hands
I will dig a hole in the backyard with my dad's shovel
careful to choose a spot where the grass is thin
by the edge of the woods near the boulder.
I will make the hole as round as I can,
measuring the diameter with string
and I will bring you inside with me.
We'll sit on the ground and the hole will be quiet
and my hands will be shaking, and everything
that filters in will be the color of carnations.
It will grow dim inside of the hole,
and we will feel damp, and we'll look
into each other's skin and figure out what this is.

JONATHAN APREA