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Loud

Katie L. Milligan

Cedarville University, katiemilligan@cedarville.edu

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Description

This abstract poem recalls a dream-like experience during a night drive.

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LOUD

KATIE MILLIGAN

sometimes, i live a moment

so loudly

that i can feel the rain in my fingertips when i remember it.

when you ease onto the on-ramp and the white lines come alive, a firefly rendezvous in the dark, and the sound of the motor against the concrete tunnels of I-79 is

so loud

that it echoes in the hollows beneath my ribs, in the space between my knuckles, then i look at you with fireflies in my eyes because you are just so invincible—noise personified—and i swear that fireflies are coming out of the exhaust, i swear that we leave earth.

and maybe we only get one of these moments in a lifetime, and i think that would be kind of sad, because

because my ears still buzz when i think of how the wind felt coming through the window, how powerful the engine was, how powerful i am and how the street signs bowed in reverence.

but i guess i'm trying to say that if i only get one loud moment, i'm glad that it was with you—

because to me, the sound of you is

deafening