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Oakland

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Oakland

Eric Orosco

He took me to a spot
where stars looked like sequins
sewn on a midnight blouse

rolling hills were little
more than blackened bumps
lining our peripherals.

We were breaking up
even if the words had
yet to slip out between

our lips. He turned toward me
and said, “I want to paint
in Oakland” and I laughed and

said “Oakland can be just
as lonely” and thought
here are two men pretending

*their bodies don't embrace
in bed because there's too
much heat.*

South of us high beams cut
up the night as a truck
bounded down some dirt path

and I thought of all those times
I'd gone through Oakland and
how I couldn't revive

the feeling of running
my fingers along his
palm.