

Cold feet

Not even the tightening of my muscles in my stomach,
or the flitting of my eyes searching for escape,
or the sticky sweat gathering in the small of my back,
could keep me from wanting to say "I Do."

It's always been you.

Sitting on the veranda, rocking in our
matching chairs with the peeling paint.

Holding hands, your weathered fingers
tracing little circles on the back of my hand.

The high trills of our grandchildren laughing,
watching them grow and learning how to love.

Your frail lips kissing my papery cheeks.

Telling the same jokes that always made me smile.
Our minds doddering as we grow old together.

You've always been the one to keep my feet warm.

—Brittany Violet Long

Sunsets on the Savannah Coastline

"This little light of mine,"
an old black man sings with his raspy voice,
where the air smells of sea bass and salty brine.

"I'm gonna let it shine."
The Savannah sun settles, dimming the lights,
drowning out the melody of the city's pastime .

His voice resonates, romanticizing the city,
captivating me with every rhyme.

"Let it shine."
His guitar sounds smooth,
like making love in the moonlight
after dancing and sipping mulled wine.

"Let it shine."
Savannah has a way of seduction,
making you lose yourself in her magic,
erasing the remembrance of time.

"Let it shine, Let it shine, Let it shine."

—Brittany Violet Long