A Brisk Night In Boston
By Sarah Zweighaft

San Francisco is too undulating and steep for my unsuspecting legs.

New York City reeks of desperation and urine. It’s the perfect place to ruin one’s dignity with a $1 pretzel and raging pit stains.

Los Angeles is full of artificial, lonely girls that occupy their time with cross fit and cruel casting calls, with directors that let out a huffy, “Next!”

Vegas is simply made up of a mass of “cool aunts” getting drunk off of gambling and photos to post to Facebook.

But Boston is above all of this. I associate Boston with you.

I’ve been meaning to ask you if you recall that night,

Nothing but strangers then, as we are once again.

I can’t refer to myself as an old friend, for I was only a confidant for those 12 hours of night.

We slept in a queen size hotel bed, the duvet thick as our initial tension.

The sheets were whiter than the fog drifting past our hotel window,

You kept the blinds up so we could look out at the splendors of the city,

It had a sort of metropolitan charm that I never found anywhere else.

We talked through all the hours of the night,

We defined femininity and what it means to be womanly. We both agreed that this doesn’t lie in long locks of hair, nor does it lie in courting husky men with low voices and ESPN addictions.
We both found an affinity for clunky boots, jeans that hugged and loved our curves better than any man could, unappreciated colors such as ocean coral or canary yellow, music that perfectly captured the blatant grappling of life (none of that “tonight is the night” or “I’m feelin’ so good” bullshit), and perhaps even a divine love for fellow women.

We decided that *these* things were indeed feminine.

You fell asleep before I did.

Perhaps you dreamt of said jeans and music.

After all that, you felt like less of a stranger to me,

I felt too inspired to sleep.

How could I lay next to someone who grasped me whole-heartedly and just… sleep?

But alas, sleep did eventually come.

Your snoring started to rock me to sleep,

My eyes drooped as I gazed out the window.

It was serene.