



THE DARK BLUE SUITCASE

BY SK GROUT

Last night as I unpacked the dark blue suitcase, my love of red wine unfolded itself from the turnings of my T-shirts, seeping into my skin and the Wednesday, Thursday clothes and spread itself through the room; later, when I slept, dreams came in the shape of the howling of wolves and the colour of the beating of wings; a cat's meow. By morning, I thought I'd lost the orchestra of silence. I gazed out the window, and re-evaluated my addiction to coffee. A text arrived, through the miasma, spoiling me for Jon Snow's lack of death.



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