

**Jane Fleming** is currently a Ph.D. Student in English at the University of Texas at Austin. Her poetry and prose have been previously featured in *KNACK Magazine*, *Moonchild Mag*, and the *Eunoia Review*.

## [our first new piece of furniture]

by Jane Fleming

Our house is white,  
Pueblo-style, with paint peeling in chunks  
and the ghost of ivy climbing up its stucco walls.  
It has a swamp cooler, or heater, or really just a noise maker  
Blowing hot air like dog's breath  
Into our home.

We decorated like college-kids  
Pretending to be adults,  
With masks and paintings and my craft creations—

I don't know why I needed a green  
couch, but when I closed my eyes  
it was all I could see with our  
bare asses spread into the corners—

or maybe just mine. Maybe the microfiber  
green was just a vain attempt to avoid

your suede that makes us sweat  
and breathe

and breathe the heat blowing off of the concrete  
covering the backyard  
or the too-fast wind rattling the palm tree  
in the tile-covered front  
or the wasps' nest that you've sprayed, fearfully three times.

Our house is white and living  
Breathing,  
Collecting the desert heat  
In the microfiber green that was just a vain attempt to avoid

Your suede that makes us sweat  
and breathe.