

MY LIFE IS BORROWED

WRITTEN BY KIERSTEN NABERHAUS

We live in a two-room apartment
at the bottom of the stack
that isn't ours, just borrowed.
Our couch is borrowed too,
from my sister-in-law.
And our bookshelf,
from my husband's roommate's sister.
And our leather armchair, from Grandpa.
Our coffee table is from the anonymous family across town
who set it on the curb just for us, or someone else.

The coffee mug warming my hand is from
my aunt. I think of her as I look out
the window at this sideways snowstorm
and plan to call her, asking when we can come
scoop the snow from her deck. Something
Uncle Keith would have done a year previous
had his life not only been borrowed.
But now I borrow his strength, his kind eyes,
and his seventies-style brown coffee mug.

Kiersten Naberhaus is a junior in English Education. She loves her husband, her family, her friends, and theatre magic.