

The Guest Room

Jordan Stevens

The white paneled door stands entirely ajar, beyond which vaulted ceilings enclose a sheetrock cavern where old conversations echo past their expiration. Gift wrap is stacked neatly alongside glass cabinetry, well-loved cameras filled with undeveloped film tossed nonchalantly onto a muted damask pile. The couch remains unfolded into a thin bed, sheets unmade, as if waiting patiently for the return of their occupant.

In the corner of the unlit room, the star atop the tree has glowed for weeks now.

The white paneled door stands entirely ajar, though it might as well be closed.