

Issue 02
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Run To

Hot Lead
is Dead
Magazine

NEIGHBORS

ELLE ESTÈRE

I like to hear my neighbors
As they babble through the night
Moon hung high, city-lit sky
And streetlights shining bright.

They sing awful karaoke,
They scream like they're insane,
And through their open windows
They don't fail to entertain

Sometimes until the witching hour,
They'll yell at video games,
Some chuckle on the patio
Stating drunk and dubious claims

In the summer, they play music,
Half the night, they're bumping bass.
But they'll turn it down by 10 p.m.
Such thoughtfulness and grace

I like to hear my neighbors,
It's a sort of strange delight.
Moon hung high, city-lit sky,
I'm glad they're all alright.