

Editor's Choice

Look Up

She puts on her dress slowly
and with great care as she glides
across the endless black sky. Surrounded
by jewels of gas which glint
as if made of glass,
scattered into shapes of men
and, beasts alike.
On her neck glows
a halo of floating ice
crystals, cirrus clouds
circling her like rings of pearl.
She watches, batting her white eyes
as she twirls around the only companion she has
ever known; but her companion looks
down, distracted by the bright
sprawling lights which decorate his mottled
suit, blue-and-green, the suit
she wishes he would throw away,
can hardly stand to look at, the suit
that has dimmed her beauty. Another
night wasted. The first signs of the sun arise,
indifferent to her plight, eager to take her place
while she is left to ponder what to wear
the next night; how to regain the awe,
the adoring affection she has lost
because he will not look up.

Love Culture

In the past,
when my hair
was unruly
and my uneven
teeth allowed for
long conversations
about the prospect
of braces,
the touch of a girl's
hand, an embrace,
a simple peck
on the cheek
was enough.

Now, several years
later, a pigtailed girl
trembles at the wrath
she is about to provoke
when she informs her mother
that she has assumed
her role because the boy
in her class said
he loved her
and she believed him.

Mr. Speckles Has Died

When I was five,
I had only seen
the vibrant hues of living things:
apples growing red, ripe
and ready to be plucked;
young pups bounding
across prickly green
grass, their tongues flapping
in the wind; my baby sister
being born, her hand,
as small as an acorn,
gripping my fingers with
an unshakable grasp.

When I turned six,
my goldfish died
and my father
wrapped his strong
living arms around
my trembling shoulders
to try and help my
introduction to death
be a little less painful,
to ease the disappearance
of golden scales.