

A.J. Huffman

Corner of Arsenic and Absinthe

Two killers from the same [gender?] sect stop
to reflect for a moment. A meeting of mirrored
minds begins (as all stories do) with *once upon a
time*. Tendrils of happiness ripple through
pools of forbidden liquid, cracked without ice. Shaken,
not stirred, to address the focus, now blurred
by the matching trails of smiles blowing inside
poison's mites. Hurricane and blizzard
combine, compare notes. Resolve
that their sums' fuel equals one
solitary word: *regret*.

Hanging [the] Garden

of babbling numbers, like veined ivy clinging. . .

Memories' walls are smothering. Listen
to the trees. They divide
more than the whispering. Willows
wait for an answer: *incalculable*
without the digital streams,
our fingers would be bleeding blooms
useless as flowers. We are
building

[our own ruin].

No wonder.