

Susan Lewis

Between the Creases

of our yearning there were racetracks of solitude & towers of identification. Like reptiles we retrieved our long-lost souls, absorbed in the harmonics of glaciated rubble. Notes rained on our unsuspecting skin until the silence swallowed us, although Everyman's appetite for spectacle could not be appeased. *Why is none of this necessary* you said, knowing the sun had burned off our discernment & there was no point digging through pearls for the quivering tenderness of their risible makers.

Convinced of His Own Inconsequence

he spun off sparks like wedding complements or barbs from a closet rival. Committees of the helpless assembled quorums of frustration while chlorophyll drained from every greeny cheek. There was little point in worming our way into the muddied waters of Plato's adoration, which was palpable & sexual in equal & opposite measure. Children were produced & scattered to the frightful cosmic winds. Talk of the self was banned as idle speculation, which quieted the mirrored halls of glower, tickling our virtual monad to renew our liminal lease.