

Hannah Fradkin

Hexadecimal

Infatuation.
Strawberries on a hillside.
Naive resentment.

Autumn: all has changed.
You are always welcome here.
You don't have to call.

There is life in you.
You are bathing in her light.
Do you understand?

You are young again.
You don't wear your shoes outside.
All is tender now.

Heartbreak, heartache, woe,
it has been cloudy for days.
Your body craves warmth.

Everything is noise.
The bath is overflowing.
Close your eyes again.

There Are No Carousels In The Future (What Purpose Would They Serve?)

The water ends where
the land begins.
Teach me continuum.
I will answer you
with honey-spread toast and
shea butter moonlight.

My curiosity knows no bounds!
Does the sky face the earth
or does the earth face the sky?
What will you say when
I am facing you with my
cheeks tear-stained
and my heart broken
again. And you are
facing me with
nothing left
but open
arms.

Hear no evil!
There are hummingbirds
in these meadows.
All they know is
forgiveness and flight.
There are goldfish
in these lakes.
The only thing
they'll ever know,
they've already forgotten.

I have been counting
the cycles of the moon
since I met you. And what
more are these than words
on a page? What more
are the creases on your face
than lines drawn with a heavy
hand? Everything I remember

is tinted yellow. Everything
I remember is sparkling
and changing and I don't know
where I put my keys.

Look for the future
in the past. The world
is round! Life is round!
And what good is a circle
but for its repetition?
You can translate the graph
but the points are still the same points.
Still the same pockmarked pen marks
on the same piece of graph paper.
Rearranging is not changing.
The sun cries more than the moon
but the moon feels deeper,
feels stronger.