

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.