

One Poem

Stephanie Anderson

Swoon

Banded chest Waist I become
I Electrode medusa Releasing words
A character Skitters off My face
Silver creases Where the words
Were An absence quilt Piecing together
Fiction Then Biting it back
The words Skritch Along a wire

You are sorry For former Selves
Lost Collecting leaks You gather
Them to soft Shelves Writing is a
Sweet reward But for what You'd rather
Release An I A lathe
Return to a city Avoiding And wanting
Pity's sight How signatures

Have changed Forcing What are you
Making A shiver Being understood
Medicine You say Skittering heart
Projecting Into river facing Mirror
Ink in water If I were A writer Or if
You wanted To be a writer What would
You yearn for Most Order a world

The longing of tea You watch Words
Scatter Kites Flags flying blank
Glee scraps What you were Trying to
Forget Shy from Decisions Depth of field
Let Those spunky eyes Ply you
Stubborn fingers Soothing twitch
Let your Beautiful brain Skitter the sky

