

The Rented Self

Elizabeth Hare, Hudson Valley, NY

I reek of old nails, peeling wallpaper, and hobbled right angles. I taste spiders and childbirth and loss when the wind busies my prayer wheels, spinning Earth's holographic mysterious mill.

walking between moon shadows

I step on the moon

Impromptu

Anne Elise Burgevin, Pennsylvania Furnace, PA

My young student grabs the Bananagrams pouch and we plop down on some pillows. She turns the letter tiles face up then suggests we use made-up words. I am caught off guard. "Hmm, how can we do that?" "You know, just make up some words. I'll go first." She spells SOVAT and says it reminds her of food. I reach for some tiles to make a non-word and spell TRAATCH. Each time I invent a new word it gets easier to invent the next one.

bottomless

I keep coming back
to this murky lake