Two Photographs

Andrea Angeli
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Sara Suleri


Two Photographs by Andrea Angeli

The pleasure of reading the book with the two photographs.

The joy of my anticipation.

Our trust in the book.

They are not all.

Our trust in the book.

I am not as I was.

The joy of the book.

They are not all.

I doubt I will ever read it.
Two Poems by Jessica Beaufils

Make me whole. Crushed ants, ripe moon
Pendulum caught in mid-swing.
Our love is empty, trapped in the bare mouth
Of once gravid dreams.
Our rire does not separate us from
What crawls any more than our
Bras could take flight.
Why am I moving? Salt-still eyes
Mined for generations. Our harvest
Should have come. Chaff separated—
I plucked the tender germ of our union
Far too early—and somewhere you know
The lie grows as a weed in August
Lush, greedy, with roots spreading
Far and deep, choking the "que-si?"
In quiet moments, I perceive the backward
Track of laughter, melding with
This nothingness I feel.
How could I? I prick my finger
And draw perfect rows down your back.
Rows to sow what I shall reap
The disaster of my avarice—glinting
Argent in the now still night.
The locus of my antiquity, a small
Dot on our kitchen floor
Is quickly swept up by your deft
Attempt to put everything
Under the rug.