

Alis(s)on(s)*Evan Kalway*

Countless nights have been spent,  
by me.  
Ruminating over a title truly deserving,  
of you.

But now, staring intently into my drink,  
I begin to liken you to one of six ice cubes mingling amidst my Beam.  
Crystal clear, but impossible to see through, I cannot extract a meaning,  
not perfect, but nonetheless, very well formed.

Because (after all) it is (only),  
Ice.

And akin to my drink, you too fall victim  
To the law of diminishing marginal utility.  
Feeding a minute addiction, an insipient craving at best (or worst),  
Is your only true affair.