

Fantasy

She sat on the wooden stool
with a face sculpted by fragments
of a Picasso painting.
Something had weathered her smile
a smile that only allowed
a breath of her starvation to escape.

Her lips were painted and her eyes charcoaled
Her cheeks were pure in a whiteness of fidelity.
The curly red strands of hair set fire
to the underlying sparks of intellect.
The collar of her wrinkled white blouse
choked the elegance of her long neck,
stifling her desire to be unadorned.

Her toenails poked through holes
on the tops of her lavishly worn blue hightops.
But despite her testimony for an unquenchable burst of freedom
the audience embraced her music.
All conversations of plight and righteousness ceased
and the smoke hung shallow in the dim lights
while the strum of her guitar filtered a
mischievous cascade to a humbled crowd.

She was satisfied, she was real, she was finally honest.

She strummed a peace that was deeper than sleep
and put her detrimental grace in motion.
Her fingers talked louder than her blue shoes
and even more than the single tear that escaped
into a wet reality of cathartic grief.

And her words of deviant solitude
Transcended her aura of loneliness
And left even the monolithic geologists
with the feeling that
some things are meant to remain fantasy.

-Erin Kelly

Asleep to the World

through dreams of wind and rain
she learns the night
the color of pain and the sound
of a smile.
then, breaking the crust of sleep,
they are gone.

-Sara McFall