

**Cherry**

I watch it burn.  
 Flickering like a lighthouse  
 Standing between my fingers  
 Guiding my dark southern ship  
 Catching it as I inhale deeply  
 Feeling the burn  
 Letting it fill my lungs  
 Taking them over and freezing them  
 Capturing my breath in its magic  
 Eating what little I have left inside  
 Let me burn.  
 Suck me down deeper.  
 Make me giddy with fear  
 Change me on a molecular level,  
 Because I have time to burn.

-Samantha Mathis

**Upon the Coughing Up of my Lung**

(as witnessed by two girls and a goldfish, Neitzche)

Yesterday morning I awoke  
 resting listlessly upon my bedcovers,  
 unmoved by the rustle of the sheets  
 like some lover who has been conquered  
 by the weight of her dreams for her beloved.  
 yes, my lung, my beloved  
 (as witnessed by two girls and a goldfish, to find a fleshy pink lung  
 Neitzche)  
 lies beside me now  
 wet, warm, sentient  
 emancipated from her caged cavity  
 my lung basks in the luminal draft  
 which sifts through ethereal curtains

my lung breathes her own air.

I cradle my lung  
 gently in the cup of my hands  
 holding her close to my bosom  
 I let a tear fall  
 and watch as the tear fumbles  
 down the contours of her belly.

My lung grows cold  
 betrayed by that which feeds her.

Distracted, I turn towards my goldfish  
 she means nothing to me now.

-Alison Beard