

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)
ies 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