

leave as a memento. Then I will have to write in the dark because there is no light inside Eating Lunch by Myself's monstrous stomach. But that hasn't happened yet, right now it is content with licking me and sniffing me—and bathing me in hot soapy water.

Teege Braune

At wits' end is calm

As the day prepares for dusk, sun
breaks the drear, spreading
a glow we'd resigned to do without.

Amy Vaerewyck