

# MINDSIGHT

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POETRY CONTEST FINALIST

Shadows drum on the wall  
for a second. The lightbulb  
holds a galaxy inside—  
recrystallized midnight, humming.

Two worlds in the thicket of sooty war.  
Dust-mites flinging forward are starships  
raining across the filament of candescence,  
delicate-mortal-spire lives, merely a mirage.

The next eyes change this  
experience, that cannot exist  
in my mind, spiraling hungrily  
swallowing line after line.

The flakes from the February freeze  
had nestled in your nose  
when you said you loved me—but that was  
just the coke talking.