

DIVINE EROS

by Amanda Deo

I drink the funeral in a dream. I give satisfaction in voice overs. In an instant. I hold attention with it's better than a lie and your eyebrows are so pretty and it wasn't only once. Every pew has a set of broken legs and a last breath and an obvious confession.

Your jeans sag to the right. Your briefcase sits next to the door. I'm never yours.

