

# 55 words #8

*by* Bobbi Lurie

Bright lights blind you  
The flat surface of the seen  
Endless expectations

In the mental hospital...

The credibility of cruelty  
Beneath the surface  
I, too, can be counted

The higher we die...

The stiller  
Our secret  
Center

Weight of faithlessness...

Mist  
Of bodily  
Existence

Grave expectations for the future...

"I do not  
Remember  
A thing"

