

Communion

by Cheryl Anne Gardner

I dream empty, the wind blowing benzene blue. Shards of glass.
Barbed wire. Bricks crushing flame into notions gone quick, never
painless. Is it my blood? In my eyes. On my hands. Is it for you? I'm
not sure where I'm walking here. Walking towards what from. Is it
supposed to be like this? I don't think so, don't imagine it so, but the
windows are still dirty, and I wonder: Will it ever end? The self? The
fixation? A fool, I persist. In error, I'm afraid. The sketches made of
the straight bend the line.

I react. Patient.

I recede. Longing.

I am, therefor, benign.

