

ok, ok, so I concede

by Ed Higgins

some answers are enough to make you cry or laugh yourself to
death funny to think we can see all the way past the sky and
stars sometimes even to the ocean floor if we dive deep enough
but yet just between
you
and
me
and
another
glass
of your favorite pinot
we are all on a trembling shore strolling along a minor cosmic
beach
somewhere in the milky way's stellar fog holding hands
with star gods
maybe making love-not-war or both sometimes within our
bungeed contingency
or
at least listening to gulls and the milk-white breakers
shifting sands of quandary
watching at the edge of silences mystery twinkling light
years out towards countless galactic clusters scrambling to see

