

# 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

