

IV

by J. Michael Wahlgren

For those of you who come quickly as darts in black atmosphere, a bittersweet half. I'd like to be forgiven, for these thoughts which racket my insides, a tennis ball of occupancy. This yielding of song: a sip: sorting my business through the shield. No way of bartering the ring. *You're a bore*, she says, *Framed inside of a shadowbox; a reminder of the post-it which sent awry*, this *trying*, the ornament. I reply, so calmly, *there is only a hope*; a boy-scout knot, noted inside of the automobile: The dark alley I drive down.

