

Pearls

by J. Michael Wahlgren

You're trying to attract visitation in a small quarter with pearls in both your lobes. Only half of what you say is true. The red lipstick shines through like a brad on white paper, a voice, soprano. The half I tend to appreciate squanders & squalls. This is the ride I am too tall for, I think. Only when your ramblings forge corners do young couples unite with drinks & chatter. In memoriam of photographs themselves. Only when your prime is a dart to the wall do you dance, once & for all, leaving, just leaving behind.

