

Her Smile

by marc macdonald

The white and yellow are sublime and desperately powerful, like angry screaming over tears and through laughter or hatred. Maybe the words are about crying or laughing, but the expressions are altogether impenetrable and distant. The jokes told behind the teeth and through the tongue are not funny—the question then begging to be asked—are they really jokes? The words themselves, when separated from the syntax and flow of the language, are funny in the way of tired women pestering husbands or smiling dogs [or children falling down]. My own words dissolve in my mouth like breath mints that smell of empty broken promises and unfiltered cigarettes. And my resolve follows.

