

# A Flat Sheet and One Standard Pillowcase

*by* Peter Erich

This is your hair/ It is wicking at my cheek, searching to attach onto something like the fold of my lip. Your curls hang like apostrophes coming off a camp fire. They boil the contents of my teakettle.

This is your stare/ It is soy milk surrounding a pinecone penny, which is holding a coal pearl. Your lashes are the light switch. They reenergize the view, a sigh is followed by fluorescents.

This is your voice/ Everything you say is cotton soaking in maple syrup. You laugh like a baby bear running on snow, the gravel flies up and the soul is exposed. In your smile, this is where the basil grows.

