

How to Lose Control of Your Pencil

by Peter Erich

Real hands hold pennies
to
break windows and

 end up in a bedroom
bumbling around in the night
pilfering every last second
from a dream - f
 leeti
 ng

I have been eavesdropping on
Linda Kunhardt who said
no matter where you travel
boil your poetry

 words find a curious afterlife in the stomach lining
bindings become bear traps

