Untitled

by stephen hastings-king

Alone on a shallow stage before a scrim made of paper I assume the shape of a pronoun.

I stand a little straighter, brush stray graphite from my outline.

To my right there is an ampersand made of black metal ribbon candy.

In the air I write your name then push it over the top so that form follows conjunction.

Now you & I are sentenced.

I forget to write the rest.

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