

The Sound of One Story Clapping

by Tantra Bensko

And aren't we are so then so rarely
The hero in another's story
When we want to be.

And why are we so always
Rounding stories on the heroes
Who don't want to be?

And aren't we are so then are so rarely
Heroes in each others' stories,
And wish for sounds of two
Stories making love?

Todd doesn't does he want to be
The hero listening to these stories.
But still he is isn't he by being one
I want to hear the secrets
Told enchantingly in the gray
Aren't they arched doorways with vines
Coral colored blooming and
Dark wine. His listening
Creates it does the beauty
For the stories to appear on,
Boldness that to make
Them happen so much poetry
Out here, it's hard to live.

I am scraped and burned
And thin and coughing

To make the most intense and dreaming
Aren't they stories
With beginnings and fast endings
Cruel to all the needs to stay
And live inside them—
gone as soon as the scene's made
real inside as violently
as necessary. Love, I'm gone,

I'm not no nowhere til I tell
Your stories behind scarves to you
And will you listen, will you turn
Gradually away and arch vertebrae
By vertebrae in the doorway arched,
Way away, down and up and gone
But gray and coral colored
And dark wine.

