



eish

Emmy Levitas

1. the powder room

The only room that turned completely black:
an atria within the country house
your mother burned. She lit and left the flames
to sprout along the drapes and countertops,
and sealed herself inside that lacquered box
as if it were a portal. She'd have left
the place herself but after years the walls
begin to loom and close you in like brack-
ets. When they found her sprawling by the sink
her scissor legs were slicing through the ash.

2. wake up

You wouldn't know the land explodes in here.
but poison ivy lifts itself like smoke
upon the brick, enclosing puffs of green
and stems and end-bud-scars, from lily wicks
ablaze with amber-gold turgidity.
An acid white, an oleander heat
inundates brush and makes the branches sweat
with voltage of the vines. The gleam of noon,
mellifluous and callous in July,
makes genesis impersonate destruction.

3. fireworks

You waited for them from the balmy shallows
outside Ramada Inn. Your body was
distorted aqua-peach amid the tiles, and
the freckles swam in circles on his skin.
You saw them first in a second-story windows
glinting; then they bloomed against the sky.
Behind the building, grass you could not see
spewed lightning that repelled itself mid-flight
and smacked your eardrums, raining red and green.
From underwater, they were shooting stars.

Daniel Curtis

4. telescope

When standing far enough away from them,
colossal globes of spark and dust are much
like men- no longer there alone in space
but scattered like the cracker crumbs and crusts
at pigeons' bobbing beaks, and disarrayed
in ways of wayward strands of hair,
but splashed apart like this they are connected-
the stars and man both move in liquid patterns
around themselves, and even centuries
of miles apart, the living mirror fire.

5. lightning bugs

They have not flashed this deftly in some time,
their concentration quickening their hearts
and tails as male and female seek each other:
bioluminescent love in light-
house rhythm. Fingerlip of moon is flicked
into the night; you feel the woods are deep
beneath your stomach and you float above
them, buoyed on a sea of fulgent specks.
and for a moment, finger spread like twigs,
you're certain light is spilling from their tips.



Madison Bullard