too much meaning is assigned
to the movement of lips:
the shattering-bone feeling of loss and
a helpless cognition, deferred

too much comfort is assigned
the image of entwined fingers:
alternate sensations of touching, and being touched

too much coffee is wasted on
lackluster lecture hall,
fluorescent lighting, and that
hollow feeling in the pit of your heart
does it beat, still?

Two Things Together
By Lauren Paris

To a nation that’s looking for something,
their prophet is here.
But to the citizen who lives inside her own head—
Where is the God who rules, the rulers who rule, the
feminist anti-feminist magazines who teach me how to be
attractive, or, a needless sex object for a concept of man?
This is not a rant,
it’s a search
for
something.
It’s a drawing of a line
between skull and atmosphere and a question
of how to cross.
It’s a study of pervasiveness
and how to keep two things together.