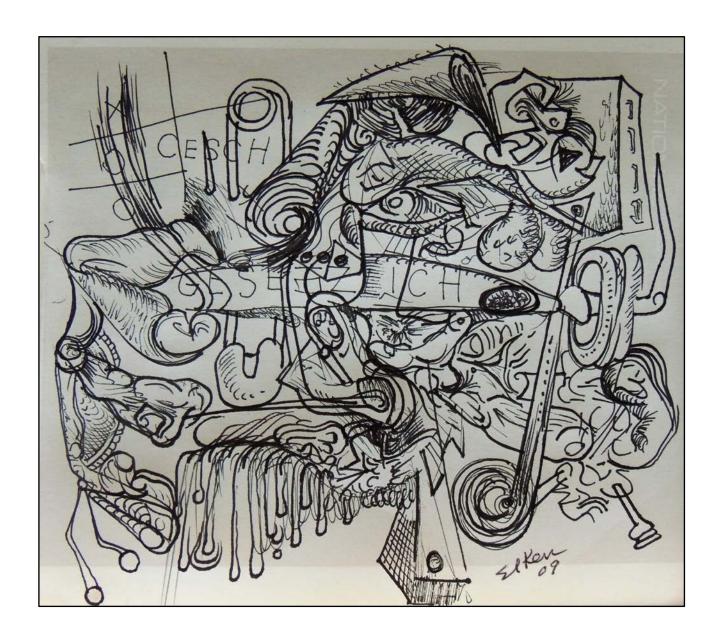
OR

is it my job to wake you up and point your tattered gaze to the tip of my finger against a pane of glass where a black sun melts into a river of birds . . .



Chess Play with Greasy Fingers by John Elkerr
6.5 x 5.75"
Ink on paper
Text by Stephen Eric Berry

should I be the first person to draw close to your face and sound out the random, fevered permutations of a dream so dark and velveteen that no mind would ever allow you to carry it back to the world?