

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



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?

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