

Witness Marks

By Jasmine Reimer

Listening to the faint sounds of a couple settling down for the night
She was clearly cut from the same cloth as me
She a poet
And I a writer of fiction
She makes two
From one and one
And together they were sleek moon-like light

Feelings are condemning
A sensational grip of whole body words
Now and then there was a low humm
And I could not, with my hand on my heart
Say no
What they say
Can only be said as a result of having failed
Youth culture blushes on behalf of its country
Still, they believe each ending is a site of transformation
And like a diary they are open to the future

Hadn't there been something open about them?
(It's not possible to identify every tiny fluctuation of the soul)
Isn't that what they make their living from?
Share the moment with me here and now
That was their only offer

At the table, the sisters wear plastic scraps of light
Lifting the green from its leaves
It's absence they long for
Through the last quarter of the half full moon
Returning to the inner of the outside
There there there
It has to be there