



the elegant contract
plotted
in our dinner days

collapsed to the pavement
and collided with stars

that was when we linked
our little fingers
& chained our lips together

& planned to budge
the muscle of the universe

as two burnished coins
we were placed on leathery couches
little fingers intertwined

thumbs amongst the cushions

we were fed on succulent snails
& oysters

(champagne in my brain
and wine upon the mountains)

we plotted our victory
& contrived our fall

carefully conspiring
to annihilate each other



by Patricia Renée Ewing