

DARREN C. DEMAREE

Emily as Night

for Etel Adnan

Right now
no one
can see us

in the ravine
behind the lost
paleness

of Ohio
& since we
are unlatched

from the poor
reality of how
we could be

witnessed
the world becomes
a table

that cannot
starve amidst
our display.

SEAN CHO A.

Sonnet Studies #2

Outside your window. the loud white snow.
it doesn't matter who has unloved you
today we don't have to talk about what's
in your glove box. on his way to work
the sun bear sees many cars on the side
of the road. some engines on fire. many
people will be without telephone service
for days weeks maybe longer. lets not talk
about bear cubs or haggle with life insurance lawyers

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The sun bears have enough star fruits to end world hunger ten times over
but of course i don't really mean hunger and of course this time the sun
bear is me (surprise!). the sun bear doesn't like to think about the possibility
that he has everything he could possibly need to have happiness. he likes
hope because it gives him something to be hopeful for.

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Emily as We Salvage the Spill

Each hair she leaves behind
is a gallon of coffee
& since I gave up

on the usefulness of water
I maintain our dedication
with dry towels.

It all gets pretty raw here.
We rely on the byproduct
of life to move us forward.

I slide in reality. I am
an easy target. It's Emily
that sloshes

so radically against
the alleys of a swallowable
life. What tide?

Allow me to prove
the theory of our loving mess
by dragging you through it.