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THE INFORMAL FALL INTO FALLACY

by Dina Khalil

Because I'm not pretty enough
to have the world
run my bath water.
Because I'm not ugly enough
to think out loud.

I know how
to clear a chamber,
respect stench, restrict
these passions born from beast.
But I don't know how
to dispose my messy demonstrations.

In wax museums,
where people burn
and mold beeswax
into speechless bodies,

will be my new home.

Not the Grand Canyon.
Clouds scratching my shoulders,
an atmosphere beyond stockpiles of pulse.
That ground
will twitch my wishes

Vacation brochures
sell mountains like therapy lotion.
Those hot rocks—
bless my splatter of lost spark,
deny raindrops from shining my departure.
A stain invades
nothing.