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Found Floating Face Down

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PLATEAU
Alexander J. Hlavaty

I
My face is my mask
Protecting my vulnerability from curious eyes,
Colorful and feigned.
I exercise surfaced expressions
Only to please my inquisitive audience.

II
My core is my power
Sending purpose to each of my limbs,
Solid and boastful.
The energy condensed and spiraling within
So strong, it consumes me.

III
My legs are my calligraphy
Embellishing my smallest movements,
Limber and lean.
Their strength is cleverly hidden
Beneath the barrier enclosing my mind.

IV
My feet are my shells
Bearing the weight of my battered frame,
Used and abused.
So much brutality upon them, I’ve inflicted
Always humble without affirmation.

V
My mind is my challenge
Rebelling my plea for further discovery,
Stubborn and deceptive.
I yearn for progression, so endurance must avail
Yet my subconscious revels in havoc.

FOUND FLOATING FACE DOWN
Jess McKellar

the week hung highest
when strewn across the
horizon.
a curiously silent quivering
took place, shaking all
but her
(the girl who ambled
and tottered around,
intent on catching fireflies)
as the light bowed defeat
to the night.

the remains of the day
shuttered shivered shimmied
under the closing curtain,
ready for slumber.
she placed the daisies she had collected
next to the jar that
illuminated the divide
between the stillness
of the water’s surface and the cool
terrain beneath her toes.
she admitted to the fogged air that she was
afraid but
took off with a leap, and leapt—

she thought of the crickets with their song,
the mosquitos with their bite,
and the many stars that so graciously acquainted her
with the night
many times prior
as she sunk
sideways.