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Smoke and Mirrors

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Smoke and Mirrors

Cover Page Footnote

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Smoke and Mirrors

I.

Looking to the sky I see a majestic mountain still at the bottom
I see clouds, possible stormy sky
It never has made sense, my feet dragging skid marks across
A thundercloud horizon
My head lost in the crumble of eroding mountains
Yet it its my picture
That you took for me
A constant reminder of what confused landscapes lie ahead
A constant reminder of who froze me smiling. Silent.
False since its creation

II.

Cold black nights
 Startle. Seduce.
Mild punishment for the
 Rigid Nothing Man
Dark humor writhes
 The stiff faces
Seduction of cigarettes
 Gentle mists
Candles and rain

Time falls silent
 On the doorstep
Resentment. Anger.
 Past folds into present

As truth is confused to
 Deceit
And tomorrow is disregarded
 To the yesterday's

III.

Mere traces. Smears on a blackboard. Eraser shards.
Salmon pink little wrinkles, waiting to be swept away with a
casual thrust of the hand. Fingers groping for beams of light.
Invisible. Unable to grasp. Yet I can still feel your warmth on my skin.

Spirals of smoke, slithering and bending. Escaping my needy palms.
Unable to hold a tangible form—a thick vaporous ring, the sexy curve of an S—
Here for a blink. A gust in the blue afternoon sky, and all is lost.
Pictures snapped into memory. Meant to be stored in my trunk of waspish
thoughts. You—dancing with the gypsies in the dazzling tangerine horizon.
Thanking them for teaching you the games with smoke and mirrors.

-Sarah Beales *