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Untitled

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Table Conversations

Your mind and hands work simultaneously
Yet your words do not reach the surface
We've been through this time and time again
I'd feel better knowing your tongue had been cut
Or that I was a den demanding refinishing
There is no room in your thoughts for me
Our conversations become one-sided
If I was a table I would be poorly built
I need you to stand, but you've only given me one leg.

—Heather Buffalo

Untitled

I miss the emptiness I feel
when I'm with you
How you'd fill me up with
Nothing
and leave me fuller than before
but I'd die trying
before you'd see
my offering
at your feet
Your ambivalence is worse than silence,
apathy
my surrender is complete
How strange I always want
what's just beyond my
reach

—Cisa Kreutter