

"A Brief History of Silence" by Keith Leonard

In the dark, I could read the stiff salt
of your cheeks like Braille. What more
could anyone want than to crease history
into a paper boat and feed the thing

to a riptide? I wore a tooth-pocked tongue
filled with old curses. You too.

Thought as many wishes
as there are pills in a pharmacy.

When I slept, my dreams
shook like a brood from a mob,
the sheets spindled into a tapestry
the fridge lumbered to life down the hall.