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Untitled

Stacy Adams

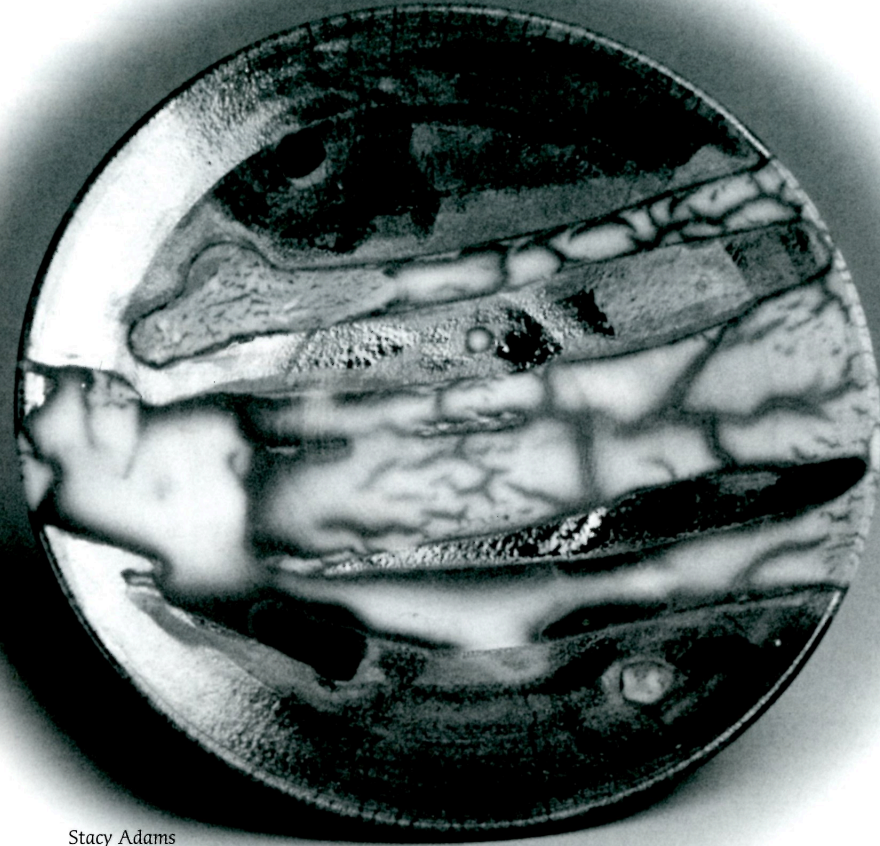
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Stacy Adams

An Equation

Tracy Carroll

Why do you leave it running, not so much
To leave and remove you from matter,
But to shield the edges from fraying?
You always come and yet you are never there,
Always dropping a crumb of yourself in front of
Hungry eyes.

But some learn only to stare.
For touching doesn't end this hunger,
It merely comprehends the lack of edibility.
You are running in a sandtrap,
Letting the dust settle and then fly back
Up to where your grasp it,
Mid-air.