makeover

Molly Boyce
I'm sorry that my head is sick, and you spend your life fixing it.

I have reduced you to servitude. You are my indentured servant. I don't know what to say when I know that broken thoughts are to your benefit. You'd be better off with someone else.

My selfish heart will not allow it. I want you trapped in my broken silencing arms once again.

Heather Millican

what if I turn the contours of this life:
caddy-corner or parallel?
stretch the palette of my eye by a wild splash of red, or edge bouclé fabric with lace and satin?

what yearning would those broken rules, neatly bound by time and nature, yield?

what basic hunger feed, or fantasy cure? for I need to change, form a different shape, to satisfy the hidden me who dreams of being what the mystic sees beyond beamed corners and mortared red brick, curious about my meaning.

Molly Boyce

Art by Brian Cave