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Ode to the Painted Toenails

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CASSANDRA ANDREWS

An eight by eleven measure
Of blank white space
This heavenly place
My sanctuary

Three arms in the center
One radius, one diameter
With silent pulse
And stagnant tick-tock

The mind lays dormant, quiet and dead
Then waves of thought flood the head
Like turbulent currents that ebb and flow
Creating a noisy silence as they go

The mind explodes
The fingers bleed
Black droplets seep
Onto the blank white space

They stretch and bind
Dots morph into line
They twist and turn in all manner of bow and box
Reviled sincerity, epic truth, the epistemic paradox

In this checkered space
I am not always right, but I'm never wrong
For amidst the cacophony
Forthwith honesty spawned

In this fragment of time
Here, with word and rhyme
Creativity gives birth to me

*Ode to
Painted Toenails*

KRIS VALIS

pudgy piggies
don glossy pink bathing suits
lured by the sun
wallowing in the warmth
of an early summer day

pulchritudinous piggies
match rhinestones and flower vines
ready for fun
rooting out the front
of convertible carriages