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Enough

Bianca Pittman

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Isaac
1856 - 1887

Lyn Knowles

Dreams of wealth. New World anticipation as
ship sails west. A new continent to conquer yet
still the dank mines. No tales of fortunes made.
No joyous return to mother country. Instead,
pneumonia and an anonymous resting place.

unmarked plot
rustling blades suffocate—
entombment



Enough

Bianca Pittman

If this is the place
where the search and seizure
of gravity (between palms
and interlacing digits)
ends with no discovery,

then this is it.

Reflections – these fiery resurrections
cause an anchoring thing
to become blunt and
pendulous, as if preparing
to fell something
rather than render itself fallen.

This is it,

And the humor reveals itself
in the little sparks that ignite
the vitreous behind each iris.

Your face shines
every time you strategically
place dynamite in my life
even after bits and pieces of me
have already died.

OPENING Linda Sears