

# the fog's unbelievable nightgown lifts

Stephen A. Rozwenc

the fog's unbelievable nightgown lifts  
to reveal  
a missing deck of tarot cards  
sketched from memory  
by a star with no wound

glistening hills puff vegetation  
nonchalant bodies flee  
like pillowy deja vu's

tonight  
there are nothing but starfish  
swimming the sky  
and miniature skeletons  
hidden in a shoebox

your childhood secret is finally safe  
buried in that musty crawl space  
beneath the rickety front porz  
next to the stranger  
with ice cream breath  
sandpaper cheeks  
and dark vacant holes  
in the hairy brown coconut head  
whose voracious guise will surely  
devour bliss