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

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