



SIZE: bulk
SIGHS: to breathe as in grief

The _____ of him in bed.

If you choose *size*, go to page 35.
If you choose *sighs*, go to page 31.

BE CAREFUL WITH THAT, IT'S BROKEN

I wanted it both ways:
truth as full as a moon

and consequence what
unnaturally follows.

My breath in your ear: smaller than 3 words.

On the corner of the rainy street –
what do you like about me?

My ability to flock, to swarm?

To sense by the light
when to make like a tree?

Or how I can turn a golden time
into a ransom of lead?