

# *H A R K   H E R A L D*

## *on telepathy*

1.

small swallows of  
cold mouthwash

(our teeth  
never stay  
clean)

ginger beer &  
cups of curry  
a spoon  
for every bowl

afterwards:  
i become  
beside myself,  
beside you.

we are  
sisters  
after all

inevitably  
tiring of  
telepathy

2.

cello noise  
twisting into  
wealthy patios

every one  
of us is  
a dog  
out for a walk

your family  
painted by  
the sun

there's an age  
where the child  
is brave enough  
to lie

we are laughing

our lives  
are kept in  
glass bowls

a rock  
for every cradle

3.

the world is  
raining  
down our throats

dry wine and  
hard water

most dice  
have six faces

and

there are tools  
for drawing  
perfect circles

you'd need  
a few people  
unfolding  
everything

for better  
or for worse