

Letter from the editor

stay awake, tasting the musty morning breath-dust
at the back of your throat,
rise like smoke, still half-senseless
so drawn to the blueness of the virgin day,
so blue the word loses its meaning
(there has to be another word for this color).

The stiff grass, waiting to be melted by sunrise,
the quality of the air, cold and rough in your lungs
is a boon to the eyes
The mist dissipates, everything can be seen
through a portal of glass more polished than in the
rusty dregs of the day, everything, everything.

