

DELICACY

Edie Ealing looked to the ceiling and had a feeling. A little lonely feeling. Then Edie Ealing looked to the floor and had another feeling and she looked to the door and had another feeling. Edie Ealing liked to experience the delicacy of a feeling. Sometimes Edie Ealing liked to indulge a feeling. Sometimes Edie Ealing couldn't help but divulge a feeling. Edie Ealing often liked to consult a feeling. Other times Edie Ealing would insult a feeling. Admonish a feeling. Banish a feeling. Blame a feeling. Sometimes Edie Ealing would affectionately name a feeling. Morning is the name Edie Ealing called the feeling that accompanied the problem of losing something over and over again.

HELD BOTH HANDS IN THE AIR

Hattie Matisse stood at the top of a staircase to nowhere. Hattie Matisse looked just like the tree she was looking at. She approached the owl. Hattie Matisse wore gloves and held both hands in the air. At night Hattie Matisse was not alone. She held a long line of string. Hattie Matisse had a small star on her chin, a small moon by her right eye. Hattie Matisse was with a man wearing a mask and making trouble. She was with a bird hatching out of its shell. Hattie Matisse was in a cell holding the metal bars. Hattie Matisse became disconnected from her legs. In her hand she held nothing. Hattie Matisse's shadow held a glass. She wrapped blue string around a tree. Through a small opening in a brick wall she could see a giraffe. Somewhere else without any walls under the moon another giraffe. Hattie Matisse was in a room with a broom. She was a painting.

WINTER

It was the light in the office. It was the light on the theater. It was the light on the lady in the late morning. It was the light on the window at night. The light in the city. The light on the house by the railroad. It was the light on the drugstore. The light on the pavement. It was the light in the cemetery. It was the light on the lighthouse. It was the light on the woman in Wyoming. The light in the diner. The light on the gas pump. It was the light at noon. It was the light in an empty room. Ruth Rosenbloom looked at these paintings day after day after day. Ruth Rosenbloom cries on the subway. Ruth Rosenbloom thinks, *Winter makes me so thirsty.*

PAIN

Jermaine Wayne was painting pain. Private pain. Omniscient pain. Dressed pain. Naked pain. Young pain. Big pain. Wide pain. Drifting pain. Calm pain. Time pain. Jermaine Wayne was painting warm pain. Rusty pain. Given pain. Guarded pain. Steady pain. Broken pain. Distant pain. Jermaine Wayne was painting whole pain. Hole pain. Secret pain. Surface pain. Jermaine Wayne was painting torn pain. Exposed pain. Eager pain. Dividing pain. Jermaine Wayne was painting land pain. Collective pain. Edge pain. Evidence pain. Jermaine Wayne was painting history pain. Forever pain. Bold pain. Foretold pain. Jermaine Wayne was painting opposed pain. Predisposed pain. Juxtaposed pain. Shook pain.

LOCKED

It was a Christmas wedding death parade and Wade Kincaid couldn't look away.

WAITING

It was raining where Iona Brading was waiting. Iona Brading was making jokes. The wind was moving past. Iona Brading was weeping. Iona Brading was sitting where she was while she was waiting. She was standing. The door was blue where Iona Brading was while she was waiting. There was a lot to say where Iona Brading was while she was waiting. Sometimes Iona Brading was forgetting where she was while she was waiting. There were too many people that Iona Brading used to know where she was while she was waiting. She thought often about leaving and sometimes she did. Iona Brading missed where she was while she was waiting when she was not there. Iona Brading felt off kilter where she was while she was waiting. Iona Brading was trying to be aware of where she was while she was waiting. Iona Brading felt concerned while she was where she was while she was waiting. Both about where she was and where she was not. She looked around.

THE DUNE

The dune was ever-changing. Tim Yoon was ever-changing. The dune was growing. The dune was shrinking. The wind always at work. Tim Yoon studied the dune. Where the dune met the water was in danger. Tim Yoon attune to the likelihood of another typhoon was wary of the time the research took. Was wary of the time repair took. Beach grass, goat's foot, she-oaks. An old vegetation system made the dune vulnerable. Tim Yoon was feeling old and vulnerable. Tim Yoon might not be able to help the dune. Might only be able to help the dune so much. Tim Yoon felt strewn like the sand and the seaweed and the sun touching it all.

EMILY PETTIT

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