



perhappened mag

issue 4: MIXTAPE

WE SEE US

Standish Adair

the tune you flew, a string hung
taut across sleeping palm,
threads my clothesline, loosens,
curls into this room
to tie sore throats, set them mute,
& let them feel together,
or at least forget they're not.

string passed right through us,
like ghouls do walls & certain skin;
gauze, a swallowed curtain,
grainy pictures of two moons,
all seed our throat with easy song
& yes, make us miss us,
till we sing along and soothe us.

four minutes have passed
from the littlewhilelonger till
we see us together, we snap these elastic,
sighing, quiet nights
from two back into one.