

Dominika Bednarska

LIGHT MOVES

Light moves and no one tries to stop it. The bridge broke and teeth went everywhere. Who wears plaid anymore? We stood there like proud parents and waited for the poem to start talking. I couldn't tell if God fled from my life, or if I just asked her to leave one night when I wasn't thinking clearly. Remember the keys, even in darkness, because language never hesitates to forget you. What a beautiful misspelled word. It reminds me of that type of dog that no one can smell.

When I try to fix the sun, people label me as anti-artificial. Crossing the river with no feet. He wears his skin like it is very expensive. I pulled the doorknob, walked in and shouted, embarrassed, "Wrong poem." God was thrown out of the spirituality workshop for refusing to share in the circle. Key concept here: words are letters next to one another, but letters do not mate for life unlike some species of marine life. What a remarkable little anarchist. It's just like that movie we never saw, but heard so much about.

Light does not have the same effect as in the bible when one has no curtains and wants to sleep in. The bridge was made of playing cards and every time a hand was dealt we thought about floating. The child refuses to wear anything, but we are pleased when it does not walk. Even God has to agree sometimes motion is overrated, and steps back so we can develop "problem solving skills." Language is bulimic. It needs to be allowed to make much more of itself, without having to maintain its under control image. What wonderful miscellaneous. It gives me a better understanding of the bald woman who was always coughing up light.