

POETRY

owls

by Rimona Afana



"Through the Mist" by Luis Lara

sullen face, thirty-seven shades of gray striped on its beak. elegant manteau shields it from the elements. uprooted from its habitat, used for decoration. strolling across a maze, higgledy-piggledy. one hand in mine, a flowerpot in the other. cactus in bloom: black, velvety petals. homes carved in rock, rolling stones. oceans behind an arid hill. pill to preserve timelessness. we usher in the never and forever. we worked the angles, we come full circle. turquoise cotton on brown skin. story closed by a zipper. zapping channels, babbling box. forests flow within a pen. pen friends tie up loose ends. blends of spices awakenumb senses. marrakshi merchant rips you off. off duty, massacres paused for half day. clay and honey smirched on her face. scribbles on his wrist. fist clenched, pancakes browning. a tense called present simple. steam and shadows, replicas of matter. clutter. mutter, sonic mist. hips, handlebars to steer you the right way. they herald death, villagers say. two morose owls (dou? bufni?e îmbufnate).