

Pearls Absolved
by Raven Yoder

Strands dazzle and
 juxtapose
 crude laughs—
happenstance sins. ‘To play’ stitches an ^{abode} beneath
her thin wig: Crooning, he asks, “Substance? So yesterday.
Speak dimly, not distantly—pennies add sway.”
But, against guise, she ignores numb leers, molten pennies
yielding to silver, opal, amethyst—no numb words
have
tenure to choose.

 Betting indigo sights, he’ll spin tales:

Yawns, implements hurried statues—
“Yesteryear, tall icicles topped
 empty offices,
 h e r a l d i n g softer seasons.
Honey, tell yourself canons: unjaded little tales waning
 skin, loving
leisure.
Imagine coveted fools
 gently kissing...”
Throaty words: “Kissing never
tells
necessities. Speaking
as I talk doth relation-ships’ long and windward vow.”
Stunning brightness

—these pearls

will fade:

Strands

S t r e w n, odd theories: “Subject Exonerated Wielding Stashed Blade”.