Cunning and Exile

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The wind shifts, knocks my dark hair backwards. We are in terrible shape, you & I. We are crumbling industry spouting sooty, choking smoke from our limbs, our mouths, our hips that lay, as we do, side-by-side in an ampersand, curly-q. You tell me you don't know how to touch another human being, can't be close to anyone but you are soft, and I have great fingertips. We lay, together, the night diacaustic; I discuss the World Series, the snow at the edge of the air. I ask you if you mean forever as in perpetuity, a metaphor for a very long while, or if you want to leave me, a space in the Venn diagram where our lives intersect. You take my head in your hands, kiss my temple, the ground shakes pounds, silent. You are sinking, arms hog-tied in the back of you with stereo wires taken from a dumpster down the street. You were singing the blues with the homeless men downtown tonight, they didn't realize you were unlike them. I think about yesterday, the nights before that, the first time you & I stayed on the telephone all night, hot-wired, amp'd, almost giving way to straight-faced orgasms, as if a miracle had bought for us dreams of New York City. I feel your chest begin to heave, you mumble something about love, how if it exists, you have it for me: a pet which requires crickets to eat twice a month, a hot lamp, a small cage and water. Auburn and lace leaves scamper across my head.
on your shoulder, neither of us motion to remove them, threaded fingers tucked inside pockets. I wear only a sweatshirt;
you told me to put on a coat and shoes because there is glass on the cement below us and, like you & I, it will stick in a cycle of redemption,

worry, loss like the young girls that cat-call you from the street as they pass, the girls you do not call back to, even to save your life.

And it might. I sigh and you lean your hips into mine as if to apologize, first and foremost, to say—light and the beginning of dawn, today, now morning, we see the sun—that you never meant for any of this and you understand if I want to leave you, the uroboros, an understanding of what comes from the small fluid motion of sleep, the safety of proximity.

Pretty Diction

America, why are you

There is evidence to suggest that I am
black flies circling my head, smelling
soil you reached before you gave up
The flies are always around me because
you pan back on the screen that is E
black pixels but they have the innate
I found these words on a note
morning.

Killer—wondered if you'd meet me
give you back all the books with your
around the house. You have such a p

I grab the note written in blue for
so that it lies perfectly flat on the top
and I can't read the words anymore, she could be reached at to tell her a

Anna is twenty four and in grad s
involves traveling throughout the M
boast the initials of lovers in an att(
are manifested in text. She plans to p
them into a calendar which she will

Anna was born four years before
Anna's age. She was treated for anon
I was too young to understand fully the mental disease appropriately. Her
mother looked in the mirror, she saw
110 pound figure. As a result, I assure
mind, but in her vision; that mental