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Three Poems
by Andrea DeAngelis

Erase-stick

she draws a face
she doesn't have
into a face she does have

she tries to draw
aface
she doesn't have
into aface
erase she does have

she tries to draw
to cut away
to erase
the face she does have

she tries
she does
draw over
the face she does have

she erases the face
she does have
and has forgotten
the face she wanted
in the first place.

As a child

Don't you wish clouds had substance?
Or that you didn't?

Imagining you could just evaporate
or condense at will.

And turn your room upside down
to walk on the ceiling?
So everything was new again.

As a child you wanted this
as an adult you haven't yet forgotten.

Every day is now

Must remember every day is now
and the future is not when but how
but be careful of the past
pulling its haze of why
over your deficient eyes.

They can operate
but they cannot cure.

About the author:

Andrea DeAngelis' work has appeared in Art Times and Gloom Cupboard with a long and unexpected hiatus in-between due to a thorny ongoing entanglement with her first novel. She also sings and plays guitar in an indie rock band called MAKAR (www.makarmusic.com) with her husband.

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