

KATHLEEN HEIL

think of the last bad novel you read read this you think of this

Seeing the existential through the ordinary is all well and good but sometimes you just need to cross the room without your soul hanging out like your shirt tail.

You're scratching your head because the line is good but you cannot place the person. You're shrugging your shoulders because unable to place the person your mind has moved on. Unbeknownst to you the person is Jo Setters unknown to you just a friend of the author the author also unknown. You sigh because you hate poems that wind in upon themselves. You wind up reading something else you shrug your shoulders you smooth your lap you sigh. Suddenly, you have an idea.