

SPRING 2016

COINCIDENCE
HC HSU

I am a mouth

flopping around on the floor
randomly
biting things
gnawing on things
spitting them
back out

You are a hand

scuttling across the room
like a spider
nimble feeling everything up
full of
curiosity and surprise
you are shocked

by an electrical outlet

We run into
each other

on the sound-absorbing carpet

30

THE BINNACLE

on the cold tiles
on the smooth linoleum
on the rough concrete
in the grass
in the mud

I try to hold you inside me

You try to hold me inside you

Some kind of coincidence

Until the master wakes
and picks us up again

31