

7:21 p.m. in the Winter  
by Leslie Gossett

i Whittle my tension  
d  
o  
w  
n to its veins

beneath the scrutiny of a  
single  
thirty watt bulb

i suck on the a  
n  
gles  
of other people's words,

r l  
o l n  
i g sentences under my tongue until

i have to pick bro  
ken letters from between my teeth

yet somehow, i am still hungry...