

How long did we live this way like nomads at the far edges of war

We were only playing. Well-groomed as any novice takes real prisoners. You sit under the electric chair to dry your curls & I can hold a lever like a vigil. Your nails can cut anything until it opens or bleeds just enough. I am only useful for the exploding of my tongue & making up forms to inventory torture. I stand my own guard, a kind of admiration. The prisoners are real. They almost look at us in the mirror. We are young enough to see ourselves only in cages. The key is in the lock. It's made of dandelion & sweet grass.