

# The Messenger

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## Untitled

Neville Uhles

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## Untitled

Of it all?  
crumpled soul  
    the onionskin paper  
trapped at last with plastic  
but the soil under your fingernails  
His bright teeth  
Her erupting voice  
    gave you  
        alone  
Remember that rush?  
    Once  
        from almost nothing  
            What a hoot!  
So far away  
    it makes me spin  
purity  
    if only  
Singled between the kindling  
Folded in the minestrone  
Out of the window (how awful!)  
shaping wheat  
    you were searching  
oh, it tired me  
New then...couldn't've been  
    but covered so quickly  
how it lost me  
never bore me  
Alone

--- *Neville Uhles*