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## Joelle Francht

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afternoons of losing minds  
 and penguins nearby,  
 the shades were lowered slowly.  
 (i am aflame)  
 and as the mind numbs  
 the back burns—  
 a tingle towards destruction.  
 cells destroyed.

—Joelle Franchot

the world is dying.

the lady says  
 there is no room  
 for disappointment:  
 if there is  
 more to life than this,  
 then good,  
 but there is  
 no way  
 of being certain.



a boy is brain-dead today.  
 and I may never see  
 that-girl-who-meant-everything-once  
 for a very long time,  
 if ever again.

all Love is on the brink.

the son of the man who mows my lawn  
 was killed,  
 possibly by the boyfriend  
 of a woman he was seeing.

then there's the thought of cancer.  
 the fears of me.  
 the doubts of us.  
 the dreams of the dead ones.

everything is disillusionment—  
 we are the disenchanteds.  
 we are the ones who will not listen  
 and will not run with our arms outstretched.  
 there does not seem  
 to be anywhere else to go—

there does not seem  
 to be any way to live.

—Gabriel Baldessari

*incrimination*