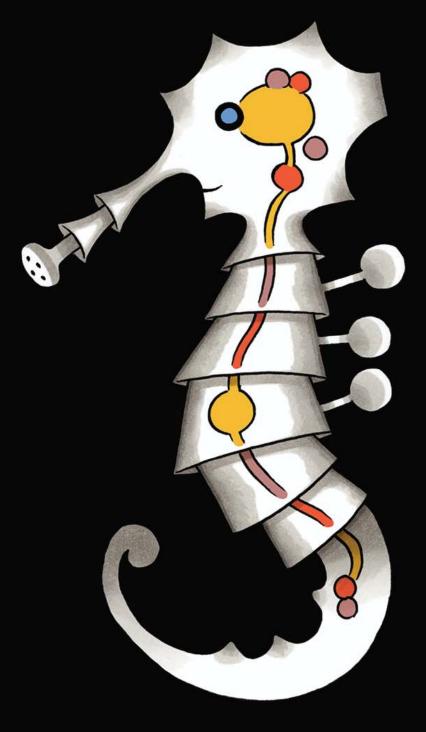
NORTH STAR



by TOM HERPICH

PEOPLE

The charged, cold-smelling, white, broken straight backed blue was people,

And the red silhouette, twisting, burnt black and gold bright green, still split open bright blue, was their words hanging in the air —

But the pearlescent sword was the pearlescent sword, without analogue — likewise the whiff of brimstone it necessitated, and the starlit clearing lastly revealed.



FOLLOWING

Like a filament of spider silk I swam in place, and dark fields passed beneath me, pausing and pivoting, like cloth through a sewing machine, steering me around the obstacles I remembered—

though they didn't look the same now, if I could see them at all, and the dangers they represented were memories too—because the sting of a bee had come to seem sweet as honey, likewise my static muscles burned more the longer I rested.

I told myself: "the things I remember must still be all around me working like before," and they were, they were.



THE EYE

The eye endeavors to see itself: stretching and snaking, panting and sweating, finally looking back in wonder at the knottedness of its form.

The mind endeavors to "do what's best," and is likewise deformed: the convex lens inverts, points back, attempts to see its place that way, then stares rapt at its own drifting flora.

