

Of the ten total wits, the only one missing is common sense

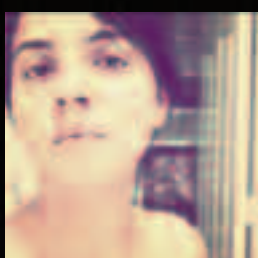
I'm not blind. I only choose
to keep my eyes closed
as I walk into him.

Im not deaf. My heart precedes my ears as he
whispers goodbye.

But alas...I can feel the promise Saint Anne has
gifted to me, and I can wrap myself
in the fantasy
it allows me to conceive.

I can imagine the taste
of new desires
built upon memories
of bodies dancing between sheets. Memories
that reveal saturated skies,
unraveling silhouettes
of singular kinships that hide behind gold
at the end of a broken rainbow.

My god-given and taken away instinct is to part
the clouds with my love
and make a road
where the only destination
leads me back to my mistakes.



Jessica Ceballos

Jessica Ceballos has been writing for over twenty years but has begun taking it seriously over the last two. Her work has appeared in *Centre Review* among others and you can find her in the current issue of *Hinchas de Poesia* #6. Her studies have varied from English to Religion to Interior Design, which along with her world traveling, have been the inspiration behind her writing and photography. Though she was born and raised in Los Angeles, you will always find her trying to figure out why it is she stays. Her various works can be found on her website: foundsideoflost.tumblr.com