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Choices

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under her feet. ~~Dogs would bark~~
Andersen: Choices
and she'd hiss a wisp of smoke their way.
But winter flakes found her
and she vanished into a
simmering puddle I put
my palm against. I felt
her warmth grow tepid
and cold, inhaled her steam
and held my breath.
My mother still wonders why
the right front burner of our stove
never lights except for me.
I know it is for love, and for
a fire like silk.

CHOICES

Julia Andersen

There's a restlessness inside of me
that paralyzes and provokes me;
what do I want? I demand from myself
answers to questions smothering in their enormity.

Want is a spectacle of shining teeth and
double-edged desires, dressed in petal-soft pleasure
and notions of cotton-candy comfort; want opens
its maw and swallows my mind,

raging to be felt. I know it has invaded me,
has tainted my edges and insides with ambition
unreasoning. It twists within, curls in my gut and
stretches through my limbs. It cries out for glory,

for fame and fortune and television prosperity.
I want to want less, but the restlessness
paralyzes and provokes me—what will you do
with yourself? Make of yourself? Take the world

and make it yours. Make it what you want.
What do you want?