

Editor's Choice

Unpublishable

Carly Marlys

Scene on top of scene, a sharp-corner
perfect book. The thrill of breath, of arrival,
of being ready for a reader's eyes.

An author friend of mine had brought
a pantheon of crystal worlds to life.
I loved his words, so let him glance at mine.

And then I learned that a single word,
a pronouncement from just the right person
will turn to dust what little life I make.

I am grateful, in a bitter way.
He killed my creation, gently,
before it could be jaded by the world—

before it could reach and strain
and fall all the further for having caught
a single glimpse of the open sky.

I would have fallen with it.

So there it sits, crisp edged, dull white.
No licked thumbs, dog-ears, margin pen.
Finished. Unpublished. Stillborn.