

*(Five poems by Sharisse Kanet)*

**As if**

You are not the only thing I see at night  
Long-limbed and succulent  
Languid and speechless like an underground prince

You find me  
Out of my element and alone from too much tinkering  
Separated from myself  
Willingly, but unwillingly

It's when the night comes  
Stranger in heart  
He, she, screams without opening its mouth  
Threatening to pounce continuously, so  
I never can look away,  
Do something else

As if  
You are the only thing  
You bring your light where it does not belong  
It ruptures my rapture  
Invades my soliloquy  
You act as  
If I were not alone

One day came  
And then the next  
Until, what's a girl to do  
When the tide is rising faster than  
The sand that she's run through  
When the waves are getting stronger as the body feels so small  
And a single drop of rain is hard enough to make you fall  
As the day keeps on progressing  
And the storm clouds make their run  
As the hissing, steaming mad tumult pulls it's smoking gun  
You know you're not the first to fail  
Sky is dark and deep  
But you sure won't give up now  
Even though you're much too weak  
The night has almost captured  
The only way to see  
And a girl must find her own eyes  
If she's not afraid to bleed  
So hewn from her own body  
Pulled from far beneath the skin  
Is the only thing that matters  
The self that lies within

## **Lost and Found**

I won't hide  
But I'm hidden  
Abandoned, but free  
Many-layered  
Like wool on wood,  
Varicose mountains,  
And dried up streams which  
Course only deeply underground

I want you to find me  
But you don't know how  
A reflection in a clouded mirror  
Hiding in plain sight  
Too hard to see

So dig, please  
Past the gravel, deep into the stone  
Let your shovel break  
And your fingers bleed  
Dig until there is nothing left of you  
To come between us

Across the bed, he's sleeping  
Slowly,  
Like the moon above the sky  
Across the desert, I lay weeping  
Alone,  
While so close by

## **Urban Mystic**

She walks alone cracks and all  
Listen like birds  
Who crouch between concrete walls  
And paradise  
The tiny streams find rent in places  
Who could have guessed we'd know ourselves here  
Each moment lasts forever  
When wall and wire come together  
Touching as neighbors on subway seats  
Like runoff in the cracks  
She breathes  
And space creates itself