



Space Struck

Paige Lewis

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The playfulness and creative flourishes showcase the poet having the time of their life in crafting this debut. Recipient of the Editor's Award in Poetry from *The Florida Review*, Paige Lewis's work has appeared in *Ploughshares*, *Poetry*, *American Poetry Review*, and *Best New Poets 2017*.

*BECAUSE THE COLOR
IS HALF THE TASTE*

*it's a shame to eat blackberries in the dark,
but that's exactly what I'm up to when a man*

*startles down the street screaming, The fourth
dimension is not time! He makes me feel stupid*

*and it's hard to sleep knowing so little
about everything, so I enroll in a night class*

*where I learn the universe is an arrow
without end and it asks only one question:*

*How dare you? I recite it in bed, How dare
you? How dare you? But still I can't find sleep.*

*So I go out where winter is and roll
around in the snow until a sharp rock*

*meets the vulnerable plush of my belly.
A little blood. Hunched over, I must look*

*like I'm hiding something I don't want to share
And I suppose that's true—the sharp,*

*the warm wet. The color is half the pain. Why
would anyone else want to see? How dare they?*

MATT SUTHERLAND (November / December 2019)

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