

**Sarah J. Sloat**

**Flip-Book Ghazal**

My last chance at happiness stops taking my calls. Wise once, then crazy. I let roulette decide which dedication to dial in.

A candle lights my interior landscape. Shadows crawl the antique thoughts, the junk I come from, the ghetto I spend my exile in.

I dream I must go on without wings; I cry for my lost crown. I dream, but am not enlightened. Like flip-book pages, old images file in.

On the street where I died the rents keep rising. It goes on like this: an accordion plays, the crew arrives, drives the stake another mile in.

I set the snow angels a notch below simmer. Hems flicker, aflame. Gasblue and cold is the gown I will walk down the aisle in.

## Sleeve

Channel a body  
whether belled or billowing  
in which the limb is a line composed  
in longhand.

Oblige the shrug and bend.  
Intimate corridor, at once  
a floor, walls  
and roof that glance against

their denizen,  
house the guessed-at silhouette  
made flesh

where a cuff may pucker  
and a hand fan out—

a wheel with spokes,  
a star, come shooting.

## Typeface #10

This text of this pamphlet is brought to you  
by Birdsong, one

of the oldest-known typefaces,

challenging traditional notions of harmony  
and rousing  
even the deepest navel - gazer

from brown reverie. Brilliantly

and abruptly  
punctuated, Birdsong  
makes liberal use

of white space.  
It is characterized by its dual nature

of bluntness  
and whimsy,

represented by its being printed  
in bold and italics  
alternately,

without discernible pattern,  
all the

livelong day.

