

Two by *Brigitte Byrd*

(how the myth was flattened)

What was the point of wearing illustrative garments when the street was stripped below. *Might we not try to be beautiful today?* The answer soared in great circles since it was unnoticeable otherwise. To put it another way there was no side effect. Eventually her eyes fell on a decapitated hog out of boredom and she turned the brutal page without correspondence. The next image was a winter field and she had to step out to sit in the sun. Both places made her cold like resentment. When she went back in the alternative was cutting the edge. She decided on gardening with the dog and writing with the cats. There was no conundrum about it. It was about surviving a summer afternoon in Georgia alone. Nothing like raising lions for the circus or removing the floor to unwrap the topography.