

LISA FOLKMIRE

The Critic's Entrance

The sky was brighter than you wrote and I thought the blue was less romantic. I dragged my fingers across the gem leaves but they dried out and fell to the ground. Something was lost just then. The shine dulled, the form turned to dust. We forgot that this was all we must become. The lake water continued to roll over itself and didn't still when I dipped my toes in. It was cold as before. Your friend you wrote of never provided worth with his smile. The birds had left for winter. But I did notice the cottage across the way and the kitchen's light flickering: off on, off on. Was it just the trees waving in the night wind, or was somebody signaling to the dark across the lake?

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ABOUT LISA FOLKMIRE

Lisa Folkmire is an MFA candidate at the Vermont College of Fine Arts, and her work has also appeared in *See Spot Run*. She lives in the Detroit metropolitan area, Michigan.

