

Metaphors

I'm a riddle that glistens.
Lightning in a sudden squall,
openings impossibly close,
we form speech in motions too small for words.
Our circuits are alternating current.
To gesture with intent, minutes
swollen to hours. A tussle between two
struggling for dominance: eels lock coils.
I'm your entire boot swallowed by mud. It sucks.
The aftermath's a fat lip, a wine stain on your neck.
You could leave the theater if it didn't mean
the credits would roll.

--Juliet Hansen

(Answer: A Kiss)

Metaphors

I'm a riddle
Or a distorted you in a fun house mirror.
I'm a cough, contagious in a
room full of hypochondriacs.
Cafeteria slop on a sopping paper plate, all down my front.
I'm a square peg and one open bus seat.
A giraffe squatting to drink, a spider web hit you in the face.
I'm a preferred text messenger. Conversations are conundrums
And I am no wordsmith.
If there's an out, I'm in.
I'm a silence on the phone every seven minutes.

--Ashley McNeely

(Answer: Awkwardness.)