

Britta Kallevang

Three Prose Poems

#3

open handed words are quite handy to have when green bed silver times spoons roll through my window we lived in a car on the simple road in books read and called through some quiet swirled screen to discuss effective advertising the words tingle as they think of a white framed abyss miss much can't you get in and can you reply cat i don't think it's a good idea and neither do your words you people

#4

the opposite of chaos is chaos and no reversing moving places through a colored screen words dance across like chicken scratching much love a little too soon a match skidded across sand some car got fired from this quaint to have you next to me in my drool spool pile where laundry i think vacuum whenever we talk it all comes up beer at a table so high it's like standing sitting but we haven't found a folded unfolded table you know a patch of undercover spring spray a weathered vine attempt to deforest the winter frost make a music finger of the one time only sky and take a second snow

#7

my in and outside space covers clover and saplings by the brook in a white village of fences we breathe and exhale all day long the tip of your tongue touches since we cannot see the cold of being lost beneath a bridge of cement connected to towering walls of cement, cement beneath our feet in a picture of death we dream about ocean and it's before seconds build into interminable space seizures of early to bed ladies we without a flag are in the whole comet touching noses and toes we lie in a frying pan in our backyard wizardland and everything's handed to us in a troubled plane we intercept balls thrown though green turf isn't space game but bouncing ground to test the time it takes to collapse that bridge

Britta Kallevang lives and loves in Seattle, Washington. Her literary interests include, and are not limited to, reading and writing and listening to other writers reading. She has published in a number of journals and a couple of magazines and/or newspapers. Britta recently mentioned to her tortoise, Bob, that she plans to get a book of poetry and other unidentifiable writings published. Also, she is preoccupied and inspired, literarily, by the workings of the human mind, the ID and Superego, the behaviors, cognitions, and mind rays that populate us all.