



11:33

by Ellie Pobis

a sun speckled
11:33
I see a boy's face haunted
he plays a song
I used to know the words to
- before I fell out of tune -
It is a feeling that
has been coiled
beneath my bones for
far too long - it was fossilized
By thoughts like
"I am too old to sing along"
I am frozen in this moment
Then
with a pin-prick
my memory falls apart
the market captures my
Attention
I remember the man
with the food truck
- and the sad eyes -
the woman
with the peppers
- and the time-worn hands -
the runner
With the finish line
- and the look of pride -

BARRETT

photo by Caroline Williamson

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