Nights at London With Tess

She plays *Scrabble* in institutional glare. A television bracketed safely above drones its mantra. She calls it the third eye, the ominipresent stare. She builds *apoplexy* from a *o*, retrieves a butt from the collection plate and Zippos the little maggot to a glow. She prefixes *xeno* onto *phobia*, then tilts her chair against a wall of air. Beyond windows caked with dry drool and forehead grease, the river floats a moon. You’d never know. Here the light is blinding. It’s in her head, like a little hill of sugar no one ever licked away.

*Poetry Ease*