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## Of Treachery

Felicia Chisholm

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## ASSISTANT EDITOR'S CHOICE AWARD

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### Of Treachery

*Felicia Chisholm*

Distant soul-sistah chides her in the chosen hour,  
a distracting sugarhoneygirl— stale-sour.  
Distant soul-sistah incites me nay haughty,  
a dignified sweetbuttercaramel— spiff-salty.

We,  
by Judas, swept away  
different directions but fatally close.  
Me,  
emancipated,  
by divine unconventional he, “You’re my Ruby.”  
But like disrupted fish in diaspora to compost,  
I shake,  
in bed,  
suffocating silent screams suppressing me,

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alone,

nauseated by the freshness of morning and the former’s decep-  
tion.

Lacerated.

Slumber uninterrupted—the day’s priority—but longing  
to meet death,

*sí, fin de la vida, pero sin dolor,*

peacefully,

involuntarily.

A newly radiant “ruby”

blind to it by choice,

and *disobedience*— my catalyst to spiritual cancer,

fighting sanity  
like octopi in my larynx.

And I keep shaking, choking, pining for control.



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## **Still Life Disrupted**

*Lindsey Bargar*