

Mary Rose Manspeaker

In which a woman asks for help then crabs eat her body or nothing at all happens while I dead man's float in the sea

We are the mysteries of the world. Is an act of refusal.
I'm in love with the idea of knowing but not with the act.

This is Earhart. We must have help. We can't much longer.

So, is it called disappearance or death? Let me rephrase: Is there a difference between and end.

Something morbid happens to a woman. Or: We don't know what happened to her. I didn't
but her name matters. I woman. Is that a past? Or.

Really, what occurs taking water in fast. We are myself and. I wasn't alone. I was left
alone. Which one matters?

Maybe someday. The water crashing. The water drowns me out. You can
hear me. You hear me.

The poem is about pretense unknown refusal hope.
Isn't it? Do you put your fingers in your ears?

Terrible things happen. We don't know what happens.
Can you read me? This is Earhart. Or. Tell all right.

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