



LOTHES

Bryce Parsons-Twesten

It is strange to see someone naked and add their body to the face you've known. It is strange that this is strange. Imagine us as cloth: tying the sleeves of our arms around elastic waists, turning out the pockets of our mouths to divulge loose words. As ridiculous as snakes wearing socks, one each, everywhere they go. But there is no delay in nudity. No chamber keeping out from in, no buttons on our bellies, no zippers along our seams to hiss quietly in darkened rooms or give a satisfying pop, like a seal being broken.