

The Sequestered Juror Writes a Cento

(Lines from *Martin Espada* and *Rebecca Foust*)

There are no words in our language to say this.
They call it being in shock, this state
where gas stations snap their lights off one by one
and we're marooned here now, left
deep in the well where anesthesia
is carnival. From the dolor
blood drums behind my ears,
all of it whispering—go ahead—go
where the dead stand in the rain
soft, and off-camera. Silence. Silence and ash.

On the beach I found the skeleton of a blowfish
and no science, god, or creed
to keep vigil over the waves,
and so I took my place in the line
waiting for the alchemy of dust
and spent light. Sometimes a song rings out
as if the words were missing teeth
made from recycled rubber. I like
my comrade the angry bald man.
His eyes are blue, too. He tells us

about veterans who drench themselves in liquor
north of the old shuttered silk mill.
He lights a cigarette for those who would see the
ruins
through a chink in a cellar wall, the attic air
dissolved in smoke. There was silence
folded, refolded in the same locked drawer.
You will not hear this, even after the war is over.
You pack your new purse with lipstick, and mace,
a poem useful as a coat to a coughing man,
the plume somewhere behind him, the fire.

JET FUEL Review

Credits:

Cover art by **Dolly Parton** (Issue #18)

"4 AM, February, After a Dinner: A Poem for My
Future Lover" by **Tarfia Faizullah** (Issue #17)

"maybe I grieve by" by **Irène Mathieu** (Issue #17)

"The Sequestered Juror Writes a Cento" by
Kathleen McClung (Issue #18)

Smoke and Mirrors by **C. Finley** (Issue #16)

Sunday Shoes by **Delano Dunn** (Issue #17)

Website:
www.jetfuelreview.com

Blog:
www.lewislitjournal.wordpress.com

Contact:
lewislitjournal@gmail.com

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About Jet Fuel Review

Jet Fuel Review is a Lewis University student-run international literary journal advised by faculty Drs. Simone Muench and Jackie White. Based out of Lewis' Romeoville campus, the editors seek to publish literature and artwork that is experimental, fresh, and gives voice to the diversity of human experience. *Jet Fuel Review's* goal is to reach readers all around the globe as well as maintain a literary community through a bi-annual issue of quality work and blog connected to the journal's website. Our 18th and most recent issue launched in December of 2019 and we hope to continue our dedication to the dispersing of literature and artwork. Submissions for our Spring issues are open January 15—March 15, and submissions for our Fall issues are open August 15—October 15, where you can submit your work to us on our Submittable page. In the upcoming pages, you will be able to view some of our favorite pieces from our recent issues that can be found on our website. Like us on Facebook, follow us on Twitter and Instagram, but most importantly, be literary.



Smoke and Mirrors

4AM, February, After a Dinner: A Poem for My Future Lover

I am fine only having this life, a friend said at the long table. All around, winter + its elevated requirements for survival.

A miracle: even the youngest among us continues to manage loss, damage, demise, frost. But tonight, warm garlic knots +

baked penne + chicken parmigiana + baked clams + Montepulciano = words to say that we all (somehow) ended up in America

to fight for what we decide matters, i.e., more marinara, more of us in colors, though there are those among us who also enjoy lemon +

a little olive oil. This week, the State of the Union, next week, more discussion of this or that wall. Here, we say the words

practice + listen + yes + faith. Here, a glass flute of prosecco is a gallery for a kiss-print, the same pink as a strip of ribbon

I once saw tied about a soft-seeming wrist at this or that nightclub. Another friend says, I was once younger. I wanted to run

a hand over the silver bristles that adorn their moonless hair. I am relearning how to adore. I take another sip: astonishment:

all we don't know: each other's colors. Come soon, O tender disaster, O significance of another! Come quick, O summer of faith +

listen + practice + yes, I aim to be scorched by your summer storm. Or, I am the summer storm, or, I am eager

for the slaughter. I am fine sharing this knife.

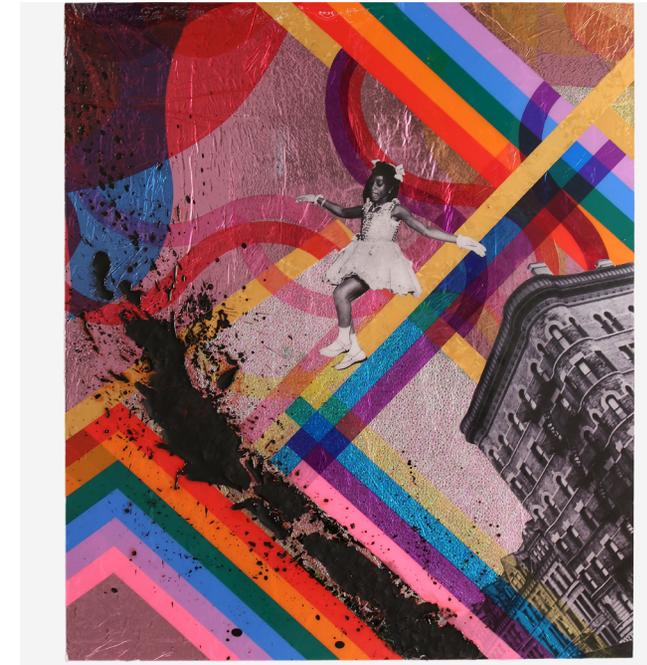
maybe I grieve by

scrolling the unlit passageways
between here and gone

looking for symbols etched by
sticks of carbon on the black ceiling:

are you coming, frog of beyond?
moon-tongue drops a bag of bones

they melt into pools of milk
I stir with one finger.



Sunday Shoes