

## Nightly Comparison

*Isabella Park*

He is lost on lightless new moon nights.  
Covertly stuck between zipper clasps and tight french braids.  
It is an illusion breaker. A great shattering—  
makes one wish glass turned back to sand when it broke,  
makes one wish to have been born different.  
Preferably with an ass that looks impressive in spandex.  
Or something of equivalence like breasts plump  
enough to fill a sweetheart neckline dress.