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## Cigarette Shadowbox

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## About the Contributor (Optional)

Gareth Phillips is a junior, studying philosophy and English. He hopes to pursue graduate studies in literature and creative writing.

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You understand, you are the confidante, in this,  
The time I have to think the thoughts I wish.  
We shared a birthday once,  
And not a moment since.  
Somehow I went to meet the future as it came;  
But you remained, untarnished black and white  
Within the wooden picture frame.

-- Gareth Phillips

### *Cigarette Shadowbox*

Familiar faces disappear in smoke,  
Removed from questions uttered in a glance.  
The orange-embered fireflies evoke  
Some semblance of a rhythm. We entrance  
Ourselves in softer silence — we are wise  
To sleep so still, immersed in bluish moods  
And songs autistic angels improvise.  
The candles dancing crop eludes  
The hunger of the haze, and thoughts adrift  
Can fix a course from down beneath the waves  
Of undulating sound and bitter mist,  
By reckoning the tallow tower's flame.  
But we will reckon silence to the storm  
In this grey extended moment we perform.

-- Gareth Phillips