

Best Friends

By: Charlie Glick

Charlie Glick is a writer and musician living in Port Townsend, WA. His poems and stories appear or are forthcoming in *Voicemail Poems*, *Thimble Lit Mag*, *SHARK REEF*, and elsewhere. He spent his twenties touring North America with his band Sure Sure. Lately, he has been working on a farm and loves talking about the weather.

BEST FRIENDS

Dreams die by surprise,
dreams die of disuse.
You're just the one
who sees it, so you're just
the one who can be cruel.
Oh, boy—you'd hurt a fly.
Who wouldn't kill to get free?
You've done it now, you're free, free
to roam the hills, to read
the glyphs of the winged.
True gods circle
their prey. You are
what you eat.