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# The Questioning

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## The Questioning

## **Author Bio**

Beatrice Slevin-Trigo is a sophomore student double majoring in English with a writing concentration and business, organization, and management. Writing has always been part of her life, and she hopes to become a published novelist in the future.

# The Questioning

#### BEATRICE SLEVIN-TRIGO

Can I hunger for a claim on which I have no stake— May I hunger, for what needs no words? Should my fingers trace a phrase, a shape, an angled alphabet against your jaw, and thumb the pulse out from under your cold skin, that jitters with an immutable energy I have never understood? The flame casts no shadow. but the wall feels the heat feels the flush of paint melting only inches away from the blaze. The night hears no silence, like the silence humans do after they have exhausted themselves of all the reason that their pleasure imbibes; Like the quiet that comes after their little whispered facts, spoken in the blushing dark with a universal certainty that their words will bypass the moment. There is no forever that is kind. And no comparative shortness that makes forever mean, Though meaner things have been said throughout forever, all the same, With less understanding than people behind a door's private shadow, clinging onto an impermanent present.

Would that I knew these soft sensations, I would turn them, *turn* them; Twist them around my wrist like a staircase, and we would walk a flight down, stepping on each other's heels, clutching onto the railings— And make my stairwell veins blue with laughter.