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## Je Ne Sais Quoi Means I Don't Know What

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# JE NE SAIS QUOI MEANS I DON'T KNOW WHAT

Kat Jackson

bird-bone fingers tracing treasure maps  
into the soft river sand. the streetlights  
flirt with the trees; trust them to  
translate the stars.

giving such gifts as feather-light kisses  
makes magic more attainable. those  
sheet-ghost eyes pierce straight  
through border lines.

little lapses in time cause euphoria; a  
bit of brilliance licked up as soon as it  
is wept; swept away by parallel  
tides hidden up high.

pleasure derived from shoulder blades,  
forgiveness, and freckles forming  
constellations, spelling out love  
stories translated by trees.

the streetlights swoon at the thought of  
river wet skin scattered with simple  
stars, glimmering with electric  
joy/eclectic savvy.

bird-bone fingers trace treasure maps  
into sand then into skin. shared  
brilliance, basically blessed. parallel  
tides wash over parallel shores. cast  
the lines out. share the softened  
signs of really human.