

C

road you follow is thick with brick and yellow. Your fellows follow, through this and that, through bric and brac, though why they follow,

The Last Act

She knocks off a cigar as she strides
he bar: takes her place,
puffs smoke, smiles tight.
Peels gloves like lace.

Twists ring like diamond:
hard, sharp stone.
Sips martini with lime on
ocks. Punches cell phone.

Stockings cross. High heels kick.
Eyes jab down knotted tie.
Tongue, licking gin off lips:
one more round, if he'll buy.

What to think, God knows.
Little children. Grown-up clothes.

animal

A

you cannot follow. You step, with hand in hand, they step, with hand in hand in hand, you step, you step and step and step.

Five years ago he took you on the beach.
You tell this story like it should explain.
Today I sit and don't know how to speak.
He said that there was much that he would teach,
professing pleasure comes upon the pain.
Five years ago he took you on the beach.
You'd known him then for just under a week.
Your courage stemmed from fear of loneliness.
Today I sit and don't know how to speak.
The shove he gave you brought you to your knees.
- He drooled onto my eyes - you now confess.
Five years ago he took you on the beach.
You say the earth belongs to the meek.
I bow my head to pray that you would curse.
Today I sit and don't know how to speak.
You always claimed to turn the other cheek.
But this should never be, and not the first.
Five years ago he took you on the beach.
Today I sit and don't know how to speak.

Walk on the Water