

Liz Durrett

"Vw"

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Her long limbs
His monkey mind
On the sidewalk staring up at a power line
All the details crawl up her spine
Like the spiders on the veil, on the vine

He writes the impasse
She writes the mend
He writes the heart of it
But she writes the end

In her scratchy hand
On the bottom of the riverbed
As one long prelude
For one cruel event
Then she leaves it

Her long fuse
His oversight
All the pauses shaping up to be his life
She ain't easy
He's not benign
Every outlet calls her name all the time

He writes the impasse
She writes the mend
He writes the heart of it
But she writes the end

In her scratchy hand
On the bottom of the riverbed
As one long prelude
For one cruel event
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