

Suzanna Lubrano

"Woman On The Tier"

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Too hot. No air.
Loud fan and a big tin can.
Wait here. Steer clear.
They've gone to get your man.

10 am.
Through gate 3 with picture ID.
This old billfold
Experiences security.

I hear the click. These men are hard.
I'll see your face through space and guard.
You're new to me. I'm new to you.
I see your fate. I'll see you
You through.

Ice within.
And it's all cement in the government.
Approved? Then move
To the plywood booth where the prisoner's sent.

You read in red
The letters on the door and you know what they're for.
You feel unreal.
And the rattling chain's coming over the floor.

I hear the clock. The walls are green.
I see your face through tin and screen.
You're new to me. I'm new to you.
I see your fate. I'll see you
You through.

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