Lines

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steal the rose  
bright crimson  
very real  
the petals fall  
velvet coins  
on the pavement  
i rip them out  
wishing it was his heart  

instead of mine  

Lines  
by Lauri Jensen  

Winding around  
like hair tangled by morning  
her voice is the rasp of branches  
grazing clear locked windows.  

I lean forward  
hear her heart aching  
she never thought  
such a little thing  
like cheating  
    He was nobody  
could slash  
hers life  
faster than scissors  
cutting her hotel receipts  
    He must have been somebody  
Who knows?  
He made her feel  
desirable,  
he filled  
a few voids,  
a couple nights  
although he forgot  
to ask about her day  
or call back.  

The one who did
Tl couldn’t stand
collecting with a stranger
less bright and committing
and chubby and bald
than he.
He couldn’t stand
sharing a bed
with somebody
who had Merlot
on her breath
smearce pink
lipstick
catched in the cracks
around her lips,
and condoms
in her purse
where the kids’
pictures should be—
a soccer mom
playing hardball,

combing tangled lies,
alone
in the morning.

Rift
by Margaret Okere

Sound of river murmur
memory of his voice
music once more from the time
when stars streamed
from her fingertips
in ribbons of night
and she stepped from her skin
as if leaving behind
the bark of a tree.