

Floria

For several moments last night
I wept without understanding
Truly why. I was a swath of
Knitting and the yarns of my heart
Needed an old woman's touch. The
Beauty of anything had left
Before midnight without word or
Blow. Sticky dried tears left bumps on

My face the next morning. A face
Disfigured, blind eyes infected
The anti-cantabile of
Punk music ushering me out
The door ignoring the drip
Of blood between my legs I left
Before noon without explaining
-no one to embrace. Undoing

Followed. Tosca poured my coffee.
Yes, that was her name. No, my plan
Couldn't work. It shouldn't- there she
Was talking of buying a sixth cat
For her daughter. It would never
Work, warning signs everywhere. In
the questions asked of me, in
Tosca's smiles

...the round-trip ticket stub I had refused to read lying there at my elbow.

-Kimberly Campanello