

## Missing Floor / *Linda Mae*

I keep your last letter  
unopened  
in my drawer  
    just to drive myself mad.

The last page of the  
novel  
unturned.  
The missing floor  
at which the elevator still  
stops  
spilling its contents.  
The life or death verdict  
caught like a chicken bone  
in the collective throat  
of the jury.

And I, in my madness,  
assure finality  
will never fold  
its weary  
wings.