

Me. No, you. No, me.

by Deborah Oster Pannell

I feel broken

guarding the ragged edges

while you bore into me with smoky eyes

Sunset swoony love waves

crash over me and I forget why

I didn't say yes sooner

then I remember where I was, can go

a blurred time outside my self, my body

haunting memories pulling me under

a heavy blanket of scratchy wool, fog and dirty bongwater

come back, you say, come into me, into you I am coming

and nothing matters but your bottom lip between my teeth

but I grip too hard and tighten the lens,

squeeze the light out, the air, the possibility of flight

because I am so sad, bad, stupid and just plain scared

and you, immovable object, are in my way

and I am angry

