

THE CAPTION CHANGES BUT THE PICTURE STAYS THE SAME

by Bobbi Lurie

When he leaves her
The weather is glorious of course

Unblinking sunshine

He walks away
She touches the edge of his sleeve *I touch his sleeve*
Black jacket flung over his shoulder *Black jacket over his*
shoulder

She is not a beautiful Buddhist
The sound of crickets pisses her off

Fragment of a dream scene comes back to her
As she writes this a veil lifts:

To move forward into words is to accept the sentence

* * *

Disconsolate
Wild elsewhere
As if . . .

Green rectangles of grass

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Separate her from her neighbors
She walks the sidewalks of separateness

The Freudians were right
So were the spiritual teachers whose feet she kissed

Tattletale
Hateful
Kissing up to the authorities

* * *

God's eyes are hidden in the face of man

* * *

Too many layers to our relationship now
I present you with ideas instead of my hand

All ideas are seedy in themselves
And the heart, ungenerous, is a trigger for tragedy

* * *

Now is not a doctrine

No words can touch the rim of this city
Shrouded in leaf fragrance

