



A Call Breaking at Dawn

by Jen Rouse

They hear how your heart races and flops like a gasping fish in your chest. Something delicious and dying. The line clenched between your manicured fingers, and the clutch at clothespins as you begin to watch the sky swirl above you. Stars in exploding onyx. Eyes like tiny black buttons. There were so many stones in your throat when they found you. Secrets are like that. And the silences kept like wasted treasure. Not sparkling, not collectible, not known. Who have you been here? Why have you bothered? My love crushed through you like the screaming trees. But I had long ago wasted away on the bench across from you. And when the ground came up to meet you, they watched the years fly out into a blue black orbit of feathers. What remains: a constant mourning and clicking of tongues.

