

IT ISN'T PERFECT

by Amy D. Carlson

A hole, a joke, a crossroads
The door doesn't fit the frame
The path wobbles
The air is wicked
The light is so bright
my hands are so cold and the ice is hot
Her breath pops
One corner sinks, one door is missing, there are leaves in the bed
And I am left out in the rain
The xes are orange
The trees will go
The water is steel
We keep the keys on the seat
There is a pile of bark and I should leave
How do you reach the end?