

SHE'S ALWAYS A WOMAN (TO ME)

HER NARROW ROUTE IS PAVED WITH WOBBLING STONES AND STICKY TAR
AND IS OBSCURED FROM THE SUNLIGHT.

SHE MANOEUVRES HER WAY THROUGH THE TIGHT GAPS OF THE CLOSING WALLS,
TIPTOEING, AS IF SHE WERE WALKING ON EGG SHELLS
WHILE HER SKIN IS SCRAPED AND BURNT WITH THE FRICTION OF HER TIGHTENING CAGE.
LOOKING UP, SHE NOTICES THE CEILING
LOOKING BACK AT HER.

ITS CONCRETE IS LACED WITH DISAPPROVING EYES
AND CAMERAS

THAT BLINK AND SNAP AS SHE STRUGGLES.

HEAVY BREATH SCREAMS DOWN THE SILENT TUNNEL,
WHILE UNSPOKEN WORDS POOL INSIDE HER MOUTH,
BUT VOICING THEM WOULD ONLY SCOLD HER TONGUE.

AS SHE REACHES THE END, SHE LOOKS BEHIND HER
AND NOTICES HIM

AS HE STROLLS THROUGH THE SAME PATH THAT HAD JUST PULLED HER APART FROM EVERY ANGLE
AND TOLD HER TO BE QUIET AND SQUISHED HER BODY UNTIL IT FIT THE VERY CONTOURS OF
ITS EXPECTATIONS, UNAFFECTED.

SUMMER GREEN, 18

