

She Shrank from Any Name

Protection's nearly
impossible when the train
lurches forward.
My certain neighbor runs
towards the harbor today, *today*,
decked out in metallic ribbons.
She comes close
to the picket line,
she scrutinizes the old world politic.
Hear the gavel
and gasps. Would you park
under the linden trees?
Even as the trial goes on
in my sitting room,
I choose the traitor.
Don't count on the trees,
look away, as they look away.

Her shoulders weighted
and pinned to the exam room.
I stay awake, and
in dim light, I try
to view proceedings
without a weapon, without
something to make my hair
stiff. You could hear her name
bouncing off every leaf.
And the bluff wound
its way up from her knees.
Should I lurk
in this necropolis,
stay my clam self, perched
and closed while she chills
with the night?
We were all so vigilant.