

Mme Rieux

Algiers

She always is standing on a ledge atop the landing
And we feign a smile because we've reached an understanding

Not to think or dwell on anything
Anything of import
Despite this precarious precipice

And our conversation drags from the slight to exegesis

And her voice begs for comfort
But I cannot resist
To lie about my relationship

My relationship with that word: Abstraction

Abstraction
Abstraction
Abstraction