

## Small World

Ani DiFranco

She was shaking and talking  
Louder and louder  
Each sentence was sifted to a very fine powder  
Her face was wet and tight  
Her grip was cold and light  
A strong wind could blow you down  
I heard myself say  
Word up sister  
A strong wind could take me away

I said how long have  
You been at large  
They told me you were stashed  
Last time I asked  
She said I've been out now  
For all of three hours  
I just resurfaced  
And here you are  
I must admit  
That it has been hard  
So far

I said skeletons are fine  
Your closet or mine  
And we took turns recounting  
The details of lost time  
And when we had both  
Admitted it all  
We threw our heads back  
And laughed until we cried  
We laughed because the world is absurd and beautiful and small

There we were  
Washed up on the curb  
As the rush hour traffic  
Went out with the tide  
And I was aware that  
With every word spoken and shared  
I could see her shaking subside  
I said sister looks to me  
Like you're going to be fine