Phantom Limb

Marika Hackman

Foals in winter coats
White girls of the north
File past; one, five, and one
They are the fabled lambs
Of Sunday ham
The EHS norm

And they could float above the grass
In circles if they tried
A latent power I know they hide
To keep some hope alive
That a girl like I
Could ever try
Could ever try

So we'll just skirt the hallway sides
A phantom and a fly
Follow the lines and wonder why
There's no connection

A week of rolling eyes
And cheap shots from the trite
And we're off to Nemarca's porch again
Another afternoon
With the goat-head tunes
And pilfered booze

We wander through her mama's house
The milk from the window light
Family portrait, circa '95
This is that foreign land
With the sprayed-on tans
And it all feels fine
Be it silk or slime

So, when they tap our Monday heads
Two zombies walk in our stead
This town seems hardly worth the time
And we'll no longer memorize or rhyme
Too far along in our crime
Stepping over what now towers to the sky
With no connection

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