

Where We Live

Palehound

Where we live
Beneath the frozen lake
Our hands reach out to each other
Like we're telling a story
A good one
A funny one
About the people who have wronged us
One that we rehearsed earlier
In the time before this
While we were still getting ready in the shower or in front of the mirror
And we look good, we look really good considering everything
My mom's hands look elegant and tiny
My sisters' asses are tight
And their eyeliner is identical
And our hair is flowing behind us, still and dark
And their heels hold onto their toes
Like a person at the edge of a window
And my boots are cutting into my ankles
And we are noiseless and hard
The hot blueberry casserole before it drops on the ground
The bad news before it breaks
The eyelash swimming behind the eyeball that makes us wink
And down there with us, I guess there's a bottle
And I guess there's a red cloud of wine always on the edge of enveloping us
And up above the men hook worms onto the end of hooks
And cast their lines into the cold grey
And whistle as they wait
And we stay below in the dark
With our mouths open because we are in the middle of saying something
Or in the middle of stopping one another
And I am just about to touch the ice
I'm just about to make it crack
I'm just about to get us out of here
But nothing ever changes
The ducks don't come back
The men go home to their fires
And the woman they chose
And the sun stays hiding
The trees hugging the lake stay naked
And they shake from the wind