

Seconds

She could not name what
she hated more than Sundays.

Sundays, like a beach in February,
frail, febrile sand and shore
no company to keep.

Soft life and rocks as cousins cold
and wintry pale.

She thought it through (her loathing)
opened her arms wide to quiet
the noise through her lips -
sighed and sipped and smoked
desolation through parched flesh

torn sheets - this windy feeling
"I must have been lost" she whimpers
and stumbles through corridors
messy ashtrays dirty bathrooms
and only a promise of monday.

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Ville Lemoyne