

One of Those Days

Janet Pehr

I knew it was the day of the mad dog,
the witch's birthday, when black widows dance
with suicide souls.
Yet I went to you anyway.

Three flights of stairs, two at a time,
The walls breathing heavy on my heels.
I flew to your nest in my frenzy.

The air seemed tight,
Yet you flowed through it, calm stream.
I thrashed about, stormy sea, all inside.
How could you know me then?

I left as I came, false wings on my heels,
Singing the witch's song.
My shadow danced on the walls,
Yet my heart was with you all along.



Drawing : Irene Collet

