

Blue (a true story)

He liked to knock her around
Because she was so smart
and funny
and talked too much
or was silent.

Because
her poetry was often good
and his often
wasn't

He like to knock her around
because she was.

He liked to knock her around
because
he liked to.

They had blue tiles in the kitchen then.
She lay her head on them

and curled like a child
in her womb.
She wished herself a
Mediterranean holiday
of silence;
water the color of
kitchen tiles.

The blows fell like rain
on strong windows.
She noticed them only when
parts of her broke.

She finally threw a knife at him.
Watched in amazement as it flew from
her hand;
a guided missile
made of
"No."

Because he liked to knock her around.
Because.

It missed his back by several feet.
(A metaphor too obvious even then):

hitting him instead in
the Achilles tendon.

"You could have killed me!"
He screamed at her.

She chopped the carrots
silently,
(using a different and much
smaller knife)

The blue in her head
like the Caspian sea.
Her heart knocking steadily
inside her ribs.
Carrots lying in perfect pennies
on the counter.
The sun on the tiles so bright
all the room is splintered.

Inside her head
The answer.
Because.

—Roberta Guthrie Kowald

Reality

The Laws of Nature
are
NON-NEGOTIABLE

and

REALITY is
UNCHANGED by lies

The bills for
Our Willfulness
and
Denial

Come due
with
Great regularity

—Marion Sue Fischer