

“With small panic, I pack”

by

Joanne Steel Yordanou

With small panic, I pack:

The God talk, the boy talk, the speech

On Karma, clean underwear,

The path of unexpected lessons,

Expected paths;

The ones you can alter.

In a corner, I tuck disapproval:

Smoking, many partners

Vacuum Web.

I cry,

For what I see in you, is far greater

Then you see in yourself.

I scan my love,

Turn it out and over my faults,

Examine the sins, repetitions.

I toss them on the bed.

You don't need those.

To future needs:

A sewing kit, nail cutters,

Hammer and nails,

The card; the one

You'll find at the bottom

With hearts and my red lips stamped, —

Inside, a hundred-dollar bill.

I remove my heart,

Old and wet, and

Place it on top, so you

Fight, love, strive.

It will keep you warm on

Howling cold nights,

Under the crocheted blanket

I made for you.

Discovered,

Lid thuds.

Too late.

Quick anger.

The case overturned, and

Empties on the floor.

My wet heart rolls and slumps,

Next to the card.

“I can do this myself!” you yell,

Shaking your head.

Your eyes despise.

You bend to retrieve my heart.

Be careful. You shove it at me,

Then you take the card and walk out,

Leaving me in your mess.

Joanne Steel Yordanou