

RORY HARRIS

i know a woman  
who lives an emergency

who cries at the death  
of her childhood

who comes back to herself  
to survive

to follow nothing, to follow everything

she pulls her emotions, tight  
like an overcoat  
on a day when the wind blows  
the street clean

her tears leave track marks around her eyes  
she could surround her pity  
if she knew its boundaries

she grows old in a day  
holding hope  
like a trinket  
that could come apart  
at a moment's notice