

LOOK AT ME

Because she stirs he glances at her.
Why are you staring at me?
the strain across her forehead asks.

About to speak, he looks again.
She starts to leave but pauses.
Vaguely, he senses triumph.

“Look . . .” he says and she looks away.
Feeling compromised she looks down; then up.
“You know it’s your own fault . . .” he says.

Immediately afraid of losing ground
she looks away as he looks at her.
He turns the screws now. Her face flinches.

Often in the past this has been reversed.

