

September

and when you left
to build houses in the north,
tract homes that loomed together
towards identical cement driveways
and whose faux balconies
would never support your weight
let alone ours
combined,
you returned to me
with your palms remapped
with new determined calluses
that shortened your lifeline
and separated your heart line
from itself

and when you cupped my face
with the rough of your palm
and pressed your other hand against my breast
to gauge my pulse
I wanted to tell you
that while you were gone
I sat at the table in the kitchen
writing poems about half-eaten cupcakes
and spider infestations in the jasmine
They were small, household poems
about my heart
about dissecting it to find gravel in the aorta
about its failing to keep my extremities warm
on a cold morning in September

Sarah Miller

When told to calm down, Sarah Miller becomes a mouthy saloon girl. The rest of the time she's a fairly nice lady. She has an MFA in Fiction from CSU, Long Beach where she spent a few years indulging her desire to write pretty sentences she enjoys reading aloud. Her biggest claim to fame is making the list of the top 25 in Glimmer Train's December 2008 Fiction Open. Her poetry has been published in Bender, Sheila-Na-Gig, and Rip Rap—two of these are now defunct, and she hopes she had nothing to do with that.

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