## H. Abstract

## by Agnes Ezra Arabella

I.

If I had known how much I had wasted worrying about future days

If I had stopped to look at the sliver of light cut across the hall

And heard the ringing phone call

And had picked it off the hook

I would have known why it was that you shook But I will never eat all that I have tasted.

II.

The street was a cement block.

Over a woman's shoulder I saw a shiny magazine with a lean

Cover girl that I know I had seen

Somewhere before,

Oh, yes, in a dream she called out,

"Dear, baby, what do you fear?"

Or maybe it was, "Now here are the keys to the lock."

III.

She sat down beside me and began to talk Slowly, but I was sullen.
She touched me,
"Where have you been?"
She asked, then said no more.
"I don't know, I don't know."
"But I swear, I have seen you somewhere before, Oh yes ... I know I have been here".
And she asked, "Baby, what do you fear?"

Or maybe it was, "Now, here are the keys to the lock." It was final,
And I did not have anytime to walk before the dark.