

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.

