

# 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.

