

Hiding Places

by Charlotte Hamrick

From the beginning even the smallest dreams
were a half-turned terror that might never end.
Secret hiding places shelter
the fallout of war: the sound

of breath,
the throbbing cheek,
the flowered dress drenched with rain.

A frozen heart is without failures,
without fight, a silence
of not asking questions.
In my memory

you recognize me by touch,
inch by inch.
A rusty fan blows the stench
of sweat from my sheets.

