

Milk For Free

by Charlotte Hamrick

The last time she wore
fur-lined gloves scuttling
grey clouds flew across
the sky as fast as
the muddy waters of
the river flowed beneath.

She stood on the bank
contemplating desire
and indifference and how one
could change to the other
as quickly as clothing
falls to the floor.
Silence wrapped its fickle
arms around her.
Conquest curled its lip.

