

# break

*by* Rene Foran

what's the matter?  
his words  
hung  
mid air mingling  
with the late afternoon  
shuffle and dust

take my hand  
she exhaled  
deflating the inevitable  
i can't anymore  
i just seem to be stuck  
is all

she poured the  
bone colored  
grit into her coffee  
watching  
as it turned a lighter shade of  
resignation

