

she laughs now with wine

by strannikov

remembered to look
forgot to find
interrogator's
notes from that day.
those lines I lost
someone else wrote
some vice-swollen man
sin-constricted,
not a fierce poet
apt to murder
but with a settled,
terminal gaze.
was about a girl
he never met
across cold steel tracks
at cold sunsets.
sunset-colored hair
he never brushed
with fingers or paws
no heaven-scents.
waxing moons watched down
over those days,
her face no closer,
pale and unknown.
one train out, one in
after lone days
passing parallel
past chill platforms.
she laughs now with wine
or winces gin
grins through her mem'ries
or gapes in death.

