

Her

by Tiffany R. White

If you were looking for her

She's in the backwoods
grafting your skin
from her thighs,

smoking green leaves
that smell like sandalwood
and haste

putting beads on the string
she unraveled from her thumb,
where you were smothered,
where you were broken.

If you need her she's

Piecing her brain back with glue,
each fragment a little grayer, blacker
than before.

She's

Walking the thin tightrope
with platform shoes
and weighted ankles.

She's

in those backwoods
leaving tiny little words
like breadcrumbs

so you can find her.
So she can breathe.

