

Words and Their Crutch

Kathryn Sullivan

the cd changed
with the jolt of a train
switching tracks

lyrics shuffled onto the platform

and stood

hushed

in a city
where silence lets sink
what music propped up

above the metropolis of tangled
rust, a child's balloon punctures
the atmosphere

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rising, higher

the smog becomes clouds

rising, higher

becomes a smoky bedroom

where two girls
sitting in hives of blankets, hunting
for words without crutches,
turn to each other with expressions
like crumpled paper