

## On the 13th Floor

On the balcony of the thirteenth floor,  
black cat hissing and growling in my arms,  
a crow perches on the skyline and caws,  
I tear apart and throw away my charms,  
smash mirrors until I stand in a spray  
of broken glass and wait for thunder,  
while the crow casts an evil eye my way  
and on the radio Stevie Wonder's  
singing about seven years of bad luck  
but I don't care, not even if the third  
disaster leaves me blind or lightning struck,  
anything to not have to speak the words,  
to not have to take back the vows we swore  
by saying: 'I don't love you anymore.'

*Shoshanna Beale*