85—Sympathy

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Green recollection — heat of summer.
Brutality everywhere in words said.

Five women were raped in this neighborhood in the past few weeks.
Young women just coming in and surprised at their door.

Just coming in. I thank the Channel Four reporters with their cameras at the news car and get on my bus.

I shop and return and carry in the food. I sit and look down at the green world of summer where two garden workers are doing a lawn. I fall wordlessly into deep depression.

The fall is physical. I feel myself falling. Then sleep is hard. I watch a large knife close to my bed. The light on to keep me from sleeping. The world comes to an end. I know I have been said from these tall men, lights in their bodies burning, a brutal fact in their words.

I have been said. The green heat of summer overturns into green fear. And their world ends.

Laura Jensen