

Winter 1994

Farther Down

Christy Beatty

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Christy Beatty

Farther Down

I'm considering burning the house.

You probably have the town
on your mind.

You're afraid there's no end
to me, the possibilities.

If I change my face,
will you stay?

When will our agendas
meet? And
where? Over *cafe au lait* on a
street? At my house, still
smoking?

Farther down
it was father who drowned.
Sucked in the last of his own
promises:

Silk robe from the war.

Can I wear it without thinking?
Can I remember the name?

I will say who I am without
hurting:

A miracle.
The light in my eyes.

Smoke still sifting
if you look long enough.