

RYAN SMITH

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While haunting down a nameless street
I told the young one, the quiet one,
that she must make her own excuses.

It began snowing and she looked at me, saying

Close enough.

Wrapped around her right hand
was the white thread of a red balloon;
it kept raging on and on, burning
like a red-black furnace.

I lied to them, she tells me, stepping out into traffic.

I lied to them, and they keep following me.