

JEFF CROWDER

Forward Afterthought

She sat upon our discovered bench,
 counting cracks in sidewalk eyes.
The Sunday Tribune even though its Tuesday,
 made her wish for psychic anthills.

She wished
to merely
tell a fable about some
old lady with spindly fingers
 like old golf clubs, disfigured from years of
misuse.

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The lampshade would have to be bent
at an arousing angle
 reminding me of high school skirts
 and fumbled moxy.

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She ate the ornament in a way that seemed
 infallible as if violence was grown, not learned.
She couldn't understand why
 the paper falling from the ottoman, unswept.
Her hair left me wandering
 through broken promises and breakfast.

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And I don't want to even light a match,
 at all.
I wandered past the applause
 and our
overheated two act play
just thinking
"No one's interested in something you didn't do."

**Quote attributed to Gord Downie*