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Elizabeth Skurnick

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ELIZABETH SKURNICK

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Because of a sideways shadow, the man in the car
   Behind me looks as if he has a crease for a head.
I know it is difficult to suspend judgment.
   I not only suspend judgment, but suspend
Myself in the bargain, wrung out as surely
   As the dishrag over the dripping faucet.
My days are filled with places to be.
   In the a.m. it is the kitchen. In the p.m. it is the kitchen
Too, but in between are the plastic aisles, silent, the gleaming
   Blacktop, the digitized display mounting higher and higher
As it counts off abandoned calories. My day, in this respect,
   Resembles my husband’s, but I wish the numbers
To erase me completely. My husband wishes to become
   The man behind me in the car, slowing to evade
The ruby digits—not one who waits, each passage
   Glowing on his passive face. That his skin were a cage,
And I his keeper—holding the key to zip him up solemnly
   By day, and in the evening unzip him again.