

## Lacework

Gossiping of young girls drowns  
explosions on the television,

the dishwasher hums in the background.  
I thought I heard a heartbeat. I heard the world

whimper, white noise all around  
disaster. I dreamed the blood leaked out

of me, strained through my frantic grasp, into a river  
teeming with other lives. A haunted thread laces our every

where, light trickles through  
drawn shutters, I can't slough off

the metallic taste in my mouth.  
I used to fit like a goldfish

in my bathtub, hold my breath to go under  
water and look through distortion. The body

is a gangly thing. I didn't know what I wanted.