

Susan Grimm

## Ignoring the Text for the Texture

I loved you something chronic like lower back pain  
or maybe TB—an inability to breathe out

of my waffled lungs. Love squeezing out of me  
at any pressure, like the best parts of spring

and snow mixed. It was a vortex, a vacuum,  
a volumizer, you. Our little stick arms and legs

and our cardboard front door which kept nothing out.  
The stinking front hedges impenetrably green.

