

SEEDS OF
DISCARDED
GLASS

LAURA B. GINSBERG

She can't believe
she remembers more
about her failures
than her successes.
She stands
at the doorway and
stares at the exhibition of
disorder.
Dislocated laundry.
Tangled bedsheets.
The confusion of dishes from the weekend.
She had never promised him
domestic bliss,
and he
had
never
offered
to
help.
Some tumble of anger starts to ruffle in her
stomach.
Static and clutter.
Connections start
to revolt in her.
An irrigation
of understanding starts to
hydrate his words,
"You're a mess.
How could anyone ever love this?
You used to be..."
And the door always slams behind him.
Days ago?
Weeks ago?
A month already?
His empty bottle of Jack
still mutters at her from the floor.
Daring her
to do things.
The isolation
suddenly feels like confinement
when it needs to be a sanctuary.
She sighs.
Closes her eyes
and waits
for the
destruction
to feel more stable.
And there,
below the immature sadness,
she feels the flicker of choice.
She can leave or she can stay.
She can hide or she can face responsibility.
She can dislocate or she can unscramble.
She decides that music is necessary.
She picks up his bottle and
rinses out the fire that always made him
someone else.
Someone else's
problem now.
She opens
windows and doors.
Floods light
into the space of her displeasure.
Moves furniture.
Fills garbage bags
with his stuff.
Finds his hidden truths.
Discards his karma.
Disowns his opinion.
Scrubs him from her.
Walks.
Lifts her face toward a blue sky.
Plucks a flower and plants it
like a tender suggestion
in the bottle
she will now use
as a centerpiece.

**SHE HAD NEVER
PROMISED HIM
DOMESTIC BLISS.**



WHEN
THE CLOCK
EXHALES

LAURA B. GINSBERG

The street corner
might as well have been an ocean.
For as far as she could see,
there were lifetimes
of hard work.
Blooms of color from the soil
and from the soul.
Rows of youth running counterclockwise.
Roots and their variance
within the secrets of the seeds
as they attempt to establish some semblance
of attraction.
Bold, in their genuine confusion.
Rosebuds could not occur without the rise of
light and the pain of growth.
The neck of land breaks down as rivulets of
water stream through.
The petals of a delicate incident
spill within rented time and space on this
mighty earth.
An exquisite collapse of bravery.
Situated and continually vanishing.
Unstable questions of exposure.
Unequal to what is capable.
The headlights of her father's truck
growl through the pasture,
Articulating the infinity of what has happened.
Nurture beyond what we think might be
parallel.
Heavy with aspiration and afflicted with
ambition.
Confused in the flatness of what tomorrow
might not hold,
But within the fragmented salt water of
impossibility,
We absorb some exacting potential and
magically soothe the great waters long enough
to flower into the outrage of now.
Constantly healing into something stronger
and reflective.
We must all endure the lunar tides of luck
and division,
of faint dissolution. The gentle
sphere of moon behind the teachings
of a storm cloud.
The medicine of the ancients is
the passage of time.
Imperfection has become our most complex
and difficult companion.
Natural law requires the heart to continue
beating in order to survive and report
the uproar of details within a century of
seconds.
Kinetic and atomic are the forces at play.
Tenderness and joy will eradicate grief —
however briefly — eventually.
That residue of exclusion.
Decayed fragments of consequence.
Hours of sorrow will dissipate within a single
moment of sympathy.
Broad east, the sunrise of turmoil and
commotion to accentuate
the passing of an era.
Her passing in absence and
the frailty of fortune.

**HOURS OF SORROW
WILL DISSIPATE
WITHIN A SINGLE
MOMENT OF
SYMPATHY.**

ACCIDENTAL VILLAIN

LAURA B. GINSBERG

She sits in stylish sorrow
beyond
the hesitation of her strength.
She has shattered the television
and trashed the newspapers.
Now, on this annual day,
she finds it necessary to create
her own synthetic silence.
Every year on the anniversary of his murder,
she has to be the scapegoat of
what could have been.
She doesn't have the lavish consequence
of listening to those who
blame her for
breaking up the band.
The public has been invited into their bedroom
and their choices, which,
yes,
might have created some
variance in the band's
creativity.
There was
no longer a
similarity of sound.
The winded stability
that followed would
forever be
a part of her
distinctive result.
Her public romance
that should have
ended differently.
In order to combat
the negativity, she opts to drink
some vagrant champagne
from the collection
they established
while the world
was watching.
Was it foolish of her not to leave?
And now the consequences are unmistakable.
Yet,
she misses
his instant scribbles and
his ballistic songwriting.
His immortal method.
His expressive glasses.
She wraps herself
in the pale bed sheet and
holds the essence of their past.
The champagne bottle pulls heavy and unsure
in her weakened hands.
What an insult for those strangers
and neurotic poets,
journalists,
to pilfer through her ruffled
innocence.
Can you imagine?
Will she ever be left alone and insolvent?
A hollow flower left to wither
within the estuary of this mystical holiday.
And so she sits,
candle lit in the early morning,
having not slept,
still bound with the pleasurable corrosion of
his memory.
Her boulder.
How is it that they weaken her, even as she
stands there staring at a coffee mug?
She pictures the ink on his fingers.
His bearded inexperience.
How intentional his clothes.
His love.
A mathematical and methodical rush of
emotion bundles itself in her ribs.
She needs more alcohol
to infiltrate the heat of the world protesting on
the streets of the city outside her apartment.
Fruit-drenched voices.
Passersby intent on analyzing the distorted
lens that has become her life.
There is no way to protect her future.
She must simply invest the wealth of her
memories.
The inclusion of her capacity for generality.
With her appraisal of the annual examination
of his passing,
she needs
intentional consensus of a new identity,
far from
the accidental villain
of a woman in love.