



Dangerous Places
Poem By Pris Campbell

I must take care not to peer back
through that gray slant of time
to when we lay arm against arm,
bodies flushed and moisture still seeping.

People I love march into places
I'm not yet ready to go.
They do not return in this lifetime

My body has grown cautious,
fearful of high curbs and large dogs,
irritated by the squeals of small children,

I avoid mirrors,
magazine articles on aging
and women who dwell on their bladders.

Outside, my husband weeds.
Gray hair sprouts from his cheekbones.
He swats at it, as if a pesky fly.

My heart is too weary to leap when
sweat draws his shirt tight
or his pants slip to show cleavage
I once traced with my forefinger.

He senses I watch from my bedroom window,
glances upward, then away,
his gaze falling like autumn rain
onto the waiting weeds.

©Pris Campbell
2002

Published in The Dead Mule Spring Issue, 2007
Also published in Blackmail Press 2003