

5-1-2002

A Steel Bitter Gray

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Recommended Citation

West, Anne (2002) "A Steel Bitter Gray," *Forces*: Vol. 2002 , Article 83.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2002/iss1/83>

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A Steel Bitter Gray

Anne West

Below

lies the sidewalk,

A steel

bitter

gray,

fallen gravestones

on black sodden earth.

Brittle leaves red-burgundy-brown

crackle like bird bones

under the walker's feet.

Clouds black and heavy with rain

moan softly.

Winds whisper failure...failure...failure...

Like a slowing heartbeat,

a fading wisp of tule fog.

The footfalls stop

and the walker looks up

with mirrored eyes

as a tear drops

from

the sky.

Translucent

J.A. Goodrich

You are the fortunate one

You are everything I am

without the responsibilities.

I work out everyday and eat right

So you look "athletic"

I wake up early to do what I need to do

So you look professional

Shower, shave, and match

Just so you're trendy

And how do you stay trendy

I read every magazine in the supermarket

I have time to do that while I'm grocery shopping

For your dinner.

You have all the same experiences I do

Without the disappointment and heartache

I work sixty-hour weeks

So you can live in this upscale apartment with a view.

I go out and party almost nightly

Just so you can stay popular

I'm tired of this

Can we just trade jobs for awhile

I would give it all up just to let you see how it felt

On my side of the glass