

SANDY GREEN

Answernoanswer

My lips were so dry
it was as if I had salted them;
finely ground powder
puckered the lines,
whitened the creases,
they curled inward like a snarling dog's;
My breath rushed in and out
of my chest,
a cyclical conch shell of rondo breathing
or waves scrubbing the beach;
I waited for an answer,
but, your silence was complete,
so, I toyed with an odd bit
of cellophane,
crackling and crinkling it around my fingers.
You rose and offered
me the trash can.