

"Though I'm Wicked"
Angela Horneber

Have you walked down that ally before?
Handing out coins,
thin gloves, old jackets, to sit amidst the litter.
Though I'm wicked:
Did you see the girl down the road?
The little girl next door you never noticed.
Did you see her die? Tell the mailbox and
the used section of the bookstore. Tell
the rose garden, but don't whisper.
Though I'm wicked:
When was the last time
you said those three words: I'm coming home.
When was the last time someone
had to say those words to you? When
Though I'm wicked:
How have the minutes been spent? Not the hours.
Is there someone to tell you?
I'm coming home.
Though I'm wicked:
Count the seconds since the last time
you went out of your way;
were you lost?
Explore the neighbor's home,
learn kitchen like the back of your hand,
and the room with scrubs and monitors,
that one too.
Though I'm wicked:
See those bars? They're a window.
They're a guidebook and a declaration of love,
but a whispered one.
Don't whisper. Cry it out
Though I'm wicked:
Decorate that window with music,
soft and strident, brassy
and soothing.
Though I'm wicked:
Please.