



under indifferent eyes.

swollen lips
tooth marks on his fist,
the dull thud as flesh cushions
bone
against bone.

blood in the snow
happier drawings in frost on windows
why won't that door ever swing closed?
to shut him up
shut him out

her cries fall on the deaf ears
of a God whose love could
never stay his hand.

turn the other cheek.
back
breast
stomach neck
no cheeks left.
no unknown surface.
her whole body a stage
upon which to play out
the tragedy
of the virtue
of patience.

—jonah campbell