

## The Other

You are the vinyl seat in August

I rip my flesh away.

Hey, I didn't ask for this weather.

You are the undertow, the debris, at spring flood.

I gasp, spitting my way up

you always enjoyed the flood's destruction

You are the grit, the blisters, in my shoes

after a mountain I climbed

a fool to believe in clear air.

You are the sound of one shoe walking.

Remember, I have the other.

Karen Lesli