

Passing

Rita DiSibio

sprouting seed in
false spring:
chest flat
hair back under
a baseball cap

the waitress bounces
prey-like
to my table
she observes
*is there anything else
I can do for you*

ladies?

white winter wind
cuts into
everything
green and my
retreating eyes
seed cannot
survive

she seems to
slither away
but no one
else sees
predator
no one else
freezes
I choke on

*can I say I
do not caged
by attention
accusations like
being included
I bury my
self seen not
as a
lady?*