

Ani DiFranco, Small World

she was shaking and talking
louder and louder
each sentence was sifted
to a very fine powder
her face was wet and tight
her grip was cold and light
a strong wind could blow you down
I heard myself say
And she said
word up sister
a strong wind
could take me away
I said how long have
you been at large
they told me you were stashed
last time I asked
she said I've been out now
for all of three hours
I just resurfaced
and here you are
I must admit
that it has been hard
so far
I said skeletons are fine
your closet or mine
and we took turns recounting
the details of lost time
and when we had both
admitted it all
we threw our heads back
and laughed until we cried
we laughed because the world
is absurd and beautiful and small
there we were
washed up on the curb
as the rush hour traffic
went out with the tide
and I was aware that
with every word spoken and shared
I could see her shaking subside
I said sister looks to me
like you're going to be fine