

# Park, S Is For Susan

The look in your eyes  
is barely recognizable;  
or so it seems to be  
attracted to  
everything  
within reach of a whisper.  
Strain your ears,  
just to hear them speak.

Seconds slip by,  
words turn into wounds;  
Flinging into  
every piece of you

Two times at night  
and double that on the weekends.  
I could tear my hands across your back and still hear you scream...  
Goodbye Susan.  
Hope you had fun.  
I never intended any of this to happen.

Yet I still recall the smell of your car last fall  
and how it felt to be close to you.

The slant of your smile  
is only noticed by the line;  
or so it seems to be  
attracted to  
anything  
between here and there.  
I might not redraw  
the fragile lines of Seattle

Minutes pass by  
settling the wounds.  
Tripping into  
every inch of you.

Goodbye Susan