

The Bled, Ruth Buzzi Better Watch Her Back

Somewhere between the frozen layers sleeps a fragile woman. Waiting for her husband to remove the shards of glass. The sun betrays the light that it once shed. And daughter cuts the hair. Tangled in a silver brush. Spitting at a broken mirror. I feel the movement of ghosts in the room. She keeps a photograph locked in her mouth. The smell of turpentine drips from the walls. Forgive and forget. Relive and regret. You're not alone. I've seen the dead arise. The ice will someday thaw and she will wait no more.