

# Ani DiFranco, The Slant

the slant  
a building settling around me  
my figure female framed crookedly  
in the threshold  
of the room  
door scraping floorboards  
with every opening  
carving a rough history  
of bedroom scenes  
the plot hard to follow  
the text obscured  
in the fields of sheets  
slowly gathering the stains  
of seasons spent lying there  
red and brown  
like leaves fallen  
the colors of an eternal cycle  
fading with the  
wash cycle  
and the rinse cycle  
again an unfamiliar smell  
like my name misspelled  
or misspoken  
a cycle broken  
the sound of them strong  
stalking talking about their prey  
like the way hammer meets nail  
pounding, they say  
pounding out the rhythms of attraction  
like a woman was a drum like a body was a weapon  
like there was something more they wanted  
than the journey  
like it was owed to them  
steel toed they walk  
and I'm wondering why this fear of men  
maybe it's because I'm hungry  
and like a baby I'm dependent on them  
to feed me  
I am a work in progress  
dressed in the fabric of a world unfolding  
offering me intricate patterns of questions  
rhythms that never come clean  
and strengths that you still haven't seen