

A Poem by Marc J. Frazier

Getting Over It

The red umbrella blew into the house. We chased it because it was open. We had enough bad luck. We had enough of everything. *We have no way to protect ourselves*, we cried, and *who do we believe?* He told me anything I wanted to hear. I heard the crackling of electric wires in an ice storm. The mouse in the cupboard. Anything but his lies. He smelled like wet peonies. That is one flower it is wrong to pick. I can only run so fast I told him. If you capture me you can put me in a cage. Flagellate me. There is too much calm. We need to create life like God. The boats in the canal collided. One nearly sank. The other congratulated itself. We wept because it was late in the day and we had not found one another. One of us is lost but we don't know which. One of us prayed to a false god and both of us are paying for it. A poet would say something here like: *There was light in the piazza*. I wanted to create a new language with you. I knew it would be better than sex. I wanted a secret language like some twins have when they are growing up. I wanted to be in such a closed world with you. But we were too different for the same words. I ate the bitter disappointment and left. Now the dark is closing in. Now there is dark in the piazza and I just want something to eat.

Marc J. Frazier has been widely published in journals including *The Spoon River Poetry Review*, *ACM*, *Caveat Lector*, *Slant*, *Permafrost*, *Plainsongs*, *Poet Lore*, *Rhino*, *The Broome Review*, *descant*, and *The G W Review*. He is the recipient of an Illinois Arts Council Award for poetry. His book *The Way Here* and his chapbook *The Gods of the Grand Resort* are available on Amazon. His second chapbook, *After*, is available at www.finishinglinepress.com. His second full-length collection titled *Each Thing Touches* is forthcoming from Glass Lyre Press in 2015. His website is www.marcfrazier.org.