



Another

Close heat
Thunderclouds
Hover
And wet sweat
Runs
Forever
Off the end of my nose
And again
I turn the boat around
And get ready for another repetition
A shrug
A quick deft shift
Of the slippery hands
On the grips
A deeper breath
Reach and . . .
I wonder what it would be like
To live a different life
Like other women
To not sweat
Twice a day
To not get up
Each morning
In the fatigue
Of the day before
And
Another stroke
And another and . . .
Another

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