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You know from the floorboards that you are
in a forgotten city. I open my mouth and the church
windows loosen. Yield.
Undress themselves.
I am not
to blame
for what
has happened.
Neither is he. Though
last night
I had trouble
sleeping.

The last time I
turned my body under
his, everything whitened.
The books
on the nightstand
silent.

I've spent four years
thinking it is him
I belong to.

Wet. Ripe as an orange.
Always thinking myself
an empty bowl.

This body is still mine.
Salted by the past.
Anchored. And yet there is
no need. The sea has
all but been drained
of its water. It groans
nothing more than
the sea on a map.
Shadow-gods.

Ann Pedone graduated from Bard College with a degree in English Literature and has a Master's Degree in Chinese Language and Literature from UC Berkeley. Ann is the author of the chapbooks The Bird Happened (Leave Books), perhaps there is a sky we don't know: a re-imagining of sappho. (Cup and Dagger Press) as well as the forthcoming DREAM/WORK and Everywhere You Put Your Mouth(Halas Press.) Her work has recently appeared in multiple journals including Narrative Magazine, Abralemín, Slant, Contemporary Verse 2, The Phare, West Trade Review, The Open Page Literary Journal, The French Literary Review, SAND, and The Shore.