

Lisa Katz

AT THE WALL

The women are walking backward,
a stone wall their God.
With small steps
they cross the plaza,
but in the wrong direction.
Once they were girls running in a yard,
hair exposed to the wind,
treasure securely fastened within.
They probably thought
that to go forward
was the direction of forever,
the natural thing.

And in the sky
a cloud shapes itself
like a narrow ring with a tail.
It looks like a magnifying glass
for reading
fine print,
and discovering
faults.

Someone is going to get hurt.