

Party

People, people together, cocktails,
scrape of laughless laughter,
tinkle of teeth on ice.

They are coming at each other
like fistsful of knives.

Harmless, harmless, I'm harmless,
I murmur in my corner.

They are shielded with thick slur
of words; there is no murder.

Nonetheless, I cower, want no complicity.
My eyes are already forgetting
they ever saw you.

I can't cover this vision
or my defection; it's either
like falling in a hole
or seeing the light.

-- Audrey Conard