

Anniversary · *Judith Kroll*

We stayed married too long.

Now this lovely baby beams like an elf  
in his nest of toys,

fruit of confusion  
who lives in perfect sounds.

What happens next? Drifting in mist,  
we pull in all directions at once,

away from that airy gallery  
with its brooding models of the true and good.

Look—you are running one night  
up those steep hundred steps to the temple  
where Mother Kali lives,

and four drunk boys, smirking like cinema hoods,  
nudge and abuse you.

You have a crazy temper and you fight  
so they do, and soon  
their pooled cowardice inflames them

till you lie in front of the temple  
smashed like a stone dog.

They leave you now  
to the deep enchantment crashing down,

silence a part of the darkness,  
the temple monkeys drowned in sleep.

Tell me. What is really important?  
What is the last thing you think of?