

KATY LEDERER

EGO-SYNTONIC

We're in a privacy, we call it that,
but really, it is pain.

You pretend, or *pre-tend*, like a gardener, ferns curling,
the fence on the imminent mend.

Who are these people in your garden?
How their faces have absconded with civility.

To think of the rain: how it always pours down, never up.
Where are you, God?

100 I can see you as if through a window, reflected in glass.
It turns you opposite, the pane.

And this my daily bread, I now eat in repose
as a corpse would.