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A Period of Mutually Agreed Upon Reflection

David Kramer

She has three men to forget now.

Her husband who she left for her lover who she left

To be alone in her dreams.

The one where her father builds a shinto shrine

Of cigarette butts in the ashtray,

Telling her, doesn't she know he is dying?

The father who pissed beer on her older sister's bed

Before she was born.

The sister who wished she had danced on her father's casket.

The one where an intruder carries a knife bloodied as with red barnacles.

The one where her husband is fucking another woman.

The one where her lover has become a mystic on a Caribbean island

Where she goes once watching blue dolphins play in the waves.