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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.