

POETRY/FICTION

Buttonhook

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For MB 1961–2015

Buttonhook down the row
Of all that keeps you standing
On the bedroom floor,
Skirt hitched,
Before the mirror of
Imperfect loves.
Faces fade
To silky indifference,
Each soul slipped
From what you knew about them.
All your life you depended on gravity
To hold you fast on spinning ground—
When time steals past its earthly drag,
Will that also feel like home?

—Karen Hurley, Ph.D.
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