

Susanna Fry & Joanna Fuhrman

Voracious Weather

I thought if I wore
new socks
the weatherman
might notice.
If I walked quickly
enough, the smell
of piss wouldn't
stick to my skirt.
There are days
when even
humidity
eludes me,
Days when
I'm massive—
a child in
a yellow
blindfold,
the screeching
of a train
grinding
to a halt.