

Before Tomorrow, by Elizabeth Allen

Rain runs in strands,
from a wooden beam
to her bare left ankle.

The gardenia leaves
are lacquered,
a gloss of deep
green moonlight.

**Her mind feels
for that thin space
between breath
and thought;
just to listen**

to the night
damp, breathing,
not comparing itself
to anything.

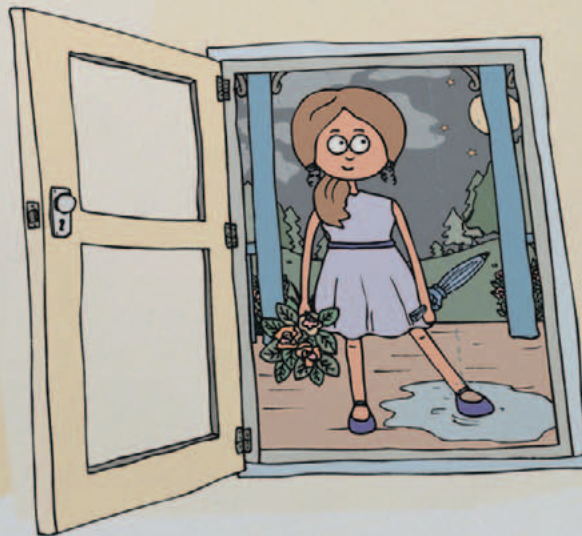


Illustration by Sally Mazak



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