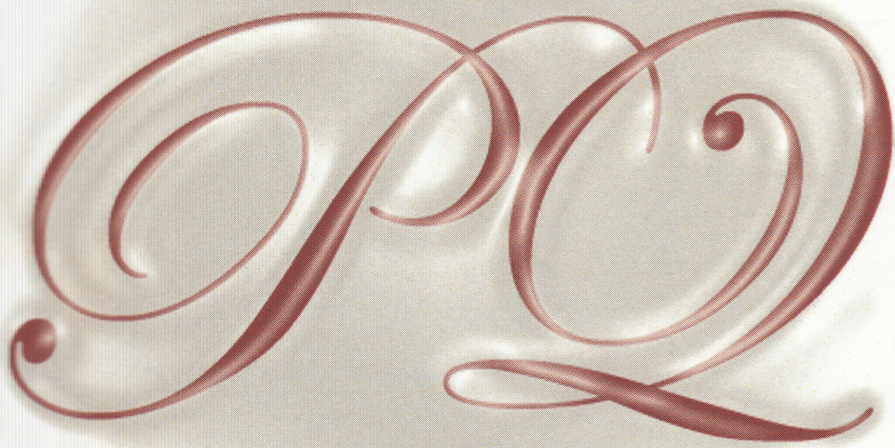


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The World's Finest Poetry

Susan Speranza

Twice Broken

I have hidden myself away
from the world that has broken me,
I have burrowed so deep
I will never be found.
Now I live alone,
in my dreams,
in my song.

A restive ghost,
I roam lost on the rim
in a place as lovely as Eden
but as desolate.
Once I existed at the center
where life swirled in me and around me
but as betrayal spun me to the perimeter
I withered
a thirsty, brittle tree
breaking in the wind.

Now in my solitude
I bleed hope and joy
which streams non-stop
and pools like black water
over rutted roads.
So, I remain hidden
at the edge of the world
where I live alone
in my grief,
in my dreams,
in my song.