The woman you were when you left them. The silhouette sorting through your garbage, in search of aluminum cans and credit cards. The man who jumped in front of your car and the man who thought he had pushed him. The jealous husband. Clarence Thomas' first wife. The minister who built harpsichords and molested you, again and again. The mother who cannot taste her milk. Your grandmother's image of herself.

Sammy Davis, Jr. Your children. The children you knew would die as sacrifice. The man who wears headphones and operates the ride. The child running into the fire, for protection. The reprieved. The stoic who embraces his weakness. The woman you swear you have become.

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