

Ignominy

Imani Congdon

The first time I saw her,
the magnitude of imminent doom fretted in circles about my head,
hovered within a cloud of uncertainty.
If this was roulette, I'd have been dead
a hundred, a thousand, a million times over again,
because her touch was oil, sliding my balance out from under me
like it was
nothing.

Sit, watch the blackberry grow,
ripen and writhe upon its stem
tediously considering the ground below
and crying out for warning before the moment when...

the rot sets in, the frost,
like honeybees, the people will hum,
the berry sullenly hits the earthen floor.

(and quoth the raven, "Nevermore")

The last time I saw her,
the magnitude of imminent doom drove a canyon through my skull
and echoed into the void

I told you so.