**What a Girl Learns About the Morning Sky**

Robbin Farr

There were strip malls and giant box stores.

A highway freshly wet stretched

neon across four lanes

of midnight traffic. Our faces bright

through car windows. Bold,

transgressive travelers

 defying disquiet and curfew

 wanting threads of passion

 to weave warp and weft

between us, twining like limbs

linking like mouths.

These moments, strange

and stifled, all struggle

and heat, imprisoned

in the mind’s core, sealed

against days’ stern reckoning.

But the body recalls how

the body splits

how the shell bruises

 and how the dull air

 surrounds, suffocates.

 A body recalls a searing bath,

a fogged mirror, a reflection

that bears gray shadows. It recalls

how breath suffers and frays

among the clouds, recalls

the weight and press of motel water.

 Which is to say, numb.

 Which is to say, what cannot mend.

Recalls how small cries rise like birds

whose pinched mouths chirp,

who leave their plaited nests and

whose wings lift and beat the morning air,

wounding the sky blue.