**This is a Bed**

Sandrine Letellier

a ring-shaped island

where you've swam up and down my current

a stripped lot where you've all shot blanks

a rest area for strangers on outbound trips

a Spanish class for my impending exodus

a lair of contempt for my feminine worth

naked ghosts under covers

a thought photocopier

a vantage point

a cliffhanger.

This is me sitting at the edge

of the battleground

howling on linens

dressed in every color but white.