

The Cortland Review

Idea

2012

By Marcus Civin

She thought she was passported.  
Kicking her legs,  
She thought she could let all.

She wanted to take her wrapping up legs,  
Make them blue-green and brown,  
Weld welt his mouth a mud-gold expanse,  
Leg back overhead.

Usually, they were boring:  
Schoolwork, evening news,  
Holding his head on the pillow.

He loved cake wrap,  
Loved bibble sharpen dance,  
Some of the cat lava.