

Prison

ELIZABETH PERCER

I wish a crime would come my way,
That I had the nervous power of disobedience.

I would balk at no act
and late some night I'd break the law,
and be sent to prison for it.

In the kitchen the next morning
the sun would highlight the dust on the table,
and this – someone's belt draped over a chair.

I would know what I had done.
Behind the walls: the ordered
curve of leaden bars, a window,
a guard.