

## **The Trigger**

Who will pull it  
when it needs to be?

Who will offer you a bullet?  
Give you permission?  
Or tell you to stop?

Who will kneel over you  
— your childhood trauma,  
your mother's detached indifference,  
the grandmother who committed suicide  
in the next room?

Who will stop you?  
Who will tell you  
it is not yet time?

When you look into  
the mirror and confess—  
enough is enough!

Who will save you?

## **Windows**

What must it feel like  
to be transparent  
seeing everything,  
whether  
a day heavy with sun or rain  
as babies sleep inside quiet homes  
and old ladies sit on porches  
rocking with needlepoint  
and bees buzz by  
and tickle the glass  
looking for my honey  
lying beside me  
in this bed for the past  
fifty years.