

# The Leaving

Jeff Black

she slipped out from  
underneath his arm  
crawled across the floor  
pulled down the shade and  
blew out the candle shut the door  
to the other room the floor was cold  
in the hall and the light in the north room  
fell soft and without direction(so  
it was really hard to tell  
whether it was dusk or whether it was dawn  
she said to herself  
I used to wake up in the morning  
and the day was mine then  
I used to wake up in the morning  
and the day was ours  
now I wake up in the morning  
and the day belongs to you  
now I'm not a phone booth at a  
truckstop on the turnpike  
and I don't know how I feel  
I cannot see your face  
and I do not know what's real  
nothing was really said after that  
no goodbyes she grabbed up  
a few things she needed  
her heart her soul and the  
keys to the car and she left  
it was a grey day she drove a  
while until she came to a place  
where she could stay and feel safe  
she took a room at a motel and  
put away her things and sat quietly on the bed  
it was three o'clock in the afternoon  
and she sang a sad song in her head  
she took off all of her clothes  
and tried to fall asleep  
tossing and turning she fell into a dream  
once again she was driving down the highway  
listening to the radio  
there were people standing and waving  
along the side of the road  
there was no place in particular  
she felt she had to go  
then the straight lines turned to circles  
and then into a kaleidoscope  
then in a half sleep she controlled the dream  
and she thought to herself  
it's hard to see the future  
looking backwards through a telescope