

Girl Scout Way by Katherine Fallon

She thought me lovely, holy, companion
she could afford to lose after years of flowers

on the table in a small apartment. Cold, dim
like hail in a garden, moon purple, she drank

too much, forgot. I found myself not among women
but soot. This was our home. I abandoned it,

and the mail, and our dog. I couldn't just leave,
like I'd never been there in the first place. I left

potting soil on the carpet for her, and a lot of it.
A real mess to clean.