

Earthquake

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Recommended Citation

Butler, Lynne Burris () "Earthquake," *PoemMemoirStory*. Vol. 02, Article 4.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.library.uab.edu/pms/vol02/iss2002/4>

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EARTHQUAKE

*This morning at 3:07 an earthquake measuring 3.2 was
felt in the mountains above Palm Springs.*

—news report

How does it feel to hurt someone deliberately letting the words slide like
plates leaving a table? How does it feel to jerk the cloth from under the
china leaving the table bare and everything altered?

How does it feel to poison the dog with glass in the hamburger words, to
burn every minute of every photo, to spread the legs, the lips of the labia
of a woman I've never seen, your fingers in a place so dark I don't want to
think?

How does it feel to know I know every inch every move every silence of
you? Do you hear your mother warning the earth could open could crush
could swallow you?

How does it feel when you don't know if it is the room or yourself that
quakes at three in the morning, when the plates inside the earth shift, your
hand later trembling on the teacup, grinding to dust all that was?