

the writing group

in a beautiful wood-floored walk-up apartment
in the Back Bay we sit after work

fold our legs underneath us
pantyhosed feet hidden in the upholstery

drink wine from stemware, pretend
to consider each line offered up

purse our lips and parse
each other's delicate newborn poems—

*what do you think? I don't know, it
could just be my thing, but I think—*

eyes considerate, looking slightly away from the victim
mouths politely hollowed behind the teeth

each half-listening, half-casting ahead
to the moment when our own goes under the knife

who the fuck do we think we're fooling
we are each to a woman running out of time

of all of us tonight in our little knitting circle
not one will make it out of here alive