

Janine Joseph

THE WHOLE TRUTH AND NOTHING



You lifted my legs and slid them around you,
shoulders popping from the wheelbarrow drag.

It was November. The roof liner of your Ford was blue
and peeling. I opened my hands like palm fronds

against yours. We were in love, I put my mouth
at your jaw. It was a Saturday,

no clouds.

A plane crossed in and out of my eye line.

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By: Janine Joseph

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