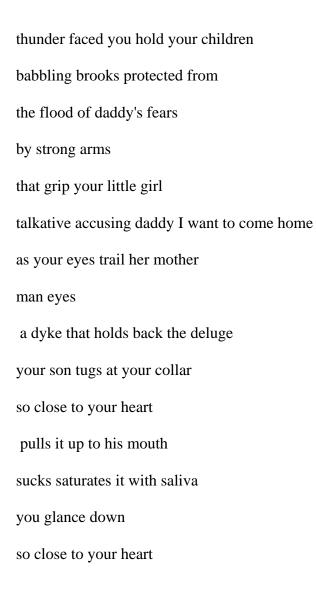
Paula David

SUNDAY MORNING

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not sure that the wetness has come from his mouth and your daughter's fingers crawl up your neck insy winsy spider you pull your children closer shields as their mother wheels the shopping cart past her upper body rigid impaled by the javelins in your eyes her refusal to look is her shield fragile as paper and you are both forced to conduct this jousting match of shame and guilt and anger and love in the arena of C.K. Greaves supermarket in a country so small that a man has no place to hurt except in full view in a country so small that a man has no place to forgive except in full view in a country so small that love is weakness and forgiveness weaker still

so a man must hurt rather than forgive what women must forgive everyday and because your dyke is so deep and so wide reinforced by steel honed in a country so small that all pain is communal the deluge changes course and forces its way through the channel of my eyes