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Articles & Chapters

Faculty Scholarship

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2005

## Poetry

Susan Abraham

## SUSAN ABRAHAM

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### Miniatures

#### I.

When a man can't sleep, he builds  
a matchstick replica of Auschwitz  
in his basement, working from memory.

#### II.

A child's china tea set has service  
for six small mouths. Sitting cross-legged  
on the floor, the girls pretend to sip from empty cups.

#### III.

From the airplane, the farm is a square;  
the hearse is a box filled with people  
whose tears are too tiny even to glisten.

#### IV.

The space on a bird's face  
between the two eyes and the beak  
is just large enough to be pierced by a slender arrow.

#### V.

The women dreamed that when he left  
he took the floor beneath her with him.  
It was a short dream, just a little thing.

## **Quick, Before the Wind**

Ask the sand crabs for an inch by inch  
description of my hips:  
they've been scaling the depression I left  
in the sand for hours. Quick,  
before the wind fills in the parallel canyons,  
note the lengths of my legs  
that never stretched into willowy limbs,  
but knew when to stand and when to lie down.  
My thin wrists barely left  
a trace; my ankles attract the interest  
of sea gulls. Of the feet,  
all you see are deep heels—a shame  
you could not meet the toes.  
But this is just a trace of the back of me:  
had you come in time, we could have met face to face.