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## A Tide

Marcene Gandolfo

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## Gandolfo: A Tide

### A TIDE

Marcene Gandolfo

It begins after the crash, after  
the smell of grease, the pop  
of glass, after her car caroms  
embankment to levee, one  
wheel still spinning. When her life  
is an eyelash flutter away  
from the river, that's when she breaks  
from the half-opened  
door, screams to the black  
morning and crawls  
to the ground, worms her way  
through mud and climbs the bank.  
Each fall breeds  
a shadow. Each shadow breeds  
rage, until she scales the riverbank, grabs  
the stalks of weeds  
with bloodied hands, and stands  
again for the first time, learns  
again to balance on two legs.  
Now she blots the blood  
from her hands on her torn skirt  
and steps up to the road, moving  
toward town, where later you will see her,  
clean, bandaged, waving hello.  
And you will notice something,  
a wilderness in her eyes, an animal  
in her gait. But now she is limping,  
not waiting for the sirens, the wheel  
still spinning inside her.  
And now her walk steadies as day  
takes shape. A vein  
of light scales the riverbank,  
through the crook in the road, and now

her eyes open to a wave  
of blue air, transparent.