

# SHE

**MICHAEL  
BAZZETT**

was running from a witch and turned herself into a river  
and now it's winter and I'm sitting beside her, listening  
to the ice groan like a wooden boat.

But no. No witch. No chase through dusky woods.  
Only meth. And the girl drowned.

But that ice still groans like a boat turning on its rope  
and I want to climb aboard and feel it quaver  
as we slip downstream.