

## **Anne Marie Wells – Three Poems**

### **Enemy Bridge**

My enemies will someday hold their dying mother in their arms,  
and their crooked hole of a mouth  
screaming anguished into the air above  
will become my next breath.  
We will share the same chorus of pain,  
the secret song that unites us all,  
a universal refrain that asks us to  
bless this world for its suffering  
for it's the only thing that builds bridges of empathy.

### **Love Well**

If my grief is a reflection of my love,  
how lucky I am to see my face at the bottom of the well.  
I didn't know my heart's beat could elicit an echo  
that swims through the water.  
Sometimes pain has a way of revealing our otherwise unknown capacity.

### **I'll Have to Walk Home Without Him**

When my father left his body behind,  
I was left  
feeling like the last 8-year-old at soccer practice  
waiting for the silver minivan to appear from around the corner.

I keep telling myself to not worry.  
“He'll be here any minute.”

**Anne Marie Wells** (She/Her) of Hoback Junction, Wyoming is a playwright, poet, and storyteller. She navigates the world as a queer woman with a chronic illness.