

## Shannon Cuthbert

### Bound

In the oil-slick of a subway window,  
I swear I saw my ghost,  
or something just like it,  
blinking back from the great beyond.  
Then the train betrayed me,  
coughed me up, a sea-shorn thing,  
spat on the platform where I was reborn.  
Now I lounge, spineless and bald as a mollusk,  
leer from window sills lit within  
like a living mannequin made and unmade.  
Watch myself slip past in shards,  
accompany ladies on their lavender ways.  
The pieces will disassemble,  
with time will shatter in sly constellations  
crushed to dust beneath a thumb.  
I will not hold them to the light, not yet,  
though they hold the fragments  
of a pale, promised world.

**Shannon Cuthbert** is a writer and artist living in Brooklyn. Her poems have appeared in *Bluepepper* and *Chronogram*, among others, and are forthcoming in *Call Me [Brackets]* and *Glass: A Journal of Poetry*