

Suzanne S. Rancourt

cutaneous nociceptor

wind wobbles the empty plastic bottle on the countertop. sometimes
there can be so much light we can't see the light and there are certain
types of wind that we aren't supposed to feel in june. like this
cold one that flips maple leaves bottom up, makes me remember
when our kayaks, broadside to the wind, ploughed across the lake
a storm gust that drove clouds east into strata shifting heavens.

neon sun strobes in and out of obstructions like signs at dive hotels.
i flash back to that one we stayed at in times square, the one
with clogged toilets and the kitchen chef came to fix it
with a plunger but ignored the soiled sheets.
your triggers layered - being someplace
you once had been but hadn't ought to be, despite the warnings,
we wobbled through that night, me alone in a hotel room and you
blown crossways into dank alleys.

Sundress Best of the Net Nominee, **Suzanne S. Rancourt**, Abenaki/Huron descent, has authored *Billboard in the Clouds*, Northwestern Univ. Press, (received the Native Writers' Circle of the Americas First Book Award,) *murmurs at the gate*, Unsolicited Press, 2019 and *Old Stones, New Roads*, Main Street Rag Publishing, April 2021. She is a USMC and Army Veteran with degrees in psychology, writing, and expressive arts therapy. Widely published, please view her website's publication list: www.expressive-arts.com