

*If we were to meet again
Up there in the world . . .*
Primo Levi

salt scratch in the mouth
touch to recapture
that dark breaking grab
cracked flash how I called out
like a woman
and then cried
as if pain were part

when I recall
that sad release
I see light
from the sun
covered rising
and wish blessings

could be a part
as well and finally
that the violence
could be stopped
in a slight bottle
capped and glass
heavy as strong as
can be conceived