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Elizabeth Iannaci: Poem [1]

October 24, 2016 Featured Poetry [2]

Rotogravure: Fatigued Thread

of the table, Leta, the kind of girl usually accompanied by a golden retriever, needs no makeup. The lily of her hand touches a necklace of glass beads at her throat. A present her boyfriend, Ramón, bought from the curio cart (far right) on their way to the table. She is about to develop the habit of holding one between her teeth—their pony threes warrains theretongue

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to calm herself, the fatigued thread will break and a bead will lodge in her windpipe. Her silver Escalade will careen into an iron-webbed electrical tower knocking out power to 228,000 homes. At least eighty babies will be conceived that night. Leta leans toward Ramón		
soothes. In a year, while taking a drive		
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Handsome as a well-crafted chair, Ramón's everything fits together exactly, dark wood grain glinting in sunlight. His shoulder tilts away, arm down: he has dropped his napkin, is retrieving it—in two years, the thought of that fallen napkin will make him smile at the worst possible moment: the masked

trying to insert herself into his ear.

harmless, and in the heat-blast of rage, will be deaf to the shots he'll squeeze off—in another moment, Ramón will secure the napkin and inadvertently run the back of his hand against the bare knee of the lovely Moira. Something will spark. He looks straight

thief will guess Ramón thinks him small,

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to unmake his choices. Moira is toasting the photographer, crystal of thick liquid, raised, partially obscures her face, her lips a blur behind the goblet. Knitted blooms burst from the lapel and bosom of a sweater too ugly to be inexpensive. Moneyed, orphaned, and between marriages, she lacks nothing. In a year, after Leta finds the hideous sweater, after her that straight hid yell wanting midnight drive, Ramon will spend long nights with his head in his hands. So Moira will buy him

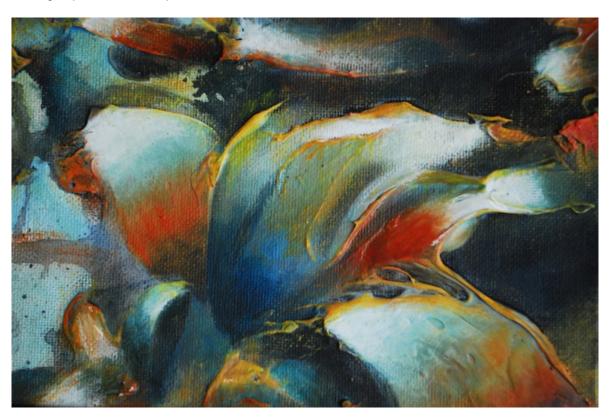
Elizabeth lannaci: Poem Published on Talking Writing (https://www.talkingwriting.com) glass. Lovers will conspire, infatuation wrapped around their bodies, breathing in great gulps of each other. Their oneness will be a bird in Ramón's bowels eating away at his shell. Eventually,

Moira, weary from the weight of him, will close the door, break off her key in the lock. He'll become a fixture,

a café, fill it with candlelit leaded

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over the cash without fear or even regret. The thief will fume. Ramón will remember: Leta's glass beads, the lightning of the flashbulb, his slow reach for the stiff linen, cool against his fingertips, its attention perfect.



Art Infomation

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Elizabeth lannaci is a widely published and anthologized Los Angeles-based poet whose work has appeared in the *Saranac Review*, *Verse Wisconsin*, *Crab Creek Review*, *Pentimento*, and

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Italian Americana, to name a few. She has read at venues in the United States, Slovenia, Istanbul, and Paris. Iannaci earned her MFA in Poetry from Vermont College of Fine Arts, was a finalist for the *New Letters* Literary Award, and writes letters on real paper, delivered by humans.

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