

KATRINA LENO

OH COMELY

SECOND PLACE, WALLACE STEVENS POETRY CONTEST

Anne Frank is already dead but you are
Just now reading about the things she did
When she was alive, how her mother drank
And how her father hit and it's fucked-up

Sexy, like how you're imagining her white breasts
Underneath a yellow sweater.
She is whispering "I love you, Jesus Christ" and
It's a lie but she doesn't want to die.

Now it's Holland, 1945, and you are too late
To do anything but keep your face
Pressed against her cheek, for warmth or just
To catch the words that drop so earnest from her lips.

Her eyes begging you from a paperback cover and
It's fifty years later and you want to save her.