

VINE STREET

Without a second thought
I sent your Capricorn sun
to the gallows in exchange
for limerence and third chances.

But everyone after you was just
a different iteration of the space
you left behind. Their names on my
phone screen like shallow etchings
on forgotten headstones.

We could've had a place
on Vine Street, and filled it
with cats, a wedding
beside the willow, a hundred

more years. Instead I sit shiva
with my feral, adolescent heartache.
I salt my doorways and sheet my mirrors,
and try to remain gentle with myself despite
this inherent vice.

She said, *"Everybody loses
the thing that made them,"*
And I've grieved for you for so long,
you feel like folklore.

LAYLA LENHARDT

Cobalt Poets Series # 554 - December 20, 2022



Layla Lenhardt is the author of the forthcoming poetry collection, *Mother Tongue* (Main Street Rag, 2023). Her work appears in *Rust + Moth*, *Poetry Quarterly*, *Pennsylvania Literary Journal*, and elsewhere. She was writer in residence at Sundress Academy for the Arts' Firefly Farms in November and was a judge in the 2022 Poetry Super Highway Contest. www.laylalenhardt.com