

AMANDA WARREN

Mutatis Mutandis (those things changed which needed changing)

Memories out of sequence,
overlapping in the cold light of now:
 false filter we peer through—winter's slow-moving waters.

Survival has its price:
 the syncopic moments piling one atop the other,
 the perpetual replay.

The scent of blood in falling snow.
Animalic on the cold fabric of my jacket.
And consequentially, the scent of his hair,
 once damp frozen to points against my palm.
So metal, so clean, sharper than any affection—
 cut it away,
 try not to break the skin,
 stitch it wrong side to wrong side.