

Wilderness House Literary Review 13/4

Michael T. Smith
Femme Fatale

She's feminism
In a dinged tin can --

sold in groceries
of overstocked shelves;

In the shadow of
split infinitives.

She takes her slow drags
off cigarette stubs.

In the shadow of
An arched lamppost

She mixes small talk
with discarded ash

She is the whole world's
Other. reflected