

A Woman Walks the Edge

Louisa Howerow

of the sidewalk, past the strip mall,
sobbing. We hear her
through the rolled-up windows of our car.

My husband mutters, "Jeez, almighty,"
brakes, rushes out. I'm faster.
"Do you need help?" She waves us off.

The question collapses on itself. Her sobs
rise to wails, send us slinking
back to the car where we slump,

hold hands. I'm glad this man I love
stopped to help. But all the way home,
I keep seeing the woman,

how her brown dress flapped
against her ankles when she stumbled,
ran from us. This is what it means to cry

as if your heart will break. My god,
we walk on cracked sidewalks. Do we cross
our legs, swear off roses?

Louisa Howerow's latest poems appeared in *Red Earth Review*, *The Dalhousie Review*, and *CV2/Contemporary Verse 2*, *The Canadian Journal of Poetry and Critical Writing*. Her work has also been included in anthologies, most recently, *I Found It at the Movies: An Anthology of Film Poems* (Guernica Editions) and *Imaginarium 3: The Best Canadian Speculative Writing, 2014* (ChiZine Publications)