

Al Purdy
by Kathryn Edgecomb

I'm no Al Purdy
but I've done battle
across the kitchen table
walls painted sunshine yellow
dishes organized on the shelves
according to size.

Conversation degenerating
to gaslight.
I fought for my life.

I'm a slow learner
repeating the same lessons
over and over.
A metaphorical gun shot,
a hole in my heart
light shone through.

The exist sign blinked on.