

LIZ N. CLIFT

So It Begins

She started to fall in love with him
because he used the word *inane*

she sensed some silk scarf
loosening from her neck. They

were talking about laughter,
ways to survive, the way our DNA

might be coded for humor
the same way some brains

might host big black dogs
and wharf rats, whose teeth

rarely rip, but constantly gnaw
leaving everything shredded.

The living room of her mind
might look like a pillow fight

from the movies, feathers everywhere
laughter or tears, a useless broom

that only serves to swirl hope
or desperation. Survival

is in our blood too. Our bodies
programmed for that next breath.

Liz N. Clift holds a MFA in creative writing from Iowa State University. Her poetry has appeared or is forthcoming in *Booth, Rattle, Hobart, Passages North*, and elsewhere. She lives in Colorado.

