

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.

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**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.

