



## I Got The Message Myself

by Stuart Carruthers

Standing on tiptoes, just within reach,  
I often read your words.  
Wet terraced streets, mothers' gossip,  
beyond the hill they emerge from the devil's layer.  
Disfigured cans bounce off skin and bone.  
Feral loving kids.  
You wrote it all down.  
Pocket pencil, page dirty fingerprints,  
Hidden within her leather pouch.  
Emotions within words you couldn't  
Say.  
I forgive you.  
I'll add my own one day.