

## Le Passage



Deborah Poe

No one asked if Magritte's bowler-hatted *homme* was autobiographical. This is not a dream; it's a vision. Past the sign, the significance. Winter sky. No, not his sky. She doesn't face you because she steadies an end. Cloth wrapped around her lower half, she hunches. The way forward is precarious. A body worn thin. She confronts dead sky. Flat panels—space between ground. Broken earth ocean. You come to nude body. Beauty is convenient. A set jaw line signals a smile. She's got spine. Shadows on twisted stairs rise behind. *She has said all she has to say. All there is to do now is scream.*