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We Pass Like Thieves

We pass in the grocery store, wheeling our anonymous carts
We pass invisible as a summer breeze, tubes hidden under loose clothes
We pass marked by scars familiar to our lovers
Like sleepwalkers, our hands graze the banister on the way downstairs
We pass like thieves, stealing each day we can
Like the guilty cleared of all charges, like innocents falsely accused
We pass for natives, unremarkable, unscathed
We pass like ghosts of our former selves, sorrows mingling in the air
Like snow geese overhead, we sweep north or south in season
We pass, we pass, comets trailing our cosmic dust

Carol Westberg

Carol Westberg's *Terra Infirma* was a finalist for the 2014 Tampa Review Prize and *Slipstream* was a finalist for the 2011 New Hampshire Literary Award for Outstanding Book of Poetry. She earned degrees from Stanford, Duke, and Vermont College and works as a communications consultant in New Hampshire.