

The Slant

Ani DiFranco

The slant, a building settling around me
My figure female framed crookedly
In the threshold of the room
Door scraping floorboards with every opening Carving a rough history of bedroom scenes
The plot hard to follow
The text obscured in the fields of sheets
Slowly gathering the stains of seasons spent lying there Red and brown like leaves fallen
The colors of an eternal cycle
Fading with the wash cycle
And the rinse cycle Again an unfamiliar smell
Like my name misspelled or misspoken
A cycle broken
The sound of them strong Stalking, talking about their prey
Like the way hammer meets nail
Pounding, they say
Pounding out the rhythms of attraction Like a woman was a drum like a body was a weapon
Like there was something more they wanted than the journey
Like it was owed to them
Steel toed they walk And I'm wondering why this fear of men
Maybe it's because I'm hungry
And like a baby I'm dependent on them
To feed me I am a work in progress
Dressed in the fabric of a world unfolding
Offering me intricate patterns of questions
Rhythms that never come clean

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