

## The Rue of Lot

His knowing shifted when he saw her turn--  
when with the cautious sliding of his eye  
he caught the fatal movement...silent lifting  
...slight, and slow, and strangely automated  
turning of that proud, familiar chin  
toward home.

She had never thought to question.  
As he asked, she'd fixed the sudden guests  
a feast. She'd baked the bread and brought the men  
their wine and kept her silence as they made  
their plans.

Perhaps he should have told her more  
or held her for a moment as he said,  
"It's time to go. Collect the girls and don't  
look back." If only he had told her then  
what he knew now: that there was nothing like  
the steady comfort of her dusky flesh.

If he had given her just time enough  
to say goodbye a women's way; to pray  
with her instead of simply passing on  
God's man-to-man demand.. she might have  
made it through without that nagging need  
to look once more, that lovely human gesture  
of regret that left two fragile, willful  
daughters motherless and him with only  
this white trophy mocking his obedience.

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