

# The Iceberg

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We tread the path  
on this icy island  
across the sea, grooved  
from years of the same  
conversations, scenario  
hypothesizing. I shiver  
from the tension.

We can only discuss what little  
ice floats above the water,  
never mention the arrowhead of ice,  
hundreds of tons beneath the surface.  
Years of lies, we could swim  
downward to count them  
but our bones would turn to icicles.  
You wield anything against us,  
like all these holes in your walls  
that kept rotting and molding  
couldn't have been cleaned out  
and patched over, like someone else  
should stretch their hide  
to cover them. I know you're cold,  
and you pull emotions out of your quiver  
like arrows, aiming for our hearts.  
However, we pull thicker armor  
over our bodies because we spoke  
the ghosts to each other, we learned  
to call it abuse. You don't know how thick  
our chain mail when you call to manipulate,  
when you pull out a dagger and aim  
for the breastplate, the chink  
and you step back speechless,  
gripping the dagger harder,  
the iceberg shifts,  
a bit more swallowed up in the water.