

SARAH J. SLOAT

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Kansas

On the radio the police  
told me to close  
the windows and take shelter

but what else was I  
there for  
in the sufficient middle

of nowhere if not to abide  
as stranger to strangers, sixty

miles of radiant insulation  
between us. Landscape stripped  
of trees, the sirens railed

insatiable. The wind stepped  
closer to the microphone, a voice

to smash the sticks, the pearls  
and stones, all  
my brave arrangements,

with loneliness, an extended song,  
the long arm, the law  
that breaks us.



## ABOUT SARAH J. SLOAT

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Sarah J. Sloat grew up in New Jersey and has lived for many years in Germany, where she works in news. Her poems have appeared in *Linebreak*, *Court Green*, and *Harper's Ferry Review*. She has two chapbooks—*Excuse me while I wring this long swim out of my hair* and *Inksuite*—available from Dancing Girl Press. Another chapbook, *Homebodies*, was published by Hyacinth Girl Press in 2012.

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