

Rubber Glove

Soft armor, slough of  
the firm touch. I've shed  
mine, pink, medium size. Limp

shell of a grip out there.

Translucent skin instead, still  
moist and shivering  
in the alien sun. I pray.

*a response to "Pink Glove on Sidewalk,"  
a photograph by Alan Sirulnikoff*



## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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Burgi Zenhausern served as a translation editor for *Knocking on the Door of the White House* (forthcoming from Zozobra Publishing), and her work has appeared in *Gargoyle*, *Innisfree Poetry Journal*, *Loch Raven Review*, *Passager*, and *Beltway Poetry Quarterly*'s translation issue. She lives in Chevy Chase, Maryland.

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