

*The Way Home*

Snow on the river  
 so wide – its blown, frozen waves  
 excite the new sun.

Salt and pepper bridge:  
 Pedestrians work to make  
 pathways through the drifts.

Water bobs at pier's  
 pillars, testifying to  
 life in mute river.

Irrevocably  
 broken? Yes. My eyes sting but  
 my heart knows the way.

*In Court*

Lawyers carry thick  
 files, weave among the waiting  
 lives, suspended, tense.

Is this the part where  
 I take a pill to stop me  
 from punching his face?

**Two: Day of the Divorce**

*On the Bus*

A line of pine trees  
 bends in another blizzard,  
 wide boughs low with snow.

Fresh snow's beauty suits  
 relief laden with sorrow:  
 New life, steel-gray skies.

I put on lipstick:  
 rattling bus propels me  
 toward my day in court.

**One:  
 Before and After the Hearing**

At the old courthouse,  
 light descends through frosted glass  
 drifts, mingling with dust.

You stood there and lied  
 to lawyers, the court, to me.  
 I spit on your lies.

I vacuum your lies.  
 They fly into the absence  
 of your decency.

I scrub your falsehoods  
 from these floors where you once walked.  
 I wash you away.

Agony, waiting:  
 Will he win alimony,  
 or the book be thrown?

**divorce haiku II**



**eileen mccluskey**

With hope for divorcing and divorced  
 parents, that you find comfort,  
 and new joy.

*Please recycle to a friend!*

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**divorce haiku II**  
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