

Diane Webster

Domain Beneath

Her staff receives disembodied memos
left like hemlock ready to drink
simmering on their desks
so no face-to-face confrontation,
no pat on the back physical contact
passes between them contagiously
like the many diseases purported
to cascade through her veins
with each day-long doctor visit.
A wraith floating through corridors
known by the cold shoulder breeze
or in the basement ceiling
the wrathful stomping of high heels
back and forth, back and forth pace
to drive sane mankind batty enough
to climb onto the roof not to jump
but to run menacingly, heavily
across her domain beneath
just once...or twice.

Diane Webster's goal is to remain open to poetry ideas in everyday life or nature or an overheard phrase and to write from her perspective at the moment. Many nights she falls asleep juggling images to fit into a poem. Her work has appeared in *Philadelphia Poets*, *Illya's Honey*, *River Poets Journal* and other literary magazines and journals.