



## The If

By Elayne Harrington

I'm the sand in the gourmet  
I'm the heel of the loaf  
I'm the thread in the duvet  
I'm the slip of the soap

I'm the string fraying upwards  
I'm the dust before settling  
I'm the page you skipped over  
I'm the word you keep forgetting

I'm the lick of the thumb  
I'm the hem of the garment  
I'm the clothes peg snapping  
I'm the impending argument

I'm the hinge without give  
I'm the warping of skirting  
I'm the overflowing brim  
I'm the smarting in yearning

I'm the *if* in indifference  
I'm the too much too soon  
I'm the too less too late  
I'm the cap of the fool

I'm the child you berate  
I'm the sediment shifting  
I'm the worth of the wait  
I'm the woman who's whistling

I'm the deafening static  
I'm the blinding glare  
I'm the uphill battle  
the space into which you stare

I'm nothing but trouble  
I'm the road less chosen  
I'm the very last hurdle  
I'm the door you won't open.

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