THREE KNOTS

01 · LAST SHIFT




He checked my badge.
Then let me through.
“The shutter’s closing.”


The last cage left the gallery.
Mother's badge lay on the ground.
She wasn't in the cage.


Three short pulls.
I pulled twice in reply.


Her lantern swung below.
A finger's width to the rope.


If the gear took my badge,
I'd be locked out tomorrow.
I kept my hand there.


Mother's hand was still on my arm.
Supper had gone cold.


At dawn he saw the bare cord.
He kept the gate shut.
This time, Mother brought the food.