

LOT'S WIFE

by Katherine Fallon

Looking back, I should have made him use
my name at least once in every conversation.

That way, when my hand left his as I turned
from him toward Sodom—even after his ball

of fire razed it, that place held more love
in its foundations than God's pale kingdom

could conceive—he could have cursed me.
Called out at least. Seen if I'd answer.