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SHE MUST HAVE BEEN CALLED

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She was not always attached to him. 
Her apron strings hung unknotted, 
before her name changed and wounds 
changed from scrapped knees 
that could be soothed by a kiss

to being split open 
and never quite healed back up. 
Children were a distant thought back 
when she allotted herself dreams.

She could see a future in the spilt 
table salt, an omen wound 
up in a future name.

If only she kept her maiden name, 
gave back the vow. 
Lot would manage, would salt 
his fish alone by the sea

and she would never bounce 
a daughter or two on her knee.

Angels and prophets repeated 
the words of a god. 
She took them with a grain of salt.

The crown of her head, down her back 
to her feet became a compound born of sea, 
inscribing her for her namelessness, 
known in legend only as the wife of Lot.