

# You Owe Me

*Joann Fariás*

There's a foul wind blowing in from ten o'clock  
Saying, *You owe me*. I check my balance books,  
And they don't look off, but the wind insists,  
*You owe me*. What? I ask. *You abandoned me*.  
That was twenty years ago. *You did not obey*.  
He had warned me ahead of time that in the temple  
They ask you to obey, and said, *If you marry me,*  
*I won't enforce it*. So we made our crooked deal,  
And he got everything his way without ever once  
Having to bring his arm to the square, until I left.  
*You did not obey*. But we had a deal, I reply.  
I should have thought, but didn't, at the time,  
If he wasn't square with God, he wouldn't be  
Square with me. And vice versa,  
He should have thought, but didn't.