

There were cycles, signs. Now dishes drop,
legs are bruised without rhythm. Tired
does not mean sleepy. This is no summer:
a season is that which passes, which comes.

I wait by the phone; I check and recheck the
line; I weather what never changes. And dreams?
Dreams are no different: work continues, efficient.

chop wood, carry water

I'll not be the woman come wading. Come pant legs cuffed. Come delivering.

Trucks go by. Thunder goes by.

Which is precisely my point. Your hand cool glass. The kids thrown out in the yard. We're out of tomatoes.

Your tucked starch. Think I don't know my own line of youth? Not so fast, mister smarty pants. Slipped into family.

Shake my head. Drag you and that cheap kayak in.

The taste of methamphetamines. I'm clean out of apologies.
Proceed. Your lawn art: steel sculpture, the odd bowling ball
and pin. The postal service threatening you. Shovel. Light
through thinly sliced rhubarb, a pear, bread. Asthenia. Cutlery. A thin
waist. Water over plate. Over ceramic basin.

This that outpouring of colour.

This that body broken.

This that stretched.

This that phosphorescence.

This that even now.

This that lie.

This that smooth floor.

This that crude pleasure.

Your arm around a white, plastic chair.

I read etiquette books so I say 'dream' in place of 'hallucination.' Only one problem per visit. This terrible barrenness and/or ruptured cyst(s). You may be lecturing. And/or nausea. A fascination with Splenda. The cut lines on my back and/or generalized fear with fists numb by morning.

We had a pact, according to your ability that is.

You swore an oath.
You could or could not have known better.
You made judgements.
You were only so able.

You were so happy.
You never changed.

What placed you here. What is reflex, light,
we live in your memories. I squint in your
figurative shadow. Tea you can handle. The light
a great battle. Tell you what, finish something.
The feeder, the chickadees with a great
precision. Oatmeal for itching; onion
for insects. A prayer of determination, as though
there were other kinds. Protect this meagre shell.

I am overmedicated. I feel overmedicated.
I am being overmedicated. I was most definitely
overmedicated. I mean I thought I felt
I could be overmedicated. I thought I was over –

overmedicated, I mean. I thought I felt.