

Lazarus, Drugged Up

I've been trying to get back to sleep. I keep failing—this is no surprise. Endless swaths of white bandage litter the black floors. This morning, the kitchen sink coughed up a small heap of pale sand, speckled with the red limbs of ants slowly rebuilding their bodies into a colony. All is coming up from low places, blood draining back into marrow. I have all this love for my boy & where does he go but the wolves' den. My chest is only precious for what it holds. The house takes off its roof, shakes out its curtains, sits by the water. I have never seen rooms as empty as these, so I put on a blindfold & now I hate how much I can hear. Every night for a month, my dead bird sang me the happy birthday song. There's a bowl of cold milk sitting outside, for trauma, when it comes. Poor, wet, skinny kitten. I asked to live again, but not forever. I leave my bed unmade because everything here is new & that bothers me.