

Anathallo, Sleeping Torpor

It did not happen in a day.
We hummingbirds said, "Father don't,
you could do the right thing.
You could turn around."
He called our names and 1, 2, 3.
We slipped into the snow boots,
stood behind the coats hanging lowest
in the closet racks.
I moved and made a sound.
The hangers jangled.
Did he hear the metal clattering?
And had I given us away?
I'd given us away.
We waited side by side.

We could hear your soles squeak,
we could feel the ground shake.
We tightly closed our eyes.
You found us, you were right this time.
How did you know?

We were curled in sleeping torpor.
We dreamed of flying up where the exhausted die.
You found us, you were right this time.
How did you know?

Pinned behind the pantry with the vacuum.
Pancaked underneath the bed means dead.
Nestled between the ladle, with the pots and pans.
My heart beats and beats
and I can hear it like a drum in my head.