

Anathallo, Bells

When I can't find the word I'm looking for
or I reach into the drawer with four tries
but nothing sticks, there's no telling why I opened it.
I try, but I just forget.

What there once was, I have not forgotten.

What there once was, it won't leave me alone.

The synapses still fire and direct my thoughts,
they just seem tired of hunting for homes.

And I'm not brave enough to say that I am not afraid,

should I return to confused bits of blindness,

a tongue wanting words in the sweet speech finds a form,

then returned to the bald toothless need of a child hunched and cradled
(his spine returns the curl to fit the cleft of an arm).

O, we are embarked and return to the place we start to thrash against it.

It's a wild thing to accept, and who can hold it?

Think about the loss of anything.

Well, someday if you wake to a nameless stranger in me, lead me outside.

Let me go.

If I'm already there, just let me go.

I'm not.