

JACKIE MORAN

Added Dimensions

—for Emily

morning coffee is forever slipping away like this ... the day
begins and the bad dream replaces ... standing alone outside
I watch his movements ... I don't know him ... his name ...
or mine ...

I just want to want as I am and in the greed of his stare
I am abundance ... and my body's silence is declared—finding in
myself words to speak I desire more and follow him ...

a small voice calls me back to the stale kitchen smell arranged
in stories of wife and mother listening to the chatter of
details ... I organize myself in others ... school meetings and dance
lessons, birthdays and bake sales, fund raiser for the camping
trip, dinners at the club ... weekly garbage days

and I seem to be my mother ... for all the times she couldn't find
the words ...

another week alone and lonely ... clever you can't hear me
anymore ... even when you touch me and call it love

your stains sectioned off ... quarantined ... identified and
manly ... I dress the kids for school mits school bags lunches
I kiss checks and let the cat out ... good-bye ...

and pulsed to the sound of a CBC talk show I start to sort the
clothes ... colours ... whites
and I speak to you ... in my body ...