

P. L. SANCHEZ

LYING TO MY DOCTOR ABOUT HEAD-ACHES

Close one eye, you still see double.
Close both eyes, will you see double shadows?
If you open your mouth, will you stand
by what comes out of it?

Without opening your eyes,
tell me how many fingers I'm holding up.
All ten of them.
I'm afraid you're not ill, though you wish to be.
Spend decades in sickness, your family tends to you.
You eat breakfast in bed, they give you
the finest silverware.
Consider the weight of your plate.
It's like carrying someone through a crowd
or taking supplies from the office,
paper clips dropping from boxes with every step.

But your eyes are in marvelous shape.
Look up,
then down,
right,
left,
even in shadows.