

## JEREMY TAGER

### RETREATS

Daylight dribbles from your lips  
in one long thin stream  
and the dogs jump against the back door.

It wasn't you  
who buried the body  
in the barn.

No way.

You grate an apple for breakfast  
stand fast against the wall  
measuring the minutes  
by how fast you dwindle.  
There is no one left to feed.

The dogs press their noses to the glass;  
your appetite has gone,  
the notes you left  
yourself are illegible. Once more  
you set the eggs on fire  
and let them burn.

I'll retrace my steps you say.  
I will leave, begin, return;  
so explain  
how you end up in the dark  
hysterical and alone  
with a memory of children  
leaping at your face  
and a man's voice  
quietly shrinking  
in your tracks.

Never again  
you say.  
No way.