

Andrea Sherwood

DEATH

You say 'I am incapable of happiness'
and know what you mean, seeing only into the present,
memorizing all of it as the world flashes by in
black and white fragments. You don't belong in crowds
and clocks are irrelevant, like snakes
as they lie sleeping in the sun's face.

Night's movement is nicknamed survival
as tentacles of time curl inward, out of existence.
The sea's distance is larger in dreams
though less real and anyway You
think everything's under control, employed,
tax deductible items the repair kit
you brought home to fool the neighbours
as though gullibility were a factor
you had to prepare for.

As it is your decline makes the claim 'being brought
back to life' more significant. Even puppets dance
if that's where the money's coming from —
the image of you, bizarre, uncontrollable,
tap-dancing down the side-lines of every neighbour's street.