

## Loose Connections

Your mind swings side to side  
like a purblind beast snouting, penned  
in your skull.  
The skull overwhelms its skin  
as do your knobby joints  
and the black vessels which vine around your sticks.  
Words and memories totter but you know too much:  
I am ashamed to be like this,  
and: *I wish I was finished.*

And God, you hope, has all this registered,  
preparing to inhale back  
the breath you were breathed eighty-four years ago.  
We've watched you spin a dozen hollow years  
of slowing, toppling widowhood  
centred more and more anxiously  
on hope of some such kindly intervention.

I am ashamed to be like this,  
cautioned by twittering reason not to slide  
the gentlest of pillows  
over the dreams which agitate your hoods  
fragile as memory in your dark chambers of bone.