

[Rerun: again I topple starving-headed]

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against a wall in thrall it caught me
like a hangnail in a loom.
In your mother's house were zany
excuses, stippling wallpaper, regular blue
cameos with the faces run off. Into whose
portrait do I whisper, *Did you see?*
And would they have known to intervene.
I'm sick of returning to the house
pain built. I follow you in, tilt my head
into the tile into your restive lie of peace
on the bathroom floor. For a spell
it was you who wanted me to live more.
As if memory weren't a diminishing door.