

I Have An Acute Kind of Listening

I have an acute kind of listening
That's not entirely unlike psychosis
Difficult to distinguish if what I'm hearing
Originates from the inside or the outside.

And yet,
I have a feeling I am missing something,
like a lover,
who after a thousand little thoughtless moments
wakes up,
one morning,
to an untouched pillow in a hollow home.

There is a churning in my mind that
is repeated in my stomach,
makes my heart thump too fast,
makes my chest wall too compressed,
like a mouse caught in the cat's paw
frozen muscles reflecting absolute stillness
while each individual fiber vibrates at high frequency,

As if this moment is life or death.

I correct you with an "you're going too fast"
"I need you to slow down"
No not that way
But better this way.
Then your face begins to look like my father's face,
I see my mother's apathy in your eyes.
Your lack of touch reminds me of my grandmother's,
I smell my grandfather on your breath.
Your back takes on the shape
of every person I've loved
who could not or would not
meet my basic human needs
and left me
far far behind.

I am raw and wide open in my imperfection.
A am a moth wing or a bluebird's egg
tiny
delicate
and easy to unknowingly crush.

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