

Another Triptych

Does 3pm scare you like it scares me?
The middle mark of another 12 hours.
If a shower starts your day
I must be becoming nocturnal.
Turn the water to jet as the sun sets,
let the horizon's haze light my bathroom
full of lotions and scent sprays
covering, smothering hours spent awaiting a reason
buried in blankets through another season.
Washing sheet creases from my skin.
A mind escaping a body through repetition
Would a depressive think like this?

Naked in front of my closet,
my collection of consumptions,
want meets want meets want meets want
Half for another body,
without stretches and lumps,
a body deceived,
a body denied,
a body without.
Rub the scars away,
massage thigh meets bone.
Would a feminist touch like this?

You've become someone defined by the sound of a man breathing behind
you.
Another body to keep your backbone straight,
pointing like an arrow to the corners in your vision
that you didn't think you'd asked for.
It can't have been that long ago but
in the near-dark
you wonder where she would have stood in this room.
Faded history, recurring,
sharpens your eye
onto another insomniatic bedroom scene.
A crumpled woman,
bent into shape by many yeses
made to a wall of water.
Waterlogged, washed ashore a barren beach.
Would an artist make this?