

Glare

The pears on the sill are overripe. Drunken
bees pry open snapdragons. I lower
the shade. The day

is dazzling and I am smart, like a trout,
to descend.

Staying inside is not a problem
until someone asks what I did.
I will say I prepared

something with curry and cauliflower.
I might have shelled some peas

before I felt it necessary
to darken the room. Then
I alphabetized books. At dusk,

I drank some wine, practiced
the sound of *No babies for you*.

I saw a lone ant on the kitchen tile
and wanted to shout *Where are the others?* It bumped
against baseboard again and again,

not sure of its boundaries. Grouped
with the *Bs* I find *Being Present*

in the Darkness. Page 8 says there is nothing
in the universe that wants me to suffer.
Yesterday, Jerry's fever was high.

He could not take the sun
penetrating his hospital sheets. We closed
the blinds. All he wanted was ice and ice and

I thought *Yes*,
it's perfect the way ice is so willing to melt

no matter the reason.

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