

Rene Schwiesow

Curled

I wonder if you sleep there, on that couch
that hugs the wall where no one listens
to the history.

I feel nothing but distance there, in that room
I cannot live in,

and if I asked you why
you pulled the shash down half way before I left,
would you tell me,

or would you hide
behind the light you painted onto the walls?

The couch has been forced into silence
and I am not comfortable, naked
in that room where winter drapes its dormancy
like so many white sheets on out-of-season furniture.

The leaves have fallen from the paintings.
Their thirsty veins would not lie, so they were all banished.

The tree wears a toe tag now. The roots have been embalmed.

I left the room. Sterility makes me nervous.

*I remember your mouth open and thirsty on the back of my neck
after you showed up on the doorstep of our dream –*

the heat did not surprise me.

I want to move into the kitchen, sow spring, breathe life,
or at the very least create a fire,
lay stripped to the skin beside you

and trace the tears back to a wakeful root,

until your death grip lets go of that half-closed sash
and you can look at me without peeking
through tempered glass.

Rene Schwiesow is co-host of Poetry: The Art of Words at the Art Guild in Plymouth, MA. She has been published in various anthologies and publications including the recent Bagel Bards #5 and the Brockton-based City Lights, and has featured at venues from Nashua, NH to Plymouth, MA. Rene can be reached at duetsdove@yahoo.com