

POEM

I have invented you, dream person.
I made up your wrists. I poked
A navel in your belly.
You walk through the house:
Your invented feet sound on the floor.
Your body fills its place on the bed.
The mattress has your buttocks, shoulders.

You are not speaking your lines.
You sit.
The shape of your mouth has changed.
How have your thumbs forgotten
To touch my face? Did I leave out
Your tongue?

I do not like this dream.