

SOMEONE WHO KNOWS

Her breath is deliberate, conscious.
All night she can't sleep
and mornings, can't wake up.

When I'm with her I talk fiercely, to avoid
certain images: her body slain, her eyes
murderous and lecherous above me.

I want to take her out of her room,
her rotting nightgown, the coffee, the molded
cakes; I want to put her

in a poem, or a portrait, to stand back
and nod, an observer, a stranger, someone
who knows nothing about her.