

## THE ARGUMENT

In waking-sleep, they live in the house.  
They come and go and  
flex and fall to rot.

In the common areas,  
in the bedroom, in my face,  
they wear vests buttoned one notch off.

One slunk out of bed to the mirror dresser.

She struck herself in the head with her ax of an arm,  
clamped a straw end with her grit teeth,  
then asked, What do you think? Is it very me?

A shadow took a shower.

I walked through the house  
and it hissed. My shoes filled with water.

I said out loud I am wider than ever.

A shadow peered out the arrow slit  
and came back blind,  
of her own fact,

no matter the teeming  
and how half past.

Branched echo rejoinder,  
a toothpick-house collapse.

Argue the poor dumb shadow,  
moved off the mattress  
on the floor, refusing,

spilled to a stucco wall  
I'd somehow neglected  
to notice.

Argue the asking.  
And I could say something reckless  
like, Is it me?