

## A CERTAIN KIND OF FEAR

Every room is quiet.  
The dreams and the emptiness  
might be your own. You might be  
the arsonist in the rain  
and this—the part of the job  
you like best.

There is no more sunlight.  
The fireman nods at his fireside.

The corridor is narrow. You smell  
the anise and ether. You hear  
the doctor's whisper.

For his sake  
remember the journey,  
timetables, salt tablets,  
the ticking satchel in the depot.

Remember stories  
in the nursery: the baby  
wolves, the poisoned mutton,  
the bear and the cross  
and the young girl's gown.

You will always arrive at this end of the hall  
  
where at night  
you press your ear  
to the door, see your mother rehearsing  
in front of a mirror, again  
  
and again in front of the mirror.