

Globe · *David Schloss*

From the other side  
of this world I am on  
I push a pin into  
a place I know little of—

yet I can still summon up  
a life with its name:  
Home—and its reflection  
on my face is like

a mirror of my fate,  
of what age has brought.  
How little I have grown  
away from that place

buried in my brain,  
thousands of neurons  
sifting through the lobes  
like sieves to retrieve

some lines from a past  
I've forgotten.  
Once I did what I could  
to try to be good,

but the words which come seem  
like repeated screams:  
how did I get so small  
inside of my dreams?

*She comes to me and says,  
Is Mommy here yet?  
I say, Yes, and then  
I point to the stairwell.*

*Then she says, Where?  
And I point through the air:  
Down there, on the floor.  
And then she runs away.*

A child again, I see  
how my mother fell,  
because of all my hating  
to face this world, this hell.