

Internal Geography—Part One ·  
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This then  
be for real:  
a blank sheet of white paper  
the world,  
filling up with black dots,  
words,  
that stay put,  
come back to haunt  
and never change.

How does one talk about change?  
like going from day to night  
you notice the difference  
but not the second  
the blueness replaced  
by a growing darkness—  
in summer the blue stays longer  
and the darkness is cooler.

How does one feel change?  
the sensation of swimming  
on shore  
watching turtles  
as a child  
I am afraid of water  
but  
the turtles' backs  
glistened in the sunshine.

sex bores me  
like showers  
you know the results  
in advance  
and I like  
long hot baths  
gentle hugs  
and stolen kisses.

How does one know about change?  
like feeling pain  
it needs to be identified  
the cure is in recognition.

yesterday my sister died  
in a dream 4 years later  
the memory frightens me still –  
in cars  
I sometimes travel to the graveyard  
tears on the way to a friend's house.  
In my mind  
the day going further away  
returns.

How does one talk about change?

This morning  
I did my laundry  
the clothes smell sweeter  
and the dirt  
disappeared  
in the water.