

MARY BIDDINGER

Brick Dust

Whispers between rooms,
or not. Just the sock basket
midair, swinging from pins
and embroidery floss. Was

there a river? Are we still
under two layers of raw blue
flannel, reading instead of
the obvious? Someone told

me that flour on the calves
is a sign of missed chances.
But what about Wednesday
morning, in the hall under

Boykin, your corduroy to
my cinderblock, shuttle bus
idling in the bay. They now
call blankets *warming* instead

of *electric*. You might find
me in a bathtub full of chalk
and glycerin one day, asleep.
Why not say we planned it?

There's a church of cat hair
and thread under our table.
Go deliver your slides, sign
all of the desk rosters, stall

the service elevator for two
minutes against the garbage
and button-pressers. I'll be
in the corner, like fifth grade

only meaner. Tapioca, resin,
steel wool. My back against
a screen door. The damp tang
of mercurochrome and nettles.