

Remarkable

by Rita Rouvalis Chapman

My anger is not
permitted here.
It is possible that
this is worthy of remark.

OK, yes, I'm alive, in the same
sense a warehouse piled with
sugar is alive, no longer a thing
becoming, but a thing going away.

It's all so unjustified:
bricks, sweetness, confessions of faith.

What is any of it to me, receiving
my share and pouring it out from
thumbs stretched taut
as a ripe plum, thumbs passed
over the pulse of cheeks hardened
by the cold shoved ashore.

The small vein in my wrist tells time.
I am going to stand here
as if I belong, and perhaps
it will become true.