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Patience

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PATIENCE

Mary Maroste

Monotone walls mimic bubbling shapes
as if I am a child and soap orbs will make me smile.
When had countless rustling pages
begun to sound like my car's radio and waxen floors?
My shoes had been cleaned, why are they not counted as my feet
after I've nicked them around the edges.
A snake
Whose existence I'd forgotten about coils over and around my favorite arm
while you count the times it twitched its tongue.
Every tree I've ever conquered flashes past
As you tense your breathing in reaction to my sharp jaw.
Will all of this stain?
Should I have broken in my new jacket with a different perfume?
I've seemed to have forgotten the names of all the tools you've placed on the walls.
I was never informed of the idea of flattering your bravery.
I assumed it was a process of recycling and recycled
and I was another dime in your brown bag.
All the cards and papers have stolen my identity again, that I regularly pick up as if
they are holiday presents.
I began swallowing my tar and feathers for you
and I couldn't answer your A or B questions while you looked so tart.
I was never sure who was the egg and who was the water
that was going to soften one to the other in the grand scheme of things.
I had begun to think that I wasn't allowed touch the tip of my toes
without your frozen plates rubbing my bones together.
There was never a formal apology
for the number of years you bottled up
In jars and stamped to your washed out walls.
There was never a normal minute
spent sitting near the fire you meagerly kindled next to the candy counter.