

Poem

The Sick Room

Here he is, entering though still
a painting hung in the doorway

Once he learns to breathe again
the room is fetid and sticks in his throat

You offer him your eyes
which have seen new things
and none of them have names

There is darkness between you
but outside is sunshine and *so much sex*

silverfish earwigs mice going at it
and for once
he does not imagine going at it with you —

you, who are too weak to starve
he, who holds a bowl of soup

He offers to feed you
spoonfuls of himself

of heavy shoulders
and deep silences
after the clock chimes on the hour

It is what he can do

He hadn't asked to get off here

but isn't this where the bus stopped?
Isn't this where planets aligned to form a path
for a burning star shooting through before it disappears?

Here he is

and when you swallow him
by the spoonful

(lumpy except for where it is smooth
of pulp and meat, the blood of water)

you are a tree growing so slowly no one can tell except the earth
you are a circle of rain before it becomes a drop

a blooming thing
a shared thing:

his very heart on your hungry tongue.

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