

Two.

Washing out diapers
I think of you
washing out diapers

And after I drain
the moment of all romanticism
of all assumption
and turn off the soundtrack
and leave myself with only
vinegar and a bucket

I still wonder if you don't feel the same
gravitational pull
A broad surrounding calling
summoning you to a place between memory and imagination
(didn't they use to say, memory and imagination?
and weren't they remembering you?
when they said, accusingly, that I could not fucking imagine?)

But those voices do not belong to bodies
and they lack precisely imagination
Because I can.
I can imagine

But saying so out loud involves
a betrayal I can't risk
The words might come out sounding as if
I see my own hands getting clean
as I wash out these diapers...
And I am not labouring under such an impression

My hands are immersed in the relation between us
And red
is not a very becoming colour

Heather Lash