

## Diapers

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