Let Me Rest

Hello? Oh hello dear, how are you?
You’re what? Moving to Paris?
Oh, making pie.
How silly of me.

Me? Oh, I’m getting ready for a nap.

It’s not the middle of the morning, it’s oh. Ten o’clock. Well, I’ll just work in the kitchen.

I love you, little one.
Goodbye.

After a careful struggle,
the phone is back in its cradle.
It rests there so easily.
I remember our first telephone.
I could grip the black receiver
and dial the numbers
with steady hands
that didn’t tremble like dry corn stalks.

Whatever is eating at my brain
is eating at my hands, feet, face.
The floor seems to tremble as I walk.
I survive an earthquake
each time I get out of bed
and shuffle my way to the bathroom.

My grief, it’s almost time to eat.
I need to get dinner on.
We should have roast and potatoes
on a Sunday.
Except it’s Tuesday.

And, the potatoes are in the cellar.
Stairs.
I grip the counter,
with hands that cleaned potatoes
before they could write,
and can’t do either anymore.
I’m just so tired.