

MARK GIBBONS

Outside—Inside

Waking on the couch
in late-afternoon
winter light, the easy
buzz of Lortab
thick in my head,
& snow falling
through dark branches
above me, outside—inside
the clock ticks,
the house creaks,
the furnace clicks on.
My life passes quietly
as a dream
of cigar smoke & butter mints,
textured walls
& curved archways,
the plaster & lath edges
of my grandparents'
living room. Memory
swells & blurs
like curtains.
Each breath lulls,
sinks slowly—a stone
thrown into a tepid sea.
And sometimes just this—
the gauzy unfoldings
of a doughy human mind
aware that it exists
briefly in time—
is enough.

for Janet Zupan