

Thinking

Don't you wish they would stop,
all the thoughts swirling around in your head like
bees in a hive, dancers tapping their way across the stage?
I should rake the leaves in the carport, buy Christmas lights.
Is there really life on Mars? What will I cook for dinner?
There's frost on the front lawn, dry branches
on the stoop. I walk up the driveway to put out the garbage
and think: I should stop using plastic bags,
call my friend whose husband just left her for the nanny
from Sweden, a place I might like to visit.
I wish I hadn't said Patrick's painting looked "ominous."
Maybe that's why he hasn't answered my e-mails.
Does the car need oil? There's a hole in the ozone
the size of Texas, and everything seems to be speeding up.

Come, let's stand by the window and look out
at the light on the field. Let's watch how
the clouds cover the sun, and almost nothing
stirs in the grass.

by Danusha Lameris
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