

Once I get through this

by Ginnah Howard

Once I get through this I'm going to start: daily yoga stretches; walking the dog all the way to the waterfall every morning; tossing out, unread, Saturday's ads so I don't think about going into Walmart to buy Stack-A-Shelves (assembly required). Hey, even bringing into my life the recently purchased electric toothbrush ("It's that or the periodontist.") is something I need to put on hold until the present, calms (the directions on use and care, the 24 hours of charging—not to be interrupted or forever after it will not absorb a full load, where to keep it so the cat doesn't knock it over, the initial unpleasant vibrations my palate will experience.)

This dawn I wake, willing to read again the truth inscribed on my ceiling. As a long-recorded-computer-operator asks if I'll accept an Onango County Jail collect-call from "Steve" (a recently shunned drug-associate of my son's), I disconnect my phone and plug in the toothbrush by the washer (since the socket near the sink preordains a charger immersion some mindless morning).

Tomorrow, when the little green charge-light holds third-eye-steady, I'm going to put a pea-sized blob of Crest on the brush and, remembering to close my mouth before starting, for two palate-tingling minutes, tilt the bristles toward my gums.

