

Christ's Fingertips

by Robert Salley

The couch, where I sit
sucks me in

a deep breath
holding my stillness
with soft teeth

bound in ropes of a suit and tie
and a make believe phobia

there is no creaking
of a settling house
just a muted hum on the television

no blinking beams of light
through closed and broken blinds

I fear I will forget
to breathe
as you have

every detail in the ceiling
lashes out for attention

I see them all
I pay attention
to none

they could be barefoot bastard children
for somebody else to clothe

or the famished homeless
faceless
for somebody else to feed

all but the spider are there for me
one who knows nothing of reason

bad days with an open wound
refusing to close
meaningless, but vigilant

on my ceiling
I study for a purpose in his random path

and I wonder if I knew him
in another world
as a person

a human being
less than an insect

in this moment
I forget you
our memories transparent

like windows
I look through to see other things

there is no noise in the background
of the room or in my mind
but then

I feel the card
in my pocket

and Christ's fingertips place
each letter of your name
in my head

and I hear things
again.

