

Turbidity

by Robert Vaughan

Holidays are hard:

I'm going to take
a walk, escape the
silence of this house

I was never home,
home on the range
hospital corners are still
“beats me?”

Invisible, unlike drift wood
tossed ashore, under pewter
skies, elephantine clouds
where seldom is heard
an encouraging word

no slow cookpot solutions
while you're no longer talking
and I'm no longer hearing
there's nothing cooking here

There's something I forgot

