

Catharine Lucas

MOVING

I move a vase from mantel to table; its cool weight
clings to my hands. I practice seeing things in unfamiliar
places—or nowhere at all. Is this one you'll take away?

I empty cupboards, six cans of chicken broth. Should probably
keep these; might cook myself the soups you always made to fill
my thermos. No? Well, anyone can find a use for broth.

I stand unmoving, boxed in by your boxes, imagine you
gone, imagine I'm ready, impatient even, for you to move along.
Your key in the lock!—I can't move quickly enough
aside—instead, I gather you in and hold on, wondering,
Will soon be soon enough?

You move over in your narrow bed, inviting me to hear your day
I sit. (The days to hear are numbered.)
I am moved by your palm cradling your cheek against the pillow,
your other hand dimpling the soft flesh of your upper arm
where I have cradled more than once my cheek.

In another geography, neither here nor there,
rage and sorrow move in their ancient rites,
bucking, buckling, flailing, thrashing, fainting
the throat fills with blood, the wails forget
who loses them.

nothing is connected anymore
nothing is my own
who matters most to me is moving
out and on— I can't
lift a finger to save you from
This going—a move set in motion
too long ago.