

To You

There is something stuck to you,
following you,
A strip of torn off blue
and white wallpaper from the wall of my new bathroom.
You leave bits and pieces of it behind you,
as you walk.
When you stand in one place too long
you get stuck,
frozen, glued to the floor,
a test question,
knowledge that slipped away two seconds too soon,
pretending to be lost,
a kid in the toy isle at Wal-Mart,
Letting go of your mother's hand on purpose,
just to stay that ten minutes longer,
just to hear your name on the loud speaker.
Justification of time and place is won,
in dilated green pigment.
Fear is lost in plump fatty red,
the taste of safety,
the smell of home.

CAROLINE SIGMON