

Judith Clark

I want to go inside

me

that early morning
I pulled myself out of bed
to get the baby from her crib
where she sat, babbling to her bears
confident of my imminent arrival

distracted tense
about where I had to go and
what I had to do...

Had to?

Where did I get that notion
so imbedded
it was my universe
unquestionable
like the flat Earth
of the Middle Ages

I want to go inside me
right at that moment
when I put my baby,
sated and asleep
into her crib
then drew her into my arms
a sudden, impulsive clinging
before my lips formed the lie,
"I'll be back"

I want to make my tongue thick,
my lips immobile
weld my hands to her soft body
and my feet
to the sanded wood floor

I want to be
a lightning bolt
to pierce my arrogant armor
force my eyes to see
the exploding red flashes of
DANGER

I want to be that one spark
that tried to leap
from my heart to my brain
but got lost in a synapse
its crucial message
buried in an avalanche of
assumptions and loyalties
muzzled questions
lies

I want to recover that spark
send it back on its course
and this time
let the message in