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Bed

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BED

Some nights it takes
an hour to remove one sock

and my spine is a long scar
from walking all day

in the wrong direction.
For miles I followed the back

of a woman, the side of a small house
in the distance where her grandmother

was chanting for the growth of an herb,
that fragrant mustiness.

When the ocean fanned out
behind some pines, curling

its lips at me, I turned around.
On the way back the fields

were coaxed into submission.
Even the children were working

but still sang the day's schoolroom lesson:
"You deserve what happens to you."

Now the other sock is off.
Some nights I examine

my testicles, and recognize
the existence of two worlds,

beside themselves
and speechless.