

A Little Remedy, Which Won't Work

I have been asleep for five days inside your version of a garden: a few rocks and a single stick. It's obvious you are a blue starling on a tree branch pecking passersby and singing a mimicked tune. People don't actually talk but use silent phones and awkward gestures. I love your looks. I have to be ignored all the time. I don't know why it won't stop my ears from ringing. Moving toward a mob of people worries me. Motion only thinks of itself too seriously. It becomes an unrecognizable thing. Like my adult face. How many times will I inhale then exhale loudly before you wake me up? I wish I could be somewhere else not entirely real. Safely in the grocery store parking lot or approximately sixteen feet away, loving your looks so much is shameful.

B. Woods is a poet and non-fiction essayist with a Psychology and Creative Writing BA from Marshall University. She lives in Huntington, WV with her miniature schnauzer, Reginald.