

SLOW MOTION

The ants trail so perfectly behind one another,
the hole next to the door lets them wander
to the fridge day after day.

I watch your delicate hands work effortlessly,
grinding white pills with a pink plastic “Rewards
Card” from Dunkin’ Donuts

you drag the card across the table
so meticulously, your rhinestone eyes focused
on the task before you, shaping powder just so...

It’s that time, again,
time to wonder if there was ever a day you
weren’t sitting at the table snorting
such and such from that a linear path to your brain.

Lost in your cosmos, unable to notice all the open spaces,
you are explaining how this is what you need

“the planet will be grinding on its axis with or without me”

you say, and then your hair sweeps the table. I watch
the black crumbs file onward

as you bow your head in a moment of silence.

A line of dust soaring, a wave over your eyes, it’s that time
of day again, time to forget me, forget

the empires of ants coming to raid you.