

SACHA ARCHER

MS. YEO MAKES A CALL AFTER AN EXTENDED HIATUS

For Rachel Yeo

Things are good here, as you probably expect, though
I complained, complained, complained
and put my head down on the table (you couldn't see it,
but perhaps, it is possible, that you heard what I had done).
The days remain unseasonably mild, but the baby's fever broke,
and we keep on asking why it is that it came back
and continues to return, and we expect it again very soon.
Drunk on an agitated, crepuscular aggregate of hours, you
on the other end of the line,
I clearly saw two avenues
both displeasing, both feeding
parallel desires and never the twain shall meet.
When I brought up Proust did that flag that I was sick?
Or was it merely curious, if unresolved?
It is best not to remember. It is best to know one's own body expanding and
contracting in the bellows of the stark terrain,
and it is best not to remember,
and it is best,
but there you are.