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Everyday I Make the Bed In Silence

Tricia Taaca

Nocturnal rebellions and revelries drift
away like bandits having plundered my slumber,
retreating as the sun severs the sky into day.
Everyday I rearrange pillows that nightly stalk
the bed and leave me mangled for morning's witness:
My mouth torn open, my slack jaw, my drool.
And now lips tighten, final as the crisp
fold in the flat sheet.

Everyday I tuck the ends snug
under the mattress' shoulders and feet. Tame
the covers' twilight tidal waves. Now
securing sheets, I quell their lust for my
furious sleep. Everyday, I three times snap
the white comforter over the square of mattress,
the four pillows, the flattened sheet. Let it settle
like fog over the Bermuda Triangle.

Everyday that comforter spreads even
as mayonnaise over white bread, redundant
as the same meals, same shows, the same sofa
conversations. Everyday, our brown
potato stares. Day after day,
our closed mouth kissing.

Everyday I make the bed the same, erase
evidence of a criminal sleep corrupted
by dreams of clucking contests in Sicilian markets,
dreams of fucking, of flying, of dancing bands
of wild Dakotan horses. Everyday that made bed
tempts me to plunge into those sheets— my body
landing as starfish, as broken sword,
angled and impossible as a hieroglyph.

Everyday is a train slowly rolling,
longing for a bedlam in bed: a fire raging the gut
or a mouthful of hail, a transformation
into moonlit marauders with blades
to each other's throats, daring each other to cry out
against the unforgiving opaqueness
of bed sheet white, or to waltz
across the whiteness
of old, hard ice.