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## Naps

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*College of DuPage*

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## NAPS

*Richard Zabransky*

It's always after eating,  
when my blood is a warm, damp rag  
balled in my belly,  
when the leaks in the house  
stop,  
the phone's been neutered,  
and the television  
drones like a bowl of bees,  
that I feel saliva pooling  
beneath my tongue,  
my head falling neither left nor right,  
that I feel Grampa's hand  
scrub the hair on my head,  
watch my friend, Glen,  
chase girls in tight jeans  
down cold streets  
where two blind men in a restaurant window  
stir each others' coffee,  
that my wife is the girl with the nervous  
cough who squeezes my hand  
at the ballet  
the same way she would years later  
when we skirted the hurricane  
flying back home one winter,

that my father combs  
not enough hair across his  
beautiful skull,  
that my dog  
is tumorless  
and barks  
a bark that forever chases away  
the other dogs with raised fur on their necks,  
that I beat the boy who  
smashed my nose with a brick,  
my fists cutting deeply  
in his body's dough,  
grabbing handfuls  
and throwing them onto the ground  
where birds  
fight each other for scraps,  
that I smell Woodhue perfume  
from the upstairs hallway,  
Old Spice from the bathroom;  
it is Sunday afternoon,  
a dirigible  
floats in the sky,  
and the assassins are blind men  
who miss  
like a young boy misses the toilet  
in the middle of the night  
when he pees into dreaming air.