

May 4 2020 Poem
by Sandie Bassie

I did not know tears came to poetry, words on a page
someone wrote tell my life back to me. Disrobing

their own for my perusal. Don't be afraid.

Life like tears unplanned to the watering of day
to rising, a pool from low lying ground engorged

emotion / tears blackened / years of peat
colouring their exit and entry

Tears unevened, a machine rusting, sounds irritate

everything my dad taught me about washing
my face was right. My mom teaching me to break

zits and pop blackheads, how not to back away
while she forced my skin to let go

satisfaction rising to each new burst

still my tears exchange outer dams for inner
as the levers are laid out fear / grief / uncertainty / remorse.

My gut, eyes, elbows, knees seize
where instinct used to lie, waiting to run

at the first signs of danger
you taught it to lie, telling me that love is obligation

obedience stays / quiet / conscience holding its breath