

TERESAI: MY MASK OF DAY

STEPHEN PAGE

My mask of day rises with me out of bed
like a wrapped sheet: clinging, covering, she hides
the scars of night; she is soft, sensuous, caresses
my muscular build, my face, my hair;

She unwraps and pirouettes before me, holds out her arms,
clasps my hand, ballrooms, tangos:
She jumps up and down upon the dry earth,
raising dust to form a rain cloud.

She does not resee my nightmares,
or remember them for me upon waking.
She does not see the half-bottle of scotch
I sipped into my veins the night before.

She grinds coffee and pours spring water through
the grounds, serves me in a porcelain cup.
She scrambles eggs and sets the plate
before me. She does not ask

Where I was the afternoon before,
or who I was with. She sits in the chair
next to mine, places her hand upon
my forearm, and says nothing.