

Notes from April

Helena Neufeld

We ought to wade out into the sea, you and I—
solve this like sickly Victorian women.

Last week, as I was among friends and sinking into hazy revelry,
it was word from you that took me by the upper arm
and hauled me up to the realm of thought.

I want the freezing water to swallow us, spit back us out.
I want the salt to scrub this stuff from our skin.

“You do not always know what I am feeling”
Words tumble over themselves in my mind,
pebbles buffed out slowly in a swift stream.

Do you hate this chasm like I do?

Because even in the clean mountain air, my wildest thoughts
are stifled as I try to fit them into someone who is not you.

The sea is unforgiving. We’d emerge pink and clean,
forged anew and friends again.

Funny how anniversaries can live in our joints. And anger’s
shelf life is nothing to love’s and I want us in
 wet hair, skirts billowed up in waist-high water.
I want it over; I want it now.