Goldfish

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Shadows breaking away, I bide
time, hold tongue to cheek,
keep breath from leaving. Left
palm touching glass, right
fingers grasping air, nothing but
dust stirred whirling, windowbeam
casting molds of a room turned
colorless with light. Fleeting

and understood,
missed in midair
as my promises often are; words
said as whispers turn stony,
sink to tank bottom, disturb goldfish.

I do not rip out my heart, but pull
at it tenderly, so as not to break
the bulb. Uprooted,
I try not to be frightened
by the emptiness under my feet.

Altitude takes pressure with it,
pulls apart tin cans and lifts paper
from the table, steals my words
and draws water out of my chest.
I hold tongue to cheek, press
quiet into my palms like
pieces of bread, try not to let
my eyes close too heavy, keep
vision from leaving in the dust,
bind sound to sense, set
future down on red stovetop,
break beat with hard-trained jaw.