

1980

Globe

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Globe · *David Schloss*

From the other side
of this world I am on
I push a pin into
a place I know little of—

yet I can still summon up
a life with its name:
Home—and its reflection
on my face is like

a mirror of my fate,
of what age has brought.
How little I have grown
away from that place

buried in my brain,
thousands of neurons
sifting through the lobes
like sieves to retrieve

some lines from a past
I've forgotten.
Once I did what I could
to try to be good,

but the words which come seem
like repeated screams:
how did I get so small
inside of my dreams?

*She comes to me and says,
Is Mommy here yet?
I say, Yes, and then
I point to the stairwell.*

*Then she says, Where?
And I point through the air:
Down there, on the floor.
And then she runs away.*

A child again, I see
how my mother fell,
because of all my hating
to face this world, this hell.