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Internal Geography: Part One

Joan Gibbs

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Internal Geography—Part One ·
Joan Gibbs

This then
be for real:
a blank sheet of white paper
the world,
filling up with black dots,
words,
that stay put,
come back to haunt
and never change.

How does one talk about change?
like going from day to night
you notice the difference
but not the second
the blueness replaced
by a growing darkness—
in summer the blue stays longer
and the darkness is cooler.

How does one feel change?
the sensation of swimming
on shore
watching turtles
as a child
I am afraid of water
but
the turtles' backs
glistened in the sunshine.

sex bores me
like showers
you know the results
in advance
and I like
long hot baths
gentle hugs
and stolen kisses.

How does one know about change?
like feeling pain
it needs to be identified
the cure is in recognition.

yesterday my sister died
in a dream 4 years later
the memory frightens me still —
in cars
I sometimes travel to the graveyard
tears on the way to a friend's house.
In my mind
the day going further away
returns.

How does one talk about change?

This morning
I did my laundry
the clothes smell sweeter
and the dirt
disappeared
in the water.