



### Open Head Injury

Out on the balcony, our petty domestics  
conducted open air, the marital stamps and yells  
public. We enthralled sidewalk spectators;  
I didn't care who heard. Hatred's throttled urge  
clenched my fists; I took a step towards you,  
then turned and stalked to the stairwell.  
Now my memory blurs.

Did you mean to seize my arm, whisper  
*Don't go* at decibels too low to hear?  
I'm unsure. I remember a push; off-balance,  
I hurtled through the wooden railing. Just two  
seconds before I made my splash  
of blood at high pitch in the ears:  
din increased until the horizontal,  
flinching ballet of seizure.  
My throat gurgled and choked,  
ballistic limbs beating to an electrocuted song.  
Vision was a spattered easel of stars.  
A grimace spread across my face,  
tremors built to furious swats and kicks.  
I leaked out from a hole.

Sense reasserted: I saw a small, unrecoverable beauty  
that overwhelmed the waking world-  
your face a small blot, the sound of steps  
rushing down the stairs, bystanders close.

### Ambulance Delirium: Dream Procedure

The brittle sarcophagus: a battered  
brain in its bone-cage, light leaking  
in from a puncture. The head made  
open air- I felt a hot poker tapping  
at my temple; no, a warm wet bandage  
applied to keep things in. The driver braked  
with a metallic screech wrenched  
into a thousand songs, the symphonic whimper  
of a broken hinge. After this sound,  
a crack-

another piece broken off. Hands  
touched the wound: *depressed skull fracture*  
a paramedic said. Head-first, I hit concrete;  
ferocious light now sings my cortex.

Was it aura?

I reached for pockets of air, kicked ether  
underneath the halothanes. I couldn't resist;  
cerebral plate tectonics bid me to seize,  
and seize I did. The ambulance speeded past  
a crosswalk shining its binaries, ushering me  
into minutes of striking. The broken sarcophagus  
permits no freedom from the dream procedure.  
Inside my old contraption has collapsed,  
its worn-out cogs smashed- and I lash  
in restraints, tongue bloodied and clogging  
my throat.

Why think of you then?

I was almost dead, and it's said  
we should go without regret. Last words  
should be poetic- I've seen films where  
heroes gasp tender soliloquies between breaths.  
Thwarted by talk, all I could do was think  
and forgive.

