

MURIEL NELSON

What is knowing if it's not domesticating

yelling *what's the big idea* when a thought doesn't behave?
It's incorrigible, you say. No sense arguing.
Hold it, they say. Hard to hold still, though, or fall asleep
when you're sleeping with it—or not—
with that nonstop drum in your ear—snoring
with it if you try again and then eyeing it over cereal.
Taking it personally? Getting close? *Thump thump thump*
Seeing its wrinkles over coffee now? Signs of wear?
Why won't it curl up docilely and pull its book cover
over its head? Why does it want to scare you more
watching the "real world" out there? As gorgeous
rippling costumes sway crowds, those big-idea eyes stare,
not like the kid in the emperor story
but worse. The reverse. They see under
the clothes, under robes so long not a foot shows,
and there they see no one.
Not a soul's in there. None.