CAROL ANN DAVIS

You Tell Them Anything

You tell them anything and they listen say a word and their ears cock hear you yes they hear you talk talk talk a battering rain on the cerebellum early medieval or late the six perinmons or the tender part of the Song when calligraphy elongated to orchid leaf and from sea to mountain horsemen were dispatched with scrolls one braids your hair into newborn morning all while world-class listening goes on they talk and you listen your mother is dead this is the first night of it and one is not alone on the chapel couch one is not with her among cascading monitors but here in her house these two with you two you can tell anything and their capacious billion-cell brains make room though a sentence circles you our mother is dead you talk frescoes the devoted monk painting each severally for his brothers’ meditations a battering rain early or late the one who braids your hair misses his girls he’s not usually away from them for this he is anything you tell them its calligraphy elongated we alone in her house how can we not look for her here