

gambit

Healing
Hillary Warren

A pall covers my psyche
when biochemistry commands
that the smallest failing of the day
resembles a fatal accident scene.

I feel little congruence
between the predetermined plan
and the persistent pleas of my desires
ever-harboring their own agenda
distinct entities attached
to the sensible segment of my being –
the koi in the pond that would devour
the entire canister of pellets,
if I were so careless
as to empty the contents.

That's when, in all his nonchalance,
he makes me a bed of his frame –
oVering the only satiation
my heart can hope for
with his identical gift.

His apex reaches for me
and sight is a useless sense
when my ears stand wide-eyed,

gambit

childlike and mesmerized
at simplicities
and complexities
of life.

Restored without pills,
I close my eyes and his chest
is the ebb and flow
of the Gulf of Mexico.

Four chambers create a fierce
tide, a churning tropical storm,
and blood is ninety percent water.
Coursing through the curriculum
I trace on his delicate arms.