

I am Asking You to Trust My Memory-Wheel

Jordan Jones

1.
The interior of my ear
hurts in pulses, memories
of your explanations for lateness,
each time more inventive.
You began with flat tires and cracked pots, I could believe it.
Then that stray cat along the shoulder you had to catch.
It scratched you. Where was the scratch? Where was the cat?
Next, I thought, aliens will be stopping traffic
for smog inspections and Rorschach tests.

2.
Each time you lie you displace me.
I am a refugee wandering a strange country
sifting a dark new language. You have your wheel and clay
I have the heat of your kiln. I will keep your letters
and pottery, the sleek lines of your flat hands,
their enthusiasm. Don't worry about my memory
and don't send me letters when you're gone.
I must be alone in a room with my *own* wheel
turning a bust of you out of wet fresh memories.
If you arrive as you are now, not were then,
even on paper, my fingers may poke through the eyes
and form a ghoulish of you instead of who I remember.