

When I Was the Littles

The textures of the ceiling
know when I was five
I'd learned to see with the eyes
of light.

What was a flashlight for?
To bring back a bed.
To invade the shells.
To irradiate yeast.
Make the little mommies and daddies
dance in their miniature oven.

I know—I was there—
there was my heart I carried
in the lunchbox
each day it shriveled back
into the old man I was.

Like a snail I lean against
the towers
crawl inside the open
invitations
of the walls.