

## You Tell Me

You sit across from me,  
logically explain why  
you no longer  
want to see (love)  
                                  (touch)  
                                  (hold) me.

You sit in your wooden chair,  
&, like the gardener at Hampton Court,  
use your words like clippers  
to shape hedges of despair  
to trap me in.

I remember standing  
                                  (in your bathroom  
                                  touching your  
                                  bottle of after shave )  
  
                                  (by your side,  
                                  cooking breakfast,  
                                  stirring the hash browns)  
  
                                  (on the thin narrow  
                                  shoulder of Glover Rd.  
                                  with you  
                                  watching RCMP  
                                  free a victim  
                                  from his crumpled car)

Working my way  
back through our maze  
of conversations;  
taking the dog for walks;  
excursions into Vancouver . . .

When I think back . . .  
& I move my eyes  
from my mind  
to your face,

I think

(it's happened again;  
there's been another accident)

& I'm in your kitchen  
taking another sip of coffee,  
delaying the seconds before  
I look around for the  
nice RCMP officer  
who will free me  
from this wreck.

HEATHER BROWN