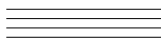


W I S H



D E B O R A H G A R R I S O N

In the interval between waking
and knowing,
for a moment,
less than a moment,
I forgot you had died.

The crashing bliss
only dawned as
I knew my mistake.
Bent in half and heaving
as one never does again.

Then a lifetime of nights
spent courting
just that kind of sleep,
that kind of waking
like a vicious gift.

Knowing myself a fraud.
Too old to need you now.
But if –
for a quarter second
through the needle's
eye again just once –