

Big Dipper, Little Dipper, And That's All I Got

Basil Wilcox

I'm supposed to remember that I should care about getting better, but I can't remember.
Something you said to me, but you said it while you were wearing the yellow dress.

I used to walk in the night to sit in a field atop a well's concrete cover.
I wanted to hear the owls and I was trying to see a bear. I think I was lonely.

For weeks, I saw only rabbits, small and brown, rustling around in sweetgrass.
There was something ceremonial to all this. The way they looked at me, intruding,

then began to pretend I wasn't there at all. Often, sitting still beneath constellations
whose names I never learned, it would start to feel like I wasn't. Sometimes I want

to dissolve. My brown coat is not stolen and my boots do not have a hole
I have never touched a razor, and I am not one body. For months, I kept going back.

And I know you'll worry when I say all this to you, which isn't fair because
just the other day we chased deer tracks all around our yard. At the woods' edge,

they disappeared and I saw you looking after them for so long it was terrible.
The way a pretty girl, in a movie, stares out the taxi window.