



YOU HAVE BECOME A GRAPHIC NOVEL IN MY DREAMS

Lying for hours on the sofa in the small apartment  
surrounded by your plants,  
hardly moving as if I was some other animal,  
a slow insect  
staring ahead  
very quiet  
very very quiet,  
at first I wanted you to come back  
but I knew you would be changed,  
like a zombie  
or a form that looked like you but had a new  
malevolence.

I can't cut you out of the frame  
A close-up of an eye  
A bead of sweat  
A quick spurt of blood  
Drool, saliva  
A spine slithering away  
A wide-brimmed hat with an upturned eye  
A manic grin  
A hand on a doorknob  
A light bulb coming on  
The slant of rain on a roof  
with the descriptor *HISS!*