

YOU HAVE BECOME A GRAPHIC NOVEL IN MY DREAMS

WES LEE

Storyboarded
in dazzling scenes
 so I can't go back,
only to the dazzling scenes.

The night after
 when you appeared
wearing a billowing nightie;
standing there like a movie ghost
not speaking,
and it was all in the eyes.
I kept yelling *You are dead!*

You didn't know.

A week later
you appeared on the back of my motorbike,
adjusted the pressure on the handlebars
 to steer
me away from a head-on collision.

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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!*