

Renee Norman

**Making Beds of Poetry
(and Lying in the Words)**

I'm just going upstairs to write poetry and make beds.

I don't know how to
make beds
out of fabric springboard stuffing
or write poetry
out of gossamer webbed lace

The sheets are wrinkled
in the stanzas
blood-stained with dots of fearfulness
I don't want to change them
but I can't seem to pull them up over
images of uselessness

I don't mind picking up the nightclothes
and tossing them into the dirty laundry
but
it's hard to display them
between the rhythm of the words
everyone is always annoyed
when I return
the special toys and tempo
to the wrong person

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Does everyone smooth the bedcovers
like this
wondering where the lines came from
staring
at the quilt
on the page
pleased with restored order
which lasts and stays static
for about two minutes

Am I just fooling myself
into believing that I
need to make the beds of words
or could

I think I should have washed the sheets
and written letters home