

JIM C. WILSON

From: *Then (Twenty-five Instances)*

Library quiet —  
the rubber date-stamp  
adds a fortnight:  
all the time in the world  
to live another's life.

The Christmas torch  
appears with coloured beams;  
beneath the blankets  
new adventures  
shine in red or green.

Interval music  
going on and on and on;  
the old velour  
against my thighs;  
no big picture yet.

In hospital  
held down by red blankets.  
What's worse?  
Needing a wee-wee  
or having to tell the nurse?

Rubber and gas;  
me in the big chair.  
Someone called James  
is losing his tooth.  
In white, the dentist, floating.

Weetabix and milk  
become a thick brown mud  
through which I plough  
my spoon to make white roads  
on which I lose myself.