

Obscurity (by Christine Biles)

What is
 when is
 where is
the point of complete
obscurity?

The moment
you realize four or five years
of “doing” is thirteen;
 where,
 exactly,
a scar ends, and skin begins;
when
 elegant copper hands
click to midnight, but
the grandfather does not
toll;
the fact
 that the you is the I,
and the I am always you;
 seeing the mouse,
the one you named Edolphus,
white with a brown spot,
lying dead
 on the front porch.

Your Dad knows the answer,
but he can't put it to words,
 which must
 be why
he mutters to himself while “doing”
the dishes – something he's done
for years, four or five, thirteen,
though the muttering
is something new.

 Is what
is complete is when
obscurity
 is where
I say, “Good day,
Mr. Jones” to a large, black
dog, with a British accent,
before going out
in the rain to milk

