

WHY HAVE YOU COME?

Penny Walker

Why have you come? Right now, at this moment?

Don't I have enough on my plate? Couldn't you wait?

You've been hanging around a while, I see that now.

Hiding behind the searing heat of summer, sneakily posing

as someone else. Setting up camp, discretely I grant you,

you know how to blend with the scenery of life's trials.

Thank God for my friends who know your stratagems of old.

They recognized you despite your sly wiles and camouflage.

You needled my absolutes, made them bleed.

Then picked and prodded at the bare dried scabs

with bony fingers, your sustenance my latent insecurities.

Sat at my ear you funnelled in doubt, swapped shoulders, took a
different tack.

What was meant?

Perhaps, after all, holding your peace might have been better,

you're not needed, they don't like you, you know.

Mistake, mistake, mistake.

White noise filled my mind

and for long moments two

and two made

nothing.

And why must you slide into my bed

to disturb my rest with your demanding tantrums?

Don't tell me you're shy, you don't limit yourself to a

set time and place to cause ructions. Anywhere will do.

Sometimes I think, the more public the better.

The rules of hospitality dictate that I should welcome you –

that is a rule I intend to break, now that I see you.

It may be that you have to come and that I must endure the visit

but don't think for a minute that I'll roll over and let you take charge,

control the course of my days and nights. I'll wait you out.

You will be sent packing.