

Bathroom Tableau

There's me sitting on the edge, white streaks
the bathtub wet still with the shower from hours ago,
towels heaped against the door, soaked rug curled on the floor.

The closet door's nailed shut.
I've tried opening it, but the wood strained so I stopped,
but I didn't stop my fists—the mirror above the sink
with its gluey gobs, the trap filled with little hairs—
my chest is red in circles.

I sit there naked and I look down,
and I'm wondering an idle wonder about what
if the circles were marks of something harder,
a hit to the softer parts under that layer that retains colors so easily?

there would be no color to these wondered at hits
they would only hurt in that inner way that
it didn't hurt until it finished.

I don't like nailed in doors; a door should open,
and those weeks old towels, those smelling towels,
wetter as the pile goes deeper,

me open and out behind nailed-in doors,
and I don't know where to go.