

## Perhaps in Drifting

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Perhaps in drifting I shall brush  
against the sharp edge of a blade,  
and shall not notice.  
If it's keen enough, or if  
my body feathers light across  
the steel, I'll feel no pain.  
Sometimes I tell myself  
I'm in control; I choose to fall,  
or choose to complicate this simple  
motion. When the day is fine I  
sit out in the sun and sip interminable  
cups of coffee, and play *tavli*  
with the priest. Sometimes the whiteness  
of the walls is threatening;  
I fear the tides that  
lift me flotsam and transport me.

Sometimes I tell myself  
that I am here on holiday — that when  
my time is up I'll go back somewhere,  
somewhere far from here. I've  
never managed to imagine where.  
I am adrift, am blind, am stranded high  
above the waterline.  
Sometimes a single slow syringe  
mourns something ancient, floating  
on the thyme and oregano heat.  
I am too young to understand it.  
Sometimes I am too young  
to be afraid.