

On Days Like Today

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When I wake sprawled on sheets twisted
by spasms of restless sleep—
my eyes hot inside my skull and winter-dry hair
a wild curtain that snaps against the brush—
I sense the shadow of my grandmother
as a young woman, tied and trembling against a hard bed,
electricity a thick tongue licking
clean her brain's fevered folds—
and I long to break outside and bless
the damp gusts of spring that smear across
my forehead like a chill soothing hand.