

## On Days Like Today

*Kelsey Mitchener*

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.