

MY CURATOR

For two weeks I left
strawberries blight
my kitchen counter.
Phone off the hook,
corpse on its side.
Car snoozing
soundly in its lot.
Hippocampus,
my curator in this
museum. Tiny seat
of memory, armored
seahorse that swallows
minutes easily,
consumes hours whole.
Drifting along the ocean
floor in neither
night nor day,
I won't check my tires
for blood or fur,
don't know if I gnawed
sweet, red cadavers
in my sleep. I seek
a physical record
in bruises, the hair of mold.
In leafy tops
of strawberries,
exhibit of the hours
I have lost.