



Rabbit Catastrophe
Review #15

H o Cheung Lee

1110

Was it the shower or your influenza
that caused the blush?
Your pink blossomed further and
heated beyond the red glow.

It almost felt like a pot with warm tea,
your spotless forehead, arms, legs,
it burned inside me and
something inside me was disturbed.

You turned to a side. Your back a heated blanket
which could scorch a withered petal to life;
I dared it with my palm, darkened.

Now the ear. Rather intrusive
while you were sleeping. I still did it.
I did it with extreme caution,
I did it with a palm cupping the top of your head,
to stable myself.

(38.3)

No budge. No moan.
Eyes shut. Yet

your oceanic breaths spoke
a marine language.

Waves of flame. Your exposed skin.
Your bedding had a temperature too.

I wish I were part of the bedding,
not the dripping towel. I deserve more.
Yes, the bedding.

(39.4)

At 2 am you sat up, rustled.
A mumbling sort of dialogue
before you left for the bathroom.
I wasn't sure if I knew the way back.

Last night I dreamt of you climbing
onto my side,
or at least that which possessed you did.

I travelled through my own exhalation.
No words.
Nothing latched onto me. Your crumbled
blanket cold as sheets.
The daffodil lighting fragranced the walls,
silencing.

Nothing latched onto me.
Just a few airless coughs and
a room number you didn't notice.