

**In the arm chair**

He sits in a field of memories  
They grow like tulips—  
here for a moment, then gone

The gills of the house  
rattle  
with children's laughter

and he struggles  
to catch  
a  
breath

Once he ran a marathon  
Now his legs  
are almost  
useless

He is in dry dock  
off  
from work  
by doctor's orders

and restless  
as a bear  
looking for a den

He is angry mostly  
and throws cups  
like a yahoo

They crack  
as his mind cracks

and he wishes he could take it back  
All of it

but he can not control the impulses anymore  
and they rise like stupid waves  
until he is a tsunami—

a cup throwing monster  
screaming for life

Five years ago

his work introduced  
the stupid pizza checker

and his head has been  
absorbing radiation ever since

He should have gone on strike,  
found another job

but lazy and needing the money  
he had stayed

Now he is restless  
as a bear  
looking for a place  
to die

He throws the book  
he can no longer read  
across the room

It shatters a vase  
and his memories  
spill like tulips:

getting his science degree,  
meeting Mindy  
and being nervous as a new  
born babe,  
working the late shifts—  
headaches every night

All of them are  
already fading  
as his brain  
slowly dies

He's left with two questions:  
how to get compensation  
and how to tell the children

The tears come like  
fat frogs  
ribbetting at his heart

He knocks the jug  
across the room

and the walls cry too

He can not die at home  
He is too much out of control

Bloody brain tumour

and the gills of the house  
rattle  
with children's laughter