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This is my mother. This is my father.

I had heard that a new form had been invented.

I went to the grocery store to look for it.

The produce department seemed an appropriate place.

A shortness of breath overcame me.

My brother, who was a medical doctor, was called.

An asparagus or crooked-neck squash was called for and produced.

She's not interested.

She's gazing into space.

She thinks what you are saying is boring.

She's repelled by your eagerness.

Her breath returns.

Her produce is gathered into a wire basket; her brother dismissed.

I am also speaking of my ideas, my autobiography, who I know.

My brother is no fool.

He rides the wake and is brought to a conclusion.

He takes the bull by the horns.

His perceptions become razor-sharp.

Alone again, one wanders, the other follows a northerly direction.

The wanderer takes a deep breath.

The other, my brother, is reminded of his past.

He drinks beer, he reads magazines and sits on his balcony.

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