

### *A Slow-Motion Hamster*

*No, a hamster that just lies there with the motor running.  
You lie there, not recovering, not getting anywhere.  
You want to get somewhere but not out of bed.  
Your body is telling you to sleep.  
You're trying to force it to get up.  
Circles the whole time. Draining the whole time.  
Usually the purpose of resting is to feel clear minded.  
It doesn't change anything. You just lie there.  
It's exhausting. Body wants sleep. Force it up.  
You want to get somewhere. Despair. Anger.  
No. I wouldn't say anger.  
Just circles, circles.*

### **To Do**

The duster is covered with dust.  
Still. Where you placed it,  
weeks ago, high on the list  
which lengthens with items, drifts  
from fridge to floor. Skin flakes  
and hair and dander and fluff.  
Neighbours' pet sheddings, too,  
and lost limbs of bugs, and something  
that floats from the trees—  
whatever dies or falls or flakes off,  
whatever's forgotten. I catalogue. I flip  
through the latest from Sears, amazed  
the thing's still in print. Pyjamas  
and lingerie. Towels and kitchenware.  
Dining sets. Bunk beds. Lego kits. Bedding.  
The new and the next. Hoover and Dyson  
and Bosch. Warehouses full and awaiting  
my order. A stock boy buzzing about,  
keeping things tidy for minimum wage.  
A good day's work in the world,  
in the warehouse. The making of a man.  
The felt of my tongue on the roof  
of my mouth. You asked me so nicely  
to check off a simple chore.  
Now I'm feathered in it. Layers  
and lists. The lid of myself. If I move,  
it will all lift. I'll sneeze and we'll scatter,  
the whole mess of us. The duster,  
the dust. Rise up, then settle  
back into the couch.