

Corrections

(Excerpt)

by Laura Sims

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Correction: Buoyant Hope (June 1992)

Somewhere

Far from this hospital room

Home: the echoing place

Correction: Priest (1992)

‘You would rather be elsewhere

Clean and cold

Even so...’

The distant sound of the universe

Night

‘The violence done by the lava: violence indeed’

‘And her husband and daughter abandoned

A sack full of rocks

Potatoes of love’

‘Doing nothing, because there was nothing to do!’

She waved

‘So much for my progress, your ornaments—‘

Noise

And another country

Heard from

Correction: Last Birthday on Earth (July 23, 1992)

All this way

She thinks

All this way!

Just to drift in the world of addresses

Correction: Dying in Guest Room (August 1992)

We were less involved with the lake

We asked for your name – in cups – along the way

You weren't thinking of us

You were thinking I look much better when thin

Willowy

These are the words we used to describe

Popsicle sticks on the dresser

A cup filled with bile

The sun slanting into that summer, a hammer

Correction: Journey by Water? (September 1992)

‘It’s easy to confuse this part with a dream,’ she confides.

‘I feel myself sinking, the black water pulling, my body pulling right back. I swim a few strokes, then give in, swim a few strokes, give in, swim a few strokes... I don’t know how or when it will end!’

*

Then

‘The water bored me after a while.’

Correction: Last Requests (September 1992)

Nothing moves in the house

Nothing sounds

She wants

Things

The made lake

The stone girl

I thought it was here

Correction: Suburban Girl (1943-1992)

On a manicured lawn of such green, the end

Of her middle-class life

In America

Correction: A Nightmare (1993?)

Wherever we went the mountains followed

You shuffled behind

In your long white dress, ridiculous

Lily

Pinned to your chest

Come on

The mountains are gaining

Have eyes

For those flimsy white curtains

Correction: What Did Not Happen (1993)

[The old heiress gets strangled

Her house stands still

No footprints, no blood

On the carpet or walls

Columbo can't fathom

Skew-eyed]

*

The men come knocking at dawn

She screams she won't go

Yet, nothing

Is overturned