
Argos

I had a sudden moment of Double Vision in the kitchen,
saw three tumbling refrigerators
The Basque Cheesecake with a chocolate French topping
turned into Eleven
Felt dizzy with loose teeth, surrounded by bead trees
full of Mon Strawberries
The Parmentier, prepared for a memorable dinner,
drifted like Mercury
My husband became a puppet on a string, sleepwalking
on Absinthe
Pots and pans clattering in the background, resonating
arithmetic word whiskers
Mung beans started growing rapidly, beyond the
Poppy Lanterns hanging in the willow
Please guard them carefully!
Am I an Egyptian, short dark hair, a stranger on the earth,
in the middle of an Echo Mania?
An Arlésienne, thwarted because of smoking pipe,
running out of Camphor?
Do I need Franel Lenses to see razor-sharp again?
Or is it just a matter of Right Perception?
Of Ulysses, returning home, whispering: "Yes, Argos"