

Writing Surfaces

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It was my mother's skin, at first,  
my fingertips tracing  
imaginary lines inside the margin  
formed by the furrow  
of her back. It would read:  
*Don't ever leave, or*  
more likely: *Let me go.*

Freckles later became my fixation,  
particularly, those hidden beneath  
her right eye, painted  
by the stroke of his fist.  
With my thumb, I erased  
lachrymal lines mixed with plum Lancome,  
connecting each freckle,  
spelling out her character:  
*Complicated.*

At times, it was the obscure face  
of the shower door  
fogged over by foreplay.  
I'd catch a glimpse  
of the medicine cabinet  
through the imprint left behind  
by my wife's palm,  
as I entered her from behind.  
As she washed between her thighs,  
I'd write her name on the glass.  
Only then, would she turn  
with cupped hands at chest height,  
and splash water on the glass,  
erasing her name.

I'd run my fingers  
along the wrinkles out of the corner  
of my grandmother's eyes.

She felt cold, and  
there were no tears—  
only the cold.  
I brushed away loose strands