



10-2013

Illness

Lindsey Webb

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/inscape>

Recommended Citation

Webb, Lindsey (2013) "Illness," *Inscape*: Vol. 33 : No. 1 , Article 32.
Available at: <https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/inscape/vol33/iss1/32>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by BYU ScholarsArchive. It has been accepted for inclusion in Inscape by an authorized editor of BYU ScholarsArchive. For more information, please contact scholarsarchive@byu.edu, ellen_amatangelo@byu.edu.

ILLNESS

by Lindsey Webb

i.

Our neighbor wanders through her house turning lamps on and off.

ii.

You and I, invalids, we taste like cold blankets—and when we kiss in the morning it is like pulling them back to reveal a dark landscape.

iii.

I break with the window runner when you escape near midnight. Here you are in the yard sucking tea leaves, forgetful: your t-shirt blowing out from you like a great yawn. We will speak of it when you're well.

iv.

When I'm well I will turn all our lamps on at once. The sound of a car door slamming, footsteps on the walk . . . the doorbell one penny in the final day's cup . . .