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Gabriel Coffman

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AN UPDATE ON BEING ILL

Gabriel Coffman

After two years the head made of felt entirely.
On the edge of town something great moving
inroads. I thought to stop at the edges and I was
right. But they crept inside from faraway. Where
this vision of clockwork and stairs stretched
vertically that this superstructure became my
color of exaggeration denoting the book in the
hands my order forgotten. I did not taint the evil
when I took a pit stop out summoning. The
polygrass quivered in one ear.

“We can’t remember you that well. It’s been
something like awhile,” they said.
“Give me a minute,” I responded.

I looked at what I fed bones for dinner. A maypole
and a gown. Crisp edges fettered. Old friends
walked away to get them a table. I guess I was
scars indirectly. It felt longer than that in months.
Figured our food court was waiting. I drove the
line like timid freakia. I went to know the stone
and the edge where there were no features on
the friends or their fathers. But the foods were
clear gemstones. Syrup opened up the hall. I took
that for meaning the event’s evasion worked with
webbed fingering handshakes over turpitude and
blood. Tutorialized blood. It resists I don’t know
for sure it was covered in softener.

“Straight timbre moves the who,” said their
fathers.
“Your hold and I fold and I hold in firewood and
laughter,” said someone I can’t remember.

I don't bother. I do different things down where they were intended. One key ingredient came out of over. A face delivered intended terror. I imagined its speech. It said no. It said I've got that kind of face.

"Tender and remote," it said.

In that scene when he smiled his face blinked off. In that scheme purple surfaces moved underneath all expression. In this stand the intestines under his smile traveled like trapped snakes. In this tendency I could hear a name in the same pyramid.

"I," they all said, "can wait for a second child if they don't happen anymore. Little child engraving. Give it back."

Sweets vaporized the table sketch. Melded puddles tore away the school book story. I cried out two vibrato notes at once when the sheer loops of the art book cut through the hands. Floating in and outstretched. Further and further the stillness in everyone bent their caverns to repair from home and home. My clothing blooms. I swallow them whole pants shirt everything floating up the throat. It tickles recedes and I rise creamy to my throat

GABRIEL COFFMAN is currently an MFA student at the University of Colorado Boulder and a reader for the *TIMBER Journal*.