**Yesterday:**

There are things to say.

The mouth opens, hopeful.

The breath makes a dash for it

and trips on a stump of uncertainty.

“What? Are you catching flies?”

my father used to say when I stood,

aghast and angry.

I’d pretend to yawn and disappear

into the bathroom, the only room

with a lock he hadn’t picked yet.

I could spin a thousand times

and land facing the same direction,

the one that always got me home for dinner, hopeful

But my mouth won’t open

and my stomach is full of the things I didn’t say.

History repeats himself-

a drunken uncle, hoping to be heard.

I must be vigilant, listen hard,

0r I’ll miss that I’ve been here before;

I won’t recognize the top of the stairs,

and I’ll step with too much confidence,

as if confidence is dangerous,

and yesterday is waiting at the bottom

To catch me when I fall.