

LESLEY WHEELER

Spring-Sick

Red-mouthed, leaf-green-clad like a watered-down-spring,
like an April fading anemically to
May, you're febrile, stretched on the couch. I
 watch you elongate.

Goldfish grow in proportion to the pond; you
lengthen like a reverie. Girl, my spring-sick
daughter, clinging to troubles. Spindle-limbed plant
 pulled toward sunlight,

grudgingly. Swimmer who loves the weeds so much, she
seeks to stay there, choked by filaments of
mother-worry. I will uproot my ripe life,
 loosen my own throat's

cords, before I allow you to wither. Burn
if you can't help it, mourn your body's concealments,
threats, but also grow. The pond is enormous.
 Flesh out. Be hungry.