

Primate

AMY BAGAN

We who number chimps among our friends
converse with hands, sign *drink* and *hug* and *see*.
I dress you in a bonnet and pretend
to mother you: you want to be like me.

And I, like you. It's Eden, I'll be Eve.
I'll teach you to unteach me, strip me bare
of every memory I used to cleave
to like pelts and hides of those now gone. Aware

my mind's eclipsed, you come into your prime,
curl up in my old chair, survey the view
now streaked in rain, and spying me, you mime
shelter. But I'm as far from who I was as you

are near. The window's where we touched our palms
to speak, then something gave and time slid on.

