

# Wings Online July 15, 2000

## LITHIUM

*By Andrea Drugay*

**A**sk me again what your sickness meant  
and the washing over of white mist in your brain  
the prickly drips of water behind your forehead

and why I never call you any more. Ask me  
where I have placed you, folded into paper sheets,  
a silent box, no windows and no room to walk

your dog. Ask me again with your cigarette  
why your skin smells like the moon, why I don't look  
at you, why I look the way I do, why the dog barks

at trees, but only at three a.m., when you call to ask  
where I've been all my life and to let me know  
that the dog is barking at trees. Ask me why I'm awake

at that hour and we'll talk until six this time  
and if I fall asleep, I'll pay the next phone bill  
and I'll ask (but you'll say) it's okay.

And I'll ask (but you'll say) you don't mind if I paint  
while we talk, paint cradles and rain that drops from  
your dreams that you'll never remember, your  
ribbon-haired fairies,

your ocean shells, your sea monster squids with black  
voodoo eyes paint wrinkles on your face where you  
think too much, where you laugh too hard, where your  
tears dig trenches in your cheeks.

Ask me again why you think you are mad, why you think  
you are mine, ask me again who my God is, where I  
sleep, what I eat, who I vote for, who I date, ask me now

because you never asked  
and the answers  
will fall from my head  
like the teeth I lose  
every night  
in my dreams.

---

*Andrea Drugay just graduated from the  
MFA Creative Writing program at San  
Francisco State University and has been  
published twice in The Santa Clara Review.*