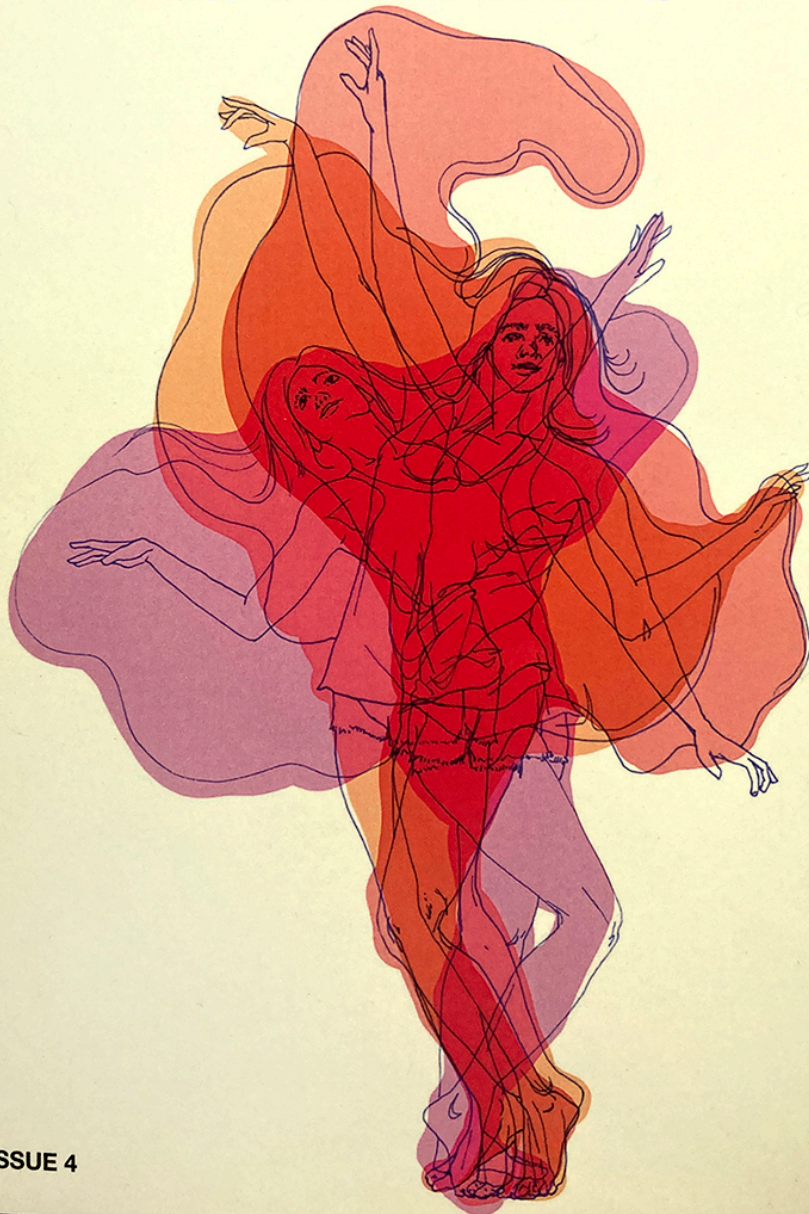


SHIFT

A JOURNAL OF LITERARY ODDITIES



ISSUE 4

Life Support

Danielle Gasparro

I felt so big. I was so young.
What does a bank do, Mom Mom,
what is a bank for?

I loved it when we went inside.
There was always a long line, twisty,
like the road to Candyland.

You'd talk a lot with the lady who came
out from behind the puppet-show wall.
I'd fall asleep on your hip. I never saw any puppets.

Most of the time, we'd go to the drive-up window.
You made sure I saw the clear jar with the money
get sucked up into the tube that went over to the bank.

Today, I flip through Polaroids in shoeboxes hanging
on for dear life. This one, who took it? I'm so big. My head
is bigger than yours. I must have been so heavy on your hip.

But there we are. Were. You facing one way. Me,
the other. Today you're asleep on a spaceship. You won't
go to AA, I know. If you pull through. Will all the tubes work?

With Dad gone, you're lonely. And losing money, I know.
I'd like to tell you, if you pull through, I'll never find a space
as warm...as blanketed by grace...as the nook of your neck. Look,

here, in the photo, you can see, that's where
heart and head connect. Through a vessel that carries blood.
That's how they speak.