**No One in Their Right Mind**

All the patients were at lunch,

you say, the parakeet was napping.

First a faint grating ,

then a washboard over the PA.

Rhythmic. louder.

Like an approaching wasp.

I watch your ash shiver

to a taillight weaving

away from me. No one

in their right mind

tells a patient when to flip

her ashes.

You twirl your ice cubes

in a plastic tumbler of tea,

ask if what you heard

could be your bulldog

pacing at the back gate

waiting to be let in.

He might just need to know

you are still at home.

You say you recognize the sound

of trying to scratch a window

in a sheetmetal door, leaving

instead only slivers of blood.

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