

POETRY| SPRING 2015

Pathways

By Elizabeth Adler

I should know this pathway

Backwards forwards barefoot, the seaweed slimy in between your toes that summer when you were twelve

I want to know it from you

When you open your mouth, it is unsteady And the sound of newscasters and parade play-by-plays Of scattered voices and kitchenware in the other room Make word-finding a terrain of frustrated wishes

I want to know it from you

And before you can tell me what it was like

Before you can tell me about the secret passageways under the boardwalk and just how those Coney Island hot dogs—

"—well, nothing is what it used to be. I can't even eat those things anymore. It's all franchises."

Grandma's impatience an affront to your childhood memories, vividly there, buried underneath sandy, coarse lesions

I want to know it from you

I want to give you time to unearth the words

But I'm afraid they aren't intact anymore

Floods over pathways

Demyelinated circuits

Stuck

Waves crashing over crashing over and over any attempted advance—washing it all away, just like when you were a child

But there is no freedom in this expedition

I should know this pathway

The demyelination leading to the classic deficits

I want to know it from you

And I shush the people in the next room and I try to drown Grandma's nostalgia into silence

So that I can hear you

