

Personicity

The blinds fight me nightly –
not in a Marquis of Queensbury,
student of the sweet science, pugilist way –
oh no, more in the vein of the eye-gouging
kick-you-in-the-balls streetfighter.

That's not true: The side nearest the cord
drops quite nicely, passively compliant to gravity
and my commanding tug – whether from fear or
good-natured conviviality who knows – but
the far side, the side above the stairs
descending safe from my grasp, taunts me
beginning their rush then arresting suddenly
suspended somewhere in mid-slide, sneering,
flipping the bird, and adding a “fuck you”
for good measure. I growl my own expletive
in return while furiously yanking the cord.
The catch clicks, but the blinds remain obdurate,
defiant until I snatch the aluminum bottomrail
to bend them to my will, but they fight me even still,
and most nights leave a victory gap above the sill.

That's not quite true either: Some nights the blinds delight
proving they can do what they please
and fall cheerfully en masse,
one fell swoop with me aghast
and disappointed – I'd been anticipating
the battle and feel robbed, my pleasing
consternation taken from me.

Oh, who would have thought that every night
this thing that can't think would put up a fight?

– Jeffery Greb