

Dana Gilkes

KETTLES AND WHISLING HOLES



My husband comes home shorter
in the late afternoon
from a hard day's work,
drops his briefcase on a side table
puts the kettle on to boil
asks me to listen out
for the whistle
and trudges up the stairs
to change.

Dutifully I start
to attune my ears.
But other things get in the way,
like this feeling
I sometimes have
that the whole island
is set adrift in the ocean
come evening

and sometimes I get the impression –
somebody pointed out
serotonin levels once
and I should take a pill –
that we are sinking slow
and further,
that we are either late for something vast
or vastly late for something...

The kettle wails its crescendo on cue.
The water changes into steam

the steam is visceral
and dissipates above the stove.
It seems the whole world
is in collusion some evenings
and the kettle has just willed itself
a clearer listening hole
where the silence obtrudes...

My husband soon reappears
and wonders how hard
could it possibly be
to grab a-hold of a simple knob
and turn it
anti-clockwise.