

*Darrell Petska*

## **Metamorphosis**

to be small  
dashing behind the sofa  
the vacuum in the closet  
the clothes dryer, the headboard, the curtain  
or under the sink or the bed

and yet  
feeling so large  
no space can conceal you

when the steps you dread  
loom in the hall  
and the hand that is pain  
turns the knob—

your breath fleeing your lungs  
and your heart pounding so  
wildly in the silence before what comes  
next you will surely be found out—

is to wish  
for that darkness to ascend  
which blots out all knowing  
as flesh whimpers toward stone.