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# *Ulysses*

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I had a sudden moment of Double Vision in the kitchen,  
saw three tumbling refrigerators  
The Basque Cheesecake with a chocolate French topping  
turned into Eleven  
Felt dizzy with loose teeth, surrounded by bead trees  
full of Mon Strawberries  
The Parmentier, prepared for a memorable dinner,  
drifted like Mercury  
My husband became a puppet on a string, sleepwalking  
on Absinthe  
Pots and pans clattering in the background, resonating  
arithmetic word whiskers  
Mung beans started growing rapidly, beyond the  
Poppy Lanterns hanging in the willow  
Please guard them carefully!  
Am I an Egyptian, short dark hair, a stranger on the earth,  
in the middle of an Echo Mania?  
An Arlésienne, thwarted because of smoking pipe,  
running out of Camphor?  
Do I need Franel Lenses to see razor-sharp again?  
Or is it just a matter of Right Perception?  
Of Ulysses, returning home, whispering: "Yes, Argos"