

Signs

by Aparaaajit Sriram

Curling at the edges
a blue post-it on a dirty window
'No analysis will save you.'

The A train hurtles from 125th to 59th street
Space finally to move, breathe

But I am still at 168th
What had I missed? Why had I rushed?
Am I safe? Am I sure?

Dancing again between steaming grates
sidling by trash cans, ducking overhangs
Gyros for \$3.99, spiced chicken charring the air

I can rack my brains
and replay images past
all while smiling at you

OCD is watching and doing at the same time
Consciousness and self-consciousness
An edifice in two places,
with too many moving parts

A glitch, a catch,
vigilance off-kilter
And I feel for feelings felt

It is a delicious itch itched, compulsive checking

But what is it to push through obsessive doubt?
I cast my eyes down to my half-copy of *Irrational Man*
No spine, no cover, a slab of text

To press forward while
the muscle of memory pulls me
back

'No analysis will save you.'