
It would make sense if time is
a rubber band

Conducting an experiment
but refusing to learn
from the result

In spring the crested herons
return to lay their eggs

The lizards doing their
little push-ups

That day:
insect noise, unflinching

I wasn't displaced I was
depressed I wasn't depressed I
was screaming into the hot
breath of traffic from the
I-59 bridge

What I want:
a diorama

Neither looking nor
remembering, an unthinking
roomlessness

Today:
leaf blowers, unapologetic

What I have:
an invasive species

No one asks how the cat got
in the box to begin with

The soporific sound of a
motorcycle streaking past

As I hand over the keys
someone new is already there
to assume my place

Memories into stories into ragged scaffolding for a jaunty sense of self

Vibrating edges of the
washeteria that was the
leather bar that's now
the coffeeshop

In spring I return to toss my
eggs from the nest

The present calmly flapping
its wings