

The physics of condensation

Remember when we were kids
Blowing our hot air on glass
Leaving kisses, smiles, notes
That would float off of the glass
Like pancakes slipping out of pans
The quick permanence of it all
In a matter of moments, what was there
Is now gone

somewhere in the atmosphere
all those kisses, smiles, notes
are perhaps still floating, or
our small etchings still in the glass
if we look hard enough.

It is foggy there in the glass
A gray soup of silver film
Nothing developed except for
Trying to look through it
Or just being impatient—rub it out

Foreign Country

When you're not here
I'm in a foreign country
I don't know what to do with myself
I just listen to my insides
Do I sound like that all the time?

The bed is wider now
Without your body walling up the side
Like a fleshy fence
Guarded with shiny eyes

It's too quiet here
Like some western front
Of rolling hills
And dug in trenches

I want to hide in you
Cover me with your dirt
No one will find me

No one will get hurt

The Best Time To Drink Coffee

The right time
for coffee they say
is half past nine
when the sun is just
over the shoulders
and the shadow falls
deeply in your cup

The End of Electricity

We were just lying in bed
Your dark curls going up to the headboard
like smoke rings announcing your arrival.
Yes, I'm here.
There was a slice of light coming through
the green draperies, not expensive
they just looked it with the circular flower patterns
of gold and tawny straw,
when the fan we bought at Target on discount
suddenly gave out. The rotations slowing stopping
like a Ferris wheel at the end of a carnival night.
Gone is the quiet hum of electricity.
Gone is the quiet yearning of metal, of industry, of the television
half a world away in the next room.
Now the search is on for lights, for candles, for illumination.
Grabbing at it in the dark now, like children try grabbing at understanding,
like adults grab at truth. Do you remember where
we put them? Our security, our hope, our moments?
Hell, the air had a hard time getting back here
anyway.