

Bingo

Poetry submission to Sixfold
July 2020

Now That

Now that time has bulldozed my childhood and razed my youth.
Now that the years spent figuring things out have led to a definitive unknowing.
Now that my oldest wounds are intact.
Now that the days no longer meander.
Now that the bannister of yesterday has disappeared.
Now that I worry I'm an empty field I forgot to plant.
Now that it's blurry backwards and bleak ahead.
Perhaps it's only now I can read the fine print cross-hatched on my skin,
see the marbling of my hands in caramel and blue,
and know for the first time that beauty is an old and possible thing.

Nice Work

I want to be an itinerant of the weather and I guess I am.
It's an easy job when I'm granted one wish and make it the leafy fringe of summer,
here where the sun has an unending crush on us and the feeling is mutual,
where the lawns have lawn sales of flowers
and the sky carries time as if it weighed nothing at all.
The ligaments of the afternoons stretch on and on and on
and after all the on and on and on
the days begin to come untied at the edges
and the trees, not yet walls in somebody's house,
become listeners to the stars.
Nice work if you can get it, and we can.

You Put Your Watermelon in My Fridge

And it was all over and so it began,
in the dark of new love we admitted to every story
and your grin was a flashlight and my heart was a tambourine
and each second was a honeysuckle of breath.

We were the opposite of frivolous
and the definition of fun.

We were nothing more than
a couple of cupped spoons in the bed,
nothing less than big dippers
in the wide open night of everything.

Bingo

Get the hang of forgetting to harvest your to-do list
and remembering to let the sky hold itself up,
and bingo, you can stop searching
for the gas to take you to forever –
halt the car instead and get out into all that fresh air.

Is Time a Circle or a Magic Trick?

I try to mingle with time as best I can,
after all the days are in no hurry to go anywhere but here
and the only way forward is to wait and see.
Still, I'm beginning to feel I've come the long way round.
Time is constantly pulling a new edition of itself into being,
the minutes start hopping and I have to pick up my feet to keep up.
It's heartbreaking and thrilling how many hellos and goodbyes
the seasons demand of us when there's no way
to pick the lock of the future and steal ahead
or reach back to pat the back of your childhood.
What there is is the birth of morning and the death of night
and everything time crams in between,
which I guess means time is a circle and a magic trick.