

## **sifting**

what was once a sandbox:

a place of creation and discovery  
castles of emerging identities  
pails filled with new experiences  
waiting to be dumped and explored;  
a pit, one stratum deep, framed  
neatly in the safety of a playground,

now an excavation site:

where wood framed sifters shake  
through layers of forgotten memory  
marred by time and abandonment  
reveal relics of old laughter and  
ancient anxieties untouched by  
earth's surface for ages  
ready to be tagged, examined, pieced  
together as pottery shards  
to curate rekindled friendship

**to carve a memory**

to carve a memory:  
etch on rubber dies  
of gray matter so  
electrical impulses  
imprint indistinct lines  
of recollection  
never quite as material  
as a stamp reproducing  
with minimal variation  
an instant of import  
known only to the ink pad  
of consciousness

## **spirals**

unlike a hurricane

when satellites spot spirals hundreds of miles away  
radar detection measures strength and speed

there are no warnings issued

no time to

fill the bathtub with water

board up windows

stock canned goods

create lines of defense

gather sustenance for the fall out

without notice

the storm approaches a solitary coast  
an island of one

heavy plops of rain prick skin

atmospheric pressure drops on the chest

breathing intensifies to category five

flashes of lightning thought

pound the skull with thunder

stifled fears scatter in the wind

then the eye's moment of clarity breaks

brings no resources

to clean the emotional debris

left behind by disaster

**don't forget to put a coaster**

although the wood was treated  
with varnish, coats of waxed  
experience, oiled traumas,  
veneers of protection,  
it will always be vulnerable  
to the cold, sweating reality  
of some glass, unaware of its  
ability to leave lasting damage  
in the form of unsightly rings  
or to the scratches and dents  
forged from a clumsy drunk's cup,  
pitifully misused yet without  
agency to effect change  
or to the scalds of the hot  
morning mug, still half asleep,  
misfiring executive function,  
moving through motion's memory:

don't forget to put a coaster