

Of an Afternoon

The outside air is given its shape
by the slammed car doors, the driveways
those cars are parked upon—soon
to vacate the moment of their stasis
& opt for the dynamic. It is
the long green hour of the afternoon
when there are no shadows.
Mostly the grass doesn't move.
It is terror to watch the sun slowly
close down all this possibility,
all these birds, all your expansive gestures.

I remain unconvinced.