

roots after the age of spring

at night i find the way
back to myself ;
it can be through a
series of things.
taking a walk through
the rhinebeck woods
when i was twenty
and gone;
riding the subway through
brooklyn years later
listening to the same songs
i fell asleep
sitting up.

then time would continue
to pass by unannounced
so different yet akin
to an unprovoked message
at 3 am—
you die a little each time.
have you noticed?
how the room becomes
silent now when you
enter his thoughts.
the past has not been
evoked from your flash ;
and there you die a
thousand times from
these new unthoughts.

your substantiality suffers
with each tick of the clock
from his unaffection and
you fear the worst.
it is half past noon
in his eyes and
all you see are the
flowers of future ambitions.
he says progress like
it's a bad thing but
progress is all he talks about.

you suddenly see tears
in his eyes from this
but it's an emotion unprovoked
by your presence—
it is just the

presence of time and
trees and their
growth all around
that leave their scar
upon him.

he has grown more compassionate
you realize but it
has nothing to do from you.
it is hard to accept
all of this in the moment,
just as it is difficult
to adjust the perspective
of past moments.
you were not then ready
to ascribe to those
moments which should
have dictated your
decisions today.
now you regret it all.

you are never the same
person twice in an instant
and so constantly you
think of alternative
parallel universes where
actions and words are not
absolute paths to present ;
where your felt mistakes
are not made.
it is here, in your mind,
that you are not tainted.
you begin to believe an
old lover's theory that
too much life skews
a person's character.

alone at night
laying awake
in my bed
i attempt to retrace
these thoughts,
and the path landed on
from turning it over
and aside ;
hearing nothing around me now
i make the way
back to myself.