Parts I & II

I.

smaller wider people in a smaller wider world, we were

combing life for seashell miracles and coming up not empty-handed

at it’s end a lantern in the cool night grass between root beer cans and

unprompted smiles

how much higher could we aim than to stay yearning

to crack the eggshell sky, to stay woke under sheets

with our jackets on, plucking feather-splinters from the down with surgical care,

cooing seriously

the crowning head of love didn’t care much about genitals

only the whirling clouds and the swinging sun and the ground beneath our asses

and hors d’oeuvres of cheese in plastic

as daydreams shimmered in the air like tuning forks

If only my strides were as long, my eyes as wide, my soul as green as

crazy, lovely you unkempt, unknowable me

in a daze on the dais of my heart

in those days when I still knew where to find it

II.

The plastic desks shone cynically in a lecture hall

where we were told that, technically, you could

never really know what it was like to be your past self

because consciousness never renews its momentary lease

in the mind—just picks up and moves out

and leaves its shit behind.

Nowadays, I search for you in

everyone.