

Nothing But

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RATIONS

every time our predilection
for thinking thinks
it would stay the same one thing is
how much it doesn't or we don't then things
looking or seeming
productive phase into undoing
thieving ravens in the heat rilling off
with our nest in its claws everything created
recreates the inviolable
dismantles to the else a testament
to the wild
stroke of genius a decision made
from a distance disinterested
in the duel the thing thought
an unprepared predator until
then feathers everywhere

THERE FROM HERE

but does it go anywhere else oh if only
you hadn't told us but whatever the road we took
to get here it's gone now dehisced
like a surgical wound in the otherwise
lovely flesh we wanted so much
to forget about this to break
it instead to you in a zeno's paradox
always halving the distance no matter
the never getting there no matter
what where we can never go back
it's the future we most miss
we wish we hadn't read the report
or the name that we could just go on living
in the brightened silence that islands vernal
into the instant between
knowing what's coming down the road
and the coming of it once what was once
a lifetime away the initial destiny carved seemingly
into bark is here now
a broken window become first a fountain
of glass next second a shrine soon the light
after rain and then
what we dread all of a sudden
it could be happening all
in one mind we're not sure which one
or one mind could happen to it or you
either way