

Everywhere & All at Once

Daytime & nighttime together, a quiet
dusk stroke, a pink so precise it tastes grapefruit.
I was thick with rhythm at the laundromat,
shaking quarters in time with the dryers' tumbling,
wandering. Out the broad windows, the sky,
now open & porous: a whisking motion, a party
with no invitation. I couldn't be blamed for dancing
without music. I wouldn't be rewarded
for my own wilderness. It started everywhere
& all at once, the way animals might fall in love
or citizens move to riot. And when my body subsided,
the room hushed in its unruffling;
the sky still there, a fuchsia lipstick-kiss,
the tumbling less damp, but still heavy.
What would I need to give up (suspense?
the articulation of plans?) to dig up
into this sky of sweetness, this twilight-splayed
pattern—what would be my reward
to know that hardness is softness with a different face?