

Touched By Comfort

Pile

It's the same place on a map
But most things have turned over
Buildings repurposed, money exchanged
Between floating hands

I thumb through, looking for something flammable
But I can't rely on getting handed a book of matches every time
I wish it were direct where things can go
But only pictures, always pictures
Covered in dust that I ate from a bag at a place we bought gas
Hobbling into childhood again
He'll thank me for my blessing
But I barely keep in touch

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