

Lucky

Richard Buckner

Forgetting where the roads align, bowing out the back
again, something made it over:

A chance to cross the shards you see.

Friends'll wonder while you do and some of it is
stranger, filing on:
"The steps are gone and I've almost got the rest put
down!"

Coming back has spun away a month of unremembered moves.

Lucky might be better made stopping at the water's glare.
We sit around enough, I guess.
When's it going to happen, taken since.

the spoken hours?: scenes that needed playing out.

Is it how you say it right? The pauses and the turnings,
too...
some things that I hold on.