Town

Richard Buckner

"Pretty-destroyed..."
"Coming through!"
"...seize your spin around the room: eastern-time seasons call. They're not the same (when they show at all)."

“Are you sitting down? Have you heard around about the bust you beat when you were back in town? Last night, the rain just wouldn’t fall. Is that a stagger, slow, clean and saved (just another fire to pack away)?”

Uncovered, too, trades are shown. It’s how it is when everybody
Knows more than everything: the dying ring, the passing line, the missing wing…

Slip out late if it’s all the same.

I feel it,
still,
holding off another time (almost):
caught.

(Sometimes, it’s where you wouldn’t choose.) “I left you there, tumble-load, losing days and moving slow. It comes to me in broken chance and speaking parts at second-glance, what the passage means, read aloud.”

(Pull it back and spit it out the way you are, while you can.) “Will you take it down and watch it change?”

“Can you see it, too? I guess it got away.”

“What will you miss when things are fine?”

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