

We talk to our past as
If trees, in a garden,
Perhaps, surrounded by
Lilies and ornamental grasses,
Noting their white-green spring
Buds or see-through glow in
Autumn, the health of a branch
(Asking after it's feelings about
The wound) or whether it is ok
With all its canine courtiers,
Or aware of the weather
Front coming in later today.

Everyone talks to trees, eventually.

I've been with the same ones for
Years, like a gardener or madman,
Sifting through the soil, looking
For an old watch that I swore I
Left there when I took it off once
To avoid getting dirty, recounting
The same stories, a little more detail
Here, a refitting there, but always
The same themes, until last evening,
When I said allowed that I would
Write them down: "I'll make a story,
Or a series of stories. Not sure what I'll
Do with them when they are finished,
But I'll embellish, filling in gaps,
Changing names, etc." and as I did
My eye looked behind me as legs
I hadn't used in decades, atrophied
From neglect, lifted me through a
Floor I knew nothing of in real time.

The trees were always listening,
It's what they do best, but I know
Now that they really didn't care,
Though, that's never the point;
And that yesterday listens with
Pointed attention to what we are
Doing, sifting, waiting for the floor
To drop, for time to stop stopping
Us in all it's motion.