

# BRONWEN TATE

## **How to Become Enough An Other**

All signs point back to you, as if the only green gage grew in your lawn. A flighty will, now obstinate, now underhanded. Gathering that governs any given screed or second thought relentless. I've heard tattling of your stay in the country, the festive show of paintings, the India rubber. So it springs back in the meadow of present and immediate possibilities. Morning intentions warped by tea time, faced with your armored eyes. Is it wrong then, to be an unformed water flowing down an offered slope?