

JOHN DEMING

Particular Flight

The woman sweeping
the sidewalk with a yellow
broom and dustpan corners
herself then walks away
to buy a small bundle of
Persian cucumbers wrapped
in a purple rubber band—
what facts are simplest for
her. Tilting my head back
in bed, I saw something
today I'd never seen before:
recombinant tufts of maple
leaf, somehow barrel-black
against a terrible white sky.
They shifted, bowed, seemed
fit to multiply, wholly to
black out pulchritudinous
sky, but for the sense perhaps
the flat reality of things was
the reality of things. There's
mud all over town. Trees planted
as effigies, radical as empty
raisin boxes. Souls patterned
up from bodies, but the moment
I looked down, I was seated
eyes forward and my hands
were my hands. Some time later
I stopped praying for anyone,
because it couldn't be justified,
was in fact illogical; sadly I also
stopped wishing them well.

Pity

As mostly one thinks it would
have been nice to remain:
find a hood to pull over
a head, keep on seeing, etc.
Instead one wakes on various
mornings which are like and
unlike other mornings, with
flurries that arrive and disappear
before you wake. If you'd been
awake it might have seemed
the flakes fell one at a time,
like the way that one wants,
simultaneously, to leave one's
flesh but not to die.