

## Landscapes

*Our native soil draws all of us, by I know not what sweetness,  
and never allows us to forget. —Ovid, The Poems of Exile:  
Tristia and the Black Sea Letters*

That forward movement as dislocation,  
as surrender, propels us without question.

Some mornings sunlight dapples  
and suggests a part of us we're missing:

the finger curl of a cape,  
the wide-toothed smile of a delta.

Ill-advised, a last glance over the shoulder  
imprints the face of a mountain range,

needles unease into our bones when we recall  
who we were and who we no longer are.

An empty commuter train traverses back  
over frozen terrain, confirms nothing is everlasting.

Before long, dust quiets any uprising within us,  
diminishes the bruising, and in the distance between,

we learn to ignore the glint of sunshine  
on rain water, through the tree line, off a pond;

we learn it's easier to look away,  
put one foot in front of the other and move on.