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.