

## *Passage*

All my calendars have no numbers.  
Plenty of time  
To do nothing, and  
Anything,  
But mostly shots of coffee—“two for three.”  
Creamer and creamer and sugar and hot, swirled  
And blurry—  
Distorted.  
Broken, clockwise. It  
Spinning, unwise. It  
Has to  
Break, and ballet, or it will sweep me under the rugged hands.  
“I’ll catch you at store, in four  
Days.”  
But  
Every day lasts forever.

\* \* \*

The book I was reading—I forgot how she did that one thing;  
I went back to read it, again, and it was easy for her to  
Do it, again.

It was right there in front of me,  
Then, and in her own time.  
I tried to go back in my other book,  
My  
Other story, and the pages would not turn. Not that way. Could  
Not turn.  
Can't start over—move forward, move forward.

\* \* \*

I've misplaced some years—a necessity, I think;  
Anesthesia enfolding me, but unable to address my temporal pain.  
Every month lasts a fistful of hours.

Yesterday's game replayed this morning—  
As if I wouldn't notice.  
Tuesday's tickets, collected.  
Wednesday's score, final.  
Thursday's debts—paid.  
Soup  
Tonight.  
But all my calendars have no days...