

**Cozine Welch**  
*Six Poems*

*Sunderland Street*

A Sunderland Street  
where my grandmother stayed  
who's to say whether or not if  
on that day that I remember most  
who's to say that I hadn't,  
that sublimely unblemished Self, I,  
who's to say that I hadn't  
just then  
come back into my awareness of the present moment  
at the exact moment  
having previously put myself on  
earthly automatic  
daydreaming, as some would have it,  
abstracted / distracted  
gone intergalactic into the ascendant  
attic of the mind  
of space and time  
so that I could get a better feel for  
this elastic fabric that our  
pattern has been  
woven from  
putting my Self on earthly automatic until  
my chauffeur double-parked my avatar  
my park-assist partly pissed  
argument ensuring a  
well placed threat threw in and  
I had to crawl back  
down, into, outside of  
and up to a  
Sunderland Street  
where my grandmother stayed  
because my face was bleeding  
and a voice was  
screaming  
from my throat  
my vision colored red  
blood  
brimming with tears

the scene I recall  
from the day that I remember most  
orbiting around my spinning vision  
practiced detachment rendered  
defenseless  
against this  
shock transmuted sweat into cement  
limbs locked  
heart racing free in wild arrhythmia  
What happened? She said

I don't know  
I don't know