

## A RESPONDING NOISE

I start the day flipping between  
two open Word documents  
because I don't know where  
to put the words I'm thinking.  
I drink an espresso  
& feel instantly more  
more alive  
more in love.  
This world is so tender  
but still so dark.  
Maybe I'm the only one left  
who can't see images on my cell phone.  
Everything there looks so small.  
All I know is I received something.  
I received something  
& should follow that with an emotion  
of some kind a responding noise.  
I restate my position in an email  
too many times  
but I learn something about myself  
typing this same explanation  
over & over.  
I've learned not to trust  
what I'm writing if my fingers  
move too fast on the keys.  
Even just a few lines without  
a pause & it's clear that I've rushed  
over some feeling or point  
that is worth my calm  
& considered real attention.  
I drive to the park  
& sit on a picnic table  
try to forget about everything  
except the sky between long branches  
or the way the sun & clouds  
create waves.  
Everything, it seems, is just waves of light.



## NOTHING I HEAR

I can't even decide to go to the farmer's market.  
Three glasses of water don't provide clarity,

I still pace around the kitchen.

I can't remember anything about you.  
I can't remember anything about you now

that you're gone. I spend an hour watching

cover songs on YouTube, girls lonely in too much makeup,  
inside their bedrooms, all the desperate young men

who want to be so alive in any other place.

I want to sound myself right into your heart.  
I want to sound myself right into my heart.

I try to sing the chorus of the song.  
Everyone wants those words to make us feel

whole, to convince the world they are alive.  
To make the past just go away.

But no one is right  
& no one is wrong

& we all know everything we need to know  
if only we could believe it.

Sometimes you forget  
& sometimes you just pretend you don't know.