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## ERRATUM

others remember differently of course  
their echoes are echoes rippling  
person to person silence not silence  
but a form of *not speaking up* a form of  
*held back in the throat* what could unravel  
if you let it if you could rewind if  
you closed your eyes & imagined something  
else a swirl of dust kicked up in sunlit  
dusk that green grape placed in cave  
of mouth or the anthem sung & sung  
each morning at 9 o'clock a ruckus  
of *could have been* corrected because  
I was there watching it become *what was*

## THE UNIVERSE GOES DARK

Eventually, the stars' far-off headlights  
plink off, one by one, in a sky growing

more and more silent. No more humming  
from the microwave's burned-out filament.

It will be like how we never met, driving  
a mountain path, winding up and up—

*Where's the music?* I'd say, *the radio's*  
*turned to static*—and the hi-beams we flash

could never actually connect. I'll round  
one side while you climb

the other, just ahead, moving faster  
than I could ever breathe.

## WAVE OSCILLATION AS TIME LOOP

catching a wave or having it  
pull you under saltwater up  
the nose knowledge that crabs scamper  
sideways can't save you now  
you've tumbled over seaweed head  
sand down your swimsuit bottoms which  
way is out for a moment you find  
only sky golden orb that blinds  
twirling the way astronauts see  
sun flanked by black it flashes past  
spinning before reentry  
your breath your eyes your face your mouth  
agape no time momentary stuck  
the blip it takes for valves to open  
and shut you speed to a stop  
knees scraped tiny sand grains a lost  
beach blanket you in the crowd  
taking up a carpet's length of space

## SPACE SMELLS LIKE BURNT ALMOND COOKIES

After you return, you'll dream weightlessness,  
somersaults, the properties of lip gloss  
coagulating into round blood balls.

Earth—beautiful, distant—spills open  
again and your immediate heart beats  
closer to the stars. Remember this night,

your last up there, manufactured air  
curling around you like an umbilicus,  
the way time in closed loops might forever

circle, and you'll meet yourself floating in near  
dark. For now, forget the sharpness of air.  
Come morning, return to the land of smell.