

The Churn

It's the town of our friendship

Not the city of our growings

The village of new beginnings

- Set against the foot fall of dawn

Where we are going...

People have left

To another village of new beginnings

We are just awakening

And they, re-awakening

Sometimes you can feel

At loss

Late by a century.

You go around in circles

Of musical villages

The person way ahead of you:

legend, mystery, folklore has

suddenly occupied your place

In the town you just left.

We are all either coming or leaving
Early or late from an epiphany
misplacing or displacing

though we never find each other
And that is the only way to keep in touch,
be inspired

Between the living and the posthumous

Whirlwinding,
chronically lost
salvaged by but a few found words
from an old trunk, an archive, a long-forgotten blog.

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