

going
and
gone

by sam deleo

If I'm not able to recall
The leaves of last month,
Who can I hope my memories
Of myself will address?

It's because I'm alone that
I am practiced at forgetfulness.

I wait with my bags for
A train always in transit.

I travel five days
In a countryside of turnstiles,

The woman I see everywhere I go
Turns out to be wearing my face.

Words pass as cold mists,
Mapping the clouds
In two dimensions.
Like a wind that threatens rain,
Then leaves water.

If I'm not able to remember
The leaves of last month,
The collections of me
Can speak with the dust.

For every day I walk through,
Another rides a dark orbit.