

K. Alma Peterson

Now the Dream Evokes the Past In Front of Me

There's the acorn that tripped me yesterday. Under the oak tree where I sat and read *Wild Iris*, my copy dog-eared and coffee-stained. Not suitable for collectors. Fame visited Gluck and my dream came to me over the faint accolades of palm fronds clapping in a worthy breeze.

My husband fled into the Future where he is unknown. Leaving me his sheepish smile and a backlog of events. Our home deeded away. In the Future he has a bold grin that I can't see. Maybe he is not afraid to live now that he has died. He is the weather over me.

The Roseate Spoonbill comes and goes into the Past, in a motion slow as dying. It feels the air against its bill rounded for a delve into prehistory. Passing behind me, some vague cloud of wishes. Flying off into the passage-by of dreams, necessarily unconcerned with books not yet written, weather patterned and pending.

City Walk

Even the rain smells tainted, falling
as it must through covid space, avid

to touch grass and stone, maybe
a budding Lily-of-the-valley. Tasting

the aftermath of human existence,
spittable. Anything to sweeten

its chances of splotching pavement
with a decipherable story.