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Snapshot

First the sense of urgency to go, go, go till
panic turns down a notch to become calm
determination. You don't have to do
everything at once, or even any
thing at all, yet you're here after riding
the back of a dragon, feeling even
now on the ground as if you're hurtling through
space. I keep turning to the distractions
in my pocket while you're thinner than you've
ever been and so much more open to
what failure can teach us. I don't know how
to tell if this is a path or reflection.
I can't explain why on a sphere every
movement leads back to the beginning, no
matter where you start or which direction
you go. Instead, I insist that going
is equal to arriving, staying still
might as well be the same as moving on.

For a Neglectful Son

Jesus is my best example, so if
you are not ready to give up something,
we are all lost. How many more times is
he expected to die before you do
something? How often can the women run
to the tomb in the morning to prepare
the body before a man appears? We
can't ignore the stone; like you, disciples
in the Upper Room aren't just waiting for
a message—they're getting their oil changed or
checking their email without a pass word,
finding some girl to fix a hole in their
robes between prayers and lamentations, caught
up in rendered garments and girded loins.

Stillpoint, Nevada

I promised myself to sit here and wait,
deferring by holding one place, like the

world were revolving around me as the
heavier mass, circling as well something

more gravitas rotating around a
body even denser. Nothing can be

stationary, our desire for
postponement explained by the perception

that we are stuck, unable to prosper.
Life needs movement, we say when already

we are hurtling, failing to orient
to the trajectory while inside our

lives, where all distracting forms of motion
are available, our favorites yet

and again, our limited notion of
stasis whether in the dock or enthroned.

Stirring Countries Like Ashes

By the time I woke, she was gone. I rolled
the sheets up, sealed them in plastic, thinking
someday I might hold them to my nose and
breathe her in. Never mind the books and the
display shelves of handmade boxes. She once
collected dirt from each strange country she
knew, then learned the most important part of
soil, the bacteria, dies when kept from
air, rain, light, and the ground. I spilled her jars
out one by one, mixing their contents in
the beds around the pool, hoping something
good might still be there to germinate, that
no fungus nor bug had outlived its years
of isolation to turn invasive,
stirring countries together like ashes
in the common bone pile, intermingled
and permanently indistinguishable.