

Sandra Kolankiewicz

## 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.