

C. Marie Runyan

DISCOVERY

you have to believe in a storm sometimes when the rain falls around the flowing forth of the fly and why of life and the rocks are beneath your toes and you are watching the cars go by on the quiet streets of night, thinking about the world and the trees and the way the windows with their wooden frames all but hug all that we are seeking, all that we are looking for from the outside on in, a girl in the window waving a hand like love in the air, turning around, serving to remind you there is more than her or you or me here. here there is also the outside looking out: the absolute absence of self in the light of night and in the sky where streetlights hang like ornaments from their poles. you have to believe it when we speak to each other in sacraments and symphonies, a common and holy happening happening here between us. and the night is still there along with memories like fences forgotten and unrepaired, self-neglect the only elephant in this room. and truth is there on your bookshelf, next to your hopes and prayers and prose. and truth is a sweet language, a tunnel burrowing beneath the bullshit of the surface, below bridges long broken and hearts long uptorn.

you have to believe in these moments. clarity like this only comes in one of every hundred sunsets, and only to those of us looking. and the cricket chirps and you think of conversations like icebergs and the gentle notion of unplanned ultimate surprise. there's the sound of woman's fingers in the fruitful moments of music at night when the air is alive with the strokes and scores of life, the thunder of new beginnings, discovery.

TWENTY HOURS A WEEK

now i work in a cubicle
treeless
and my walls look like carpet
and my phone has yet to ring
and my ears fill
with the clicking of keys
dead

there is an emptiness in this
selling-out or settling-down
that makes all things wild
necessary

(perhaps this
in and of itself
necessity)

yesterday mother called me
it was afternoon
my coworkers were mining the earth
charting hazardous areas
maneuvering heavy machinery
pulling levers and maps
across desktops and empty planes of space,
making plans and jokes, i'm sure
in languages i don't quite know

now i am sick on tuesday
with aches in my head and heart,
growing pains of true identity

and my mother calls again
it is afternoon again already

(underground i go)