

Susan Lewis

Here We Are Again

Hiding in plain sight.
Breathing in the quiet of thieves.

The windows are exclusive,
Categorically closed.

The city has no need
For our preference.

The light on my private mind
& private body

Lands without qualms,
Without opinions,

Without a care in the cracked world.
Still we wait for

Someone to attack
With love or impunity,

Someone to attach
Our trajectory,

Somewhere flex enough
To meet & greet

Our looming future,
Some ought to begin.

If this is how to live then
We should call the experts.

We should make an accounting.
We should process the results

Which might fly off the handle
Like electrons,

Excitedly uncertain.
When we've done

Rallying & tallying
There will be opportunities

For revision.
Importunities for excision.

Communities for inclusion.
We will strive to stay

Busy & alive.
We will strain to slay

Any doubts & thrive.
We will covet our own club

Until we celebrate.
When they toast our

Fictive friendship
I will smile & nod

& drag along
My weighty quorum,

Reluctant but compelled
To count you in.

All In

You might be keeping a hand in,
One foot in the flow,

One on something landed
Like gentry or a plane

Plain as day or the
Darker alternative;

Towing you into the current,
Cleansing or electrocutional,

Carrying you,
Parrying your

Impotent thrust,
Tossing your birth & death

In one swirling stream.
Or you might listen for the

Dreaded knocking.
Apprehend this glistening

Which seems close enough,
Closed to further speculation

Unless it offers something opening
To something else,

You might call it love or
Being left by

The world & its constituents,
The quorum needed to

Raise any question,
You might mean

Dominance & submission,
That fine old two-step,

That tried & true-step,
That solid song & dance,

Or the language of youth
We drag chronically

Into the gaping melee,
The everlasting loop—

Keyed Out

If you can still sleep,
skip to the last step

& exercise your
replenished judgment.

If you can't abide
the flighty hours,

rushing & stalling
to spite the war

of pleasure &
anxiety,

skip ten steps
past reason.

If you know
the difference between

love & out of,
appoint yourself

spiritual leader.
If you agree

that any paradigm
serves as well

as any other
skip to the step

marked *kitchen*
& feed whoever

swallows what is
offered.