

Georgy Cohen

A Day in the Life

I.

Afternoons on the back porch frontier—
we cut up rubber bands
to cook in a blue plastic pan,
made guns out of clothespins
plucked from precarious twine.
We did what we could.

2.

Saturday nights at the dining room table,
markers arrayed, unspooling
the maps that coiled inside by day,
of worlds that baked in the heat—
humble creations, survival moves.
We did what we could.

One If By Land, Two If By Sea

I.

The best course is pieced from
printed-out directions
left behind in nice cars

for rent by the hour.
You turn on the radio
and scan through the presets.

The song fades in at the
beginning, as if it's
been playing your whole life.

2.

The world is your boister,
a wriggling, jumping thing
unbound by latitude—

seas splashed over drawn lines,
islands jostled against
the cupped hand of a gulf.

This world, shaky but true.
I'll watch over it now.
But remember—it's yours.