

POLAND AT THE DOOR

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stars without handrails.
rails in the rain.
lost trains.
no hand signals.

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i dream of a woman in a suit.
she is going somewhere
in her life. she seeks experts.
there is a knock at the door.
eastern europe wearing bluish leaves
pushes me aside.

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the days of awe, the days between

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the maps have left me out.
no hand signals, failed buses
& billboards offering
military careers, others
bring you new cars in new days
next door to encouragement

POLAND AT THE DOOR

this is not a dream.
belarus is next door.
i invite minsk in.
oh god, i've left
the door unlocked.

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the days between.

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we meet somewhere
at the intersection
of x & x . sensible
dreams speak of this
talk of this aloud.
a man with a suitcase
pauses in an empty parking lot.

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the days between.

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friends wait outside as though
they have keys. look about.
it must be memories of
ancestors on the attack.

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hold on. hold on.
don't answer the door.
the future dallies.
i am dressed in someone
elses clothes, a snag
in the sweater.