

JOANNA FUHRMAN

Old Weather

We are waiting for something to help screw
the sky's head back, so we don't acknowledge

the luminous Unsaid, that heavy black coat
slipping off the damp back of our missing father.

Poor us, one can only pretend to have patience
for so long before the roof falls into the childhood

basement and a mountain of avocado shag carpet
envelops all the memories of half-consummated sex.

The steeple, like any other work of beauty,
keeps pretending to pray for the end of thinking.

The bull, like any other bovine, keeps pretending
to offer us fresh milk, baring its tiny nipples to the sky.

If the dead father were here, he would tell us to stop
making a fuss. Poor man, he was always trying

to say something about the nature of mankind,
but what we actually wanted from him was to let

the sun unfasten its nose, to allow the scent of ripe
blueberries to change the color of the light bulb.

He told us that one way to convince yourself that
you're human is to cry, but that a better way is to hold

yourself completely still, so that the heart of the forest
enters your bloodstream, replaces your cells with fresh

crunchy fronds. Only then will you no longer be bothered
by the pale silver screams reverberating from the city's

canned juice plant. Only then will you feel like an actual
part of the world, something more real than just leafy ideas.