Time=X, Mind=Y

Robin Reagler
TIME=\textit{X}, MIND=\textit{Y}

I can't sleep a baby
cries somewhere the kitten curious squeezes
into a narrow
invisible
slot

of the apartment I hear the
fish go \textit{ping} in its bowl and a wasp bangs
gingerly against
the window

a stealthy feeling stalks

me through daydreams until I am
scared and
then I am
okay

The clock
does my thinking

for me

when it asks, \textit{how is it that I got this moment}

\textit{at your ear}

Consciousness is a layer

of dust on the wing of an

airplane

Robin Reagler

Fall 1998
and so
when the present moment opens

into a new moment, that's
when I remember

Amelia Earhart

and the dream of becoming birdlike and then
I imagine her

flight over
    the flat desert floor

across a blasted ceiling of blue

and fire

and blue