Pastoral

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PASTORAL

You broke it, now cover it up
in the ragged snow that changes
the symmetry of the street’s lining.
In the variety of landscapes it creates,
define yourself —

We walk, and the days are unfortunate
in their longevity. Another early sun
and night to appear.
Create the who
in the speech you do not deliver,
in a day of days on my verandah.

Beauty in artifice. The curve
of the canopy over your head.
Indeed, the light.

These streets are part of you now,
the prints you cannot smooth over,
in a landscape of error —

fill the sound of this day with motors,
keep the appointment, imaginary.
When the traffic is settled in its unity
and you have arrived alone —

Lend yourself to the thought,
here in the morning that leans,
in this city that doesn't want you back:
I own the pieces and I own their order.
You choose the expression that calms you.