Fall 1998

Time=X, Mind=Y

Robin Reagler

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss50/35

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in CutBank by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mso.umt.edu.
TIME = X, MIND = 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 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, how is it that I got this
moment

at your ear

Consciousness is a layer

of dust on the wing of an
airplane
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