Catching Up

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CATCHING UP

Ode to the expertly eyeballed teaspoon.
To what we’re left with: unequal servings. Ode to the impossible us, glancing silence like a reused sieve. To reconnecting. To the old me, in swim trunks and wrestling a fish to the deck. To memories! To dead fish! Ode to our bodies alive as they are. To the cliff one of us will empty the other off of, the day of untimely dismissal.
Our tiny pieces spelling some breezy shape some feet above water. Ode to commitment in wind. To the beautiful behaviors of ocean rocks. How they tumble uneven in the turning current. Ode to movement, impulsive transportation, leaving here to end up there, unfazed. The choice to bike down the skinniest hallway. Ode to goldenrod and misquoting yourself beneath a checkered awning. To Parameters. Stencil-thin screen doors and backyards best used for family gatherings. Ode to gathering families. To you, Elizabeth, and your failure to comment, again on the garden.