

BY ERIK BROCKBANK

Lab Notebook

A future version of myself looks back
wanting to know when
I was married to the knife.
The thin edge whose purpose
to divide pith & pulp.
And was the question always the same:
what makes the moon like a bell
a light or a sound so clear
the sky forms around it?

Some days everyone seems
to be moving past me
the afternoons that widen like a yawn.
I have to remind myself
that it would not be so bad
if all we learned from this
was how to sing a certain song
one that hopes and hopes and hopes:
look how close
like two crows watching from a tree
to wonder & to wander.