

Equinox

and the warmth returns.
From an Adirondack
slick with morning mist
drifting in across the Monongahela
the way sleep wanders the mind
like a child in a mall
unaware he is lost
I watch Otto take his morning
sniffs around the yard; I'm trying
to appreciate the little things.
Each apparition of piss
on a parking meter or
fire hydrant is Otto's way
of reading the newspaper.
Teddy takes in his morning
cigarette next door and
each drag is a whisper
an ember's echo. I ask for one
in my head, but a sun-filled
breeze reminds me
the square root of 81
is 9, not 3 like I thought
running flashcards with Meg
on the other side
of last night's dreams
which showed me fear
like the year's first dew
can be the birth of something
you never expected to love.