

The Slavery of the Ordinary

That life we had looks like a waiting room from here.
Grains of it (memory) stirred up just now, uninvited.
I see why nostalgia is so addictive.
Now only wide areas of laze remain;
mild afternoons of idle song,
long, unprogrammed evenings.
(We must have had *something* to fight over—
what was our gripe again?)
I fill in the blanks with a gauze of contentment.

Today, this strange concocted desert,
with its tract-like oases, its subdivided mirage,
is where dangling becomes instinctual,
awkwardness, my new career.

Eventually, my dance mimics a stick figure's,
and all new partners take me for
the arch stylization
you see before you.

The creature inside the creature
is wincing and shaking his head: "*Enough!*"
It storms off, leaving me stranded, alone
with the cartoon of my immediate needs.