**Sometimes, Clear and Fleeting**

Abigail Weathers

She speaks of herself in the faintest voice

sometimes. This is the click of the hammer.

This is the barely perceptible groan of the earth

before ground becomes space.

We have met before. By chance

Our lines have intersected often.

I am adept, now, at traffic orchestration.

But sometimes, sometimes…

It is the way we are wired—

to sip the occasional gulf of grief,

flicker-dancing between electric green.

To forget which way the cars come from

and how fast,

stacking up neatly days dreamed, with the rain

and the sun-dappled past

and all of the years we should like to take with us

next time, now knowing

The scope of the sky is enormous. Its edge

cannot be perceived, can’t be gripped,

ripped away, or outrun.

It is an overturned bowl of pink quartz

stained periwinkle. Static and mourning.

So smooth and wide, one side

might as well be the other.

But home is a restless girl, as well as kind.

She moves on, as plainly as she entered

and slips from my hands like birdsong.

Perhaps you can hear it too: the cries

of the chuck-wills and the whippoorwills

whooping and wheeling through the pines.