

Everyone Is Noah

To say it, “the myth of a future.” She stands beside the neighborhood schoolyard and finally she hears the chain-link’s inaudible laugh, as all its eyes wink closed and open again in unison, changing the landscape behind it. To say it, and still there is her city’s weekly cans-and-bottles pick-up, her neighbor’s petition to save the block’s four trees, her sidewalk with all the addresses newly painted again on the curb just last week. She values each toy device for promoting sufficient calm to endure periodic spasms. No impoverishment of “clean fifteen” vegetable lists and rules to regulate plastics. Yet the myth needn’t shift more than an increment for her to be, already, where elements, previously incompatible, combine.