

## *Imagine*

the horror of this dry land  
when we realized that we  
could never go back: Sun

above us, electrical, outlandish, after  
we'd started to breathe the air and  
looked around ourselves, under-  
standing for the first time, and the last.

But you still remember the cool  
rocks, don't you?  
The swaying plants? *The slow-  
motion formlessness of that.* The

sonar navigation, which was  
eternity back then? Time's  
spermatic passing before Time was?  
While we were swimming in it, as in

the lost tranquility contained in that one last,  
loose pill in the bottom of the dresser drawer.  
(I knew I could find it if I threw everything  
else in the room on the floor.)

But also immemorial:

The way this teenage girl at the mall  
leans against a wall. Her  
blue eyes are fixed on mine, knowing  
she'll become me, although  
she can't imagine me at all.