

DAN CHELOTTI

## *Memoir*

I'm not worried about anything  
But my inability to remember  
Everything. The lichens  
In the marmalade light  
On the backyard boulders  
Of forever ago? No problem.  
The horizontal blades of winter  
Rain on the window of the commuter  
Rail train. Got it. But the weight  
Of her asleep on my lap. Gone.  
I have no problem with the moments  
That will live forever, my problem  
Is with the ones that won't. The last  
Thing my father said to me,  
Apparently, is not one that will.  
The first time my daughter  
Smiled at me? Somehow,  
Fuck all, that's gone. Why does  
The ailanthus out the window  
Rattling against the wind  
That is in it get to win?  
In the round game of what  
We take with us the poetry  
Is not in the events,  
It is in the ceiling fan's  
Chain clinking against  
The summer rain landing  
On the lilacs encasing  
The screens. That image  
Alone devours several  
Summers of events.  
How can that be?  
Must I remain content  
With the doves on the deck  
And the lilies obnoxious  
On every surface when I could

Remember a single word from  
2003? We have no  
Way of ever knowing,  
Unless, of course, it is a kiss  
Under a tree that is not  
At all protecting you  
From the pouring rain.