

CHRISTOPHER KONDRICH

*Placeholder*

I've placed this  
inside the envelope  
I slipped beneath  
the door to many  
years from now  
when I no longer  
coincide with myself,  
when I've forgotten  
what I've chosen  
not to remember  
and I may or may  
not have witnessed  
what I've seen,  
when what I had  
been doing without  
realizing it was aging  
the world, using a trowel  
to apply aging, its  
thick putty filling  
chinks in the surface,  
smearing them with  
beams of light (*see also:*  
time) that chinks  
can also refer to,  
so that no room  
could pass through  
the lack of room left  
for me to age  
meant ensuring  
that I not be present  
even in presence,

that my constant evaluating  
be a twine strung  
from being to being  
here (I would pull on  
the *e* and feel *val*  
at my palm before  
the twine would  
fray and burst),  
I'll open to where  
this has been holding  
the page beneath it,  
the real page  
with the real poem  
I was never able  
to write because  
I thought it could  
be written, I'll recall  
how I had to allow  
things to happen  
before they could,  
how my need to control  
diminished my capacity  
to withstand even  
the frailest iteration  
of change, how I  
often reached into  
the myriad of  $\pi$   
expecting to pull  
the same number,  
the same lock of  
the door I'll find  
this under  
keyed to waxing  
or waning crescent.