

DRAFT OF A NOTE FOR RUNNING AWAY FROM HOME

All winter the sun hung like an unglazed light bulb dead
center in a quonset hut. How the somewhere else

of this place gets spelled out: in the contrail of
an ascending jet, as white as

an old scar, angled between the muscular brick forearm

of a Presbyterian church steeple and the worn-thin dime
of another full moon in daytime.

The usual agencies argue for departure: New York City
grinds its jaws in our direction,

and after her old California address turned up again,

the thought of it snoozed like a burglar gun next to
my sleeping left ear.

First, an apparatus of purpose. Then bye-bye.