

The weight I felt the body
Inside my body shake loose
Enough to let the body
Outside my body peel away.

BEAUTIFUL MOMENTS

Like when you walk out of the bus reading, the book
still in your hand and it's suddenly raining,
or someone's left the door to the *kawiarnia* open and it's
raining outside on the street but still light out, Saturday

afternoon. It's quiet. Everyone else is alone here, too.
Look, a little tear has appeared in the city's lining
so you can enter, finally, and not feel so weird
about having returned once again for no reason.

Though maybe every return's a return in search of reason,
shuffling these moments back and forth so what happens
today is replayed across a surface from three years ago—
or not: after all, sudden rain on concrete in Cracow

smells the same as it does in Chicago. And look, even here
a man sits waiting *pod Adasiem* for his lover, who
arrives. Finally. They kiss each other lightly on the lips
then walk away together out of no one's sight.