

Yesterday and Tomorrow

In the Reverie Rental Shop I found seven kinds
of pinecones named for trees
that would never grow.

It was 2001 in New York City and pinecones
were hard to come by.

There were seventeen species of forks
and at least a dozen varieties of plastic grapes
and stuffed cats who had been loved by someone.

All the verbs were deliciously flat.
Once you realized there weren't dirty pictures
on the backs, you stopped paying attention.

In this case loneliness was a good thing;
we rested. Dust a kind of blanket
for the catatonic teapot.

And who was I? The window, of course,
counting spiders and the retreating forms of men.