

Like a starfish like many tunnels
Which go on infinitely
In these several directions
Embracing the damp
The drunk
Holding on
To the waves
To the earth

Turning Back / Michael Sheridan

for my brother

We were born in a town no one famous came from.
The planet just dragged us around.

Often there was a deadness in the air—
the stench of mayflies rising

from the Mississippi, smoke from the paper mill
riding any wind that strayed near shore.

Children grew older, married & multiplied.
No one said anything new.

We've left that town a hundred times for good.
Anywhere we go the sun comes up the same

and in the same old place,
like a woman used for years unfairly; the wind

still runs from leaf to leaf; we've seen other rivers
turning in their beds & other lives going on routinely.

Sometimes we stop & touch each other, then reflect.