

BOYER RICKEL

*Sometimes When a Story Is Told*

This one from the bus driver's dream—  
a newspaper darkening  
on a doorstep from morning mist.  
Little brothers in pressed white shirts  
sitting like bowling pins at attention:  
each child, if behaved, permitted  
a thimble of whiskey  
the smell of which awakens her  
in tears.

In such a detail  
a possible largeness of spirit  
beyond your reach.  
An old refugee  
argues with himself over  
the nuances of the word for "guess" in each of his six languages.  
In the middle of a brisk travelogue, a woman  
stops to talk about a cart  
overflowing with barrels of olive oil seen from a train.  
She struggles to remember its importance  
until prodded, *Move on to the next town!*—at which point  
she folds over in laughter.