MARIANNE BORUCH

Is the Past What’s Left in the Glove Compartment

of a totaled car? Disc five there once, the library lectures-on-tape (*Daily Life in the Ancient World*) however fog-socked-in shattered day of arrival.

But *arrival:* that would be

the Present waiting for a Future to soothe and clean up after spills, the bloody broken moving parts.

What a mess. Poetry. Just a lot of questions answered the dumb way, the muddy hard way via the silence it comes from,

the mirror that reverses and breaks when you stare into it, the camera that won’t click right anymore.

Be careful what you predict, poet,

what you hang on to like a prophet does. Be careful of that ever-distant dot on the horizon in you as you walk into fire and flood.