

HERE, NOW
(2016)

Here, Now
Real Estate
Late Afternoon

HERE, NOW

Start now, before dawn,
waiting for the sun

to reveal the quotidian.
So many hours of light.

Will you leave your house
and trip, breaking your wrist?

Or bump into a friend,
rushing to work?

Start here, at your desk.
Is life a narrative?

Yes, birth. Yes, death.
In between? Get up and walk.

REAL ESTATE

Up late, this uncertain night,
not a light on opposite.

My friends, asleep,
have lives, secure identities.

I do not. Instead I claim
a cough, a bruise, an art.

Property is theft.
The self? A vacant plot.

LATE AFTERNOON

For Connie Veenendaal

Generations of tricycles,
seated on each one

a tiny hope,
trundling down the street

until we hit curbstone,
treacherous brick,

or smooth concrete,
gentle slope. What luck!

Ahead, the home we left,
our mothers waving

hello, goodbye,
as we determinedly pedal on.

David M. Eberly