

# Real Time

*by David Ackley*

Not that it ever is, here upswimming  
delusionary

like G and I arguing about where de-- and  
illusion part company, and if...

November dribbles down the glass

Somewhere people are killing  
others without mercy

always?

The remaining pines through the window  
scrawny tall ragged

sway

in a bucolic village once  
a copper smelting waste

stone iron furnace now  
a monument to  
worthless pennies

Can't conjure what to thank for what

