

Time Change in Florida #2

by Nonnie Augustine

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Sapped, yes. But not finished. Not yet.
So what if I mostly live in my head?
Who says I have to be out running around
improving body income outgo technical savvy?

The dizzy awe of a Southwestern canyon at my feet,
a clean expanse of sunlit snow, a seat at a small iron table
on a terrace near a bridge spanning a shady canal, a few ducks.
Yes. I do yearn,

but fuck that. The wizardry of Greek goats on the cliffs,
the exquisite calm of Prince Edward Island, conquests and
seductions—
random delicious recollections lively and reasonably true live on
in Whitmanesque abundance, drifting, thundering, startling.

Come to my sunny room. We'll lie in my ancient bed,
sing German Lieder, dance the pavane.
Come to my spacious room. Help me get this right.

