

All there is

by Sara Fitzpatrick Comito

mistake intention for actual memory
the lack of speed is frightening,
running to deal with the crisis,
not getting there fast enough
and you never did turn on the tea.

There are monks who say if you
didn't get enough early on in life,
you need anchoring to the earth.

You need buttered broths and to
copy old writings by hand by
very poor light.

Ruin your eyes
it always comes back to the mother
somehow.

We're not equipped to
deal with speeding trains, that step
off the platform always the skirting
of two unknowns

one of going, one of coming away
and no — it's not the same thing.

The relief of meeting with something
solid. Let them step over my fetal
form. All the subway police need to know:
here is all there is.

