

# Modes of Motion

*by* A. Pseudonym

In Delphi, no oracle, I  
was driven, until I  
began to drive myself  
it was out through green or tawny fields and  
up and over little ridges  
where the thin trees are growing thick

Then, next door in Bourbonnais, it was time  
to lounge in summer vans, passing up to Wisconsin woods  
Eau Clair and Iron Mountain  
where it's cold even in July, and I  
remember the music I played on old pianos  
and the voices that sang with my fingers

Cairo - and Jerusalem and Damascus  
and Istanbul, red-roofed on the straight  
and Sinai where you discover the sun  
and Galilee, which spreads out like spring  
and the beach dogs of Dahab and the cave of the saint in the desert  
to get there we hitchhiked and took risks in our heads  
we let fly our heads out the windows, and were ignorant

Toronto, you lovely bridge of mine, I  
trudged in your snow for a book and a drink  
content both to leave and arrive, whatever the means,  
while the talk was like scotch on the tip of my tongue  
and everyone was at home in my brain

And then Korea, the new soul, where I  
freely bumped and shoved, where I  
stumbled and slept and loved, where I  
saw an ocean drained and filled

at the flats of Saemangeum  
and flew back to America on reworked wings

Now in Portland, I ride.  
In the mornings coming home  
with the sun at my back getting ready  
I glide and huff toward Willamette, and  
after Sellwood am so pleased when I see it  
the city lining the ridge with expectations  
the rowers keeping silence in the current  
two cats on the tracks, fed by strangers  
sometimes I curse the wind against my face  
but when I get home I find I was glad  
of the resistance

