

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

