

# Poem before Video Store

*by* Phoebe Wilcox

Last night was full of little fists  
and  
another state filled with foreignors  
and one  
elusive love.  
He was every age and  
I made pasta at the festival  
absentmindedly put everything I had  
into the pot.  
Searching for him  
every hour  
everywhere.  
Searching  
for what?  
Tilted windmills  
toppled windmills  
lies and deceptions  
perfectly rendered?  
My straw hat was returned to me  
by his mother.  
She smiled and I was glad.  
But really  
morning is never  
so charitable.

