

Before You Measure the Universe

Joel Kady

From the windowpane, we take our tranquil position, ponder
The sun that's drawing its fingers
Fixedly from the weathered
Maple porch. Prompt as a kitten's
Break for water
Silhouettes take their seats,
No more, no less than guards
Trading shifts; a nod will do

(left the keys in the same spot
the nod tells us)