A Semi-Scientist's Spirituality, Nonetheless

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Ryan Chighizola Prize Honorable Mention

fresh apple slices in a
paper bag lunch
new pens
a glass of water square ice cubes
condensation hitting the sun
just right
on the back porch next to a tree that won't die
   no matter how many times
I let it freeze
finding the shirt I lost two months ago
my mother's hands
     delicate
in the way they kiss
     without mouth
   sprinkle sugar
and lemon juice
oolang tea ripest Georgia peaches
my father's health
grabbing the right key the first time
swollen
cheeks lips under-eyes from undisturbed rest
undisturbed rest
a good plop
on the couch
hot coffee
   extra cream
warm fur of gray cat loaf under hand as I inhale
            my morning cigarette breakfast
I don't know what happens when people die
at all
it turns out—it's a holy-like
experience to comfortably sit in this threshold of
smeared edges
acutely aware
of the unidentified vastness of space and the humanosphere of relevance we consider

time
during an impossibly brief light of existence
and still find
solace

when I think about
        my mother's hands