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NOELLE KOCOT

PAYING ATTENTION

He is not doing well. She is not
“Doing well.” They are not doing well.
And so the new day blooms with its
Frills held tight across the window.
If I could know that which resembles
Me, if I could taste the insistences
Of dusk, I would rise from the shocked
Grass and imagine a shelter of miniature
Tides. Trouble always follows me. If
I left for some other clime, I would
Be confronted with the sparkling repose
Of hours for a little while, and then
The hammer would come down like
The sides of a city avenue over me.
And so I stay, oh, I stay, and I report
The greenness of the alphabet disappearing
Over my faded jeans. X, you
Have witnessed every disaster, and I know
You know it’s true. Still, that is no reason
To stop running, like an untraceable phone.