One Moment, Please

Mil Riese

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ONE MOMENT, PLEASE—

Mil Riese

I can't believe it's the end of the line and nothing can be changed a hell of a lot. What do earrings matter, or asphalt which forgets children's steps, or a spot like all spots, because I always spill coffee? What's more important, what matters more than rounding out today with my breath, and beauty I recall? Sun bars on an old floor, kisses and vows, little red shining boots (a child conquering mud), and I know all the stars of Arizona can't be impacted on any eyes but mine. I think of swimming in quarry green and tender turquoise. Awake or sleeping I soak sunlight, I feel reggae, my body assumes the pose appropriate in every case, and every face is a map to figure out — asking, which way? Oh, go with me awhile, 'cause it's still light, and I am so reluctant, hating the color gray.