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“Not About Now But Right After”

LOOKING around for the black & white cat I glance out the back window & see instead my black & white high-top basketball sneakers sitting there on the terrace directly in front of the chair where I just took them off maybe five minutes ago before coming inside to bring in the mail which included a copy of Joanne Kyger’s hefty collected poems *About Now* & then standing there in the kitchen leafing through that big tome encompassing more than forty years of a life of poetry aware of my head being affected even by the random scanning of lines so that a few minutes later when I see my empty shoes in front of the chair on the terrace it’s as though the person that was me has vanished leaving only a pair of paint-spattered high-tops as a reminder—a Magritte-like soft surrealist still life appearing to me like some kind of graphic concrete poem with its deftly embedded message of the sheer evanescence & finite temporality of existence which under any other circumstances might have been a sternly sobering & disconcerting early-morning existential flash but not after looking at all those fine wonderful poems about the vagaries of presence & all its transitory glory & just then the black & white cat comes strolling around the corner of the house stops & looks up at me through the living room window with his cock-eared curiosity & suddenly we’re all there again.

**2009 Wood Coin: Watch the Star-crack
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