

Boomerang

It's that tickling thought of returning once more
If only never to return again.
The long view just became too damn long.
And that buzz—that karmic arc, reminding us
Of a younger self—this time kicks off
At high noon. Back of the ole watering hole.
Can't keep bumping into each other like this, you say,
Shaking the dust from your boots, the sun from your eyes.
Then flicking back the trigger . . . what's to be afraid of?

The choices were made with a shrug,
Time was sleep and fog.
Tomorrow's echo, a fresh cut flower.

These are roundabout closures, droughts and floods,
All or nothing odds—don't you know?—the old score
Will never be settled. The gates are locked.

At least the beginning was pure.
The exits new.

Don't worry: it'll all come around—
Life on your eyebrows, the long drive to sea,
Carrots of chance, simple quirks.

No one can fall like you.