



...october 7 2011...

a telephone that almost rings  
records the answering machine -  
a television wrapped in mute  
flickers channels back and forth -

i am somewhere caught between  
the silence and the answering -  
between the streets of passers by  
and rooms of shifting furniture -

always here and always now  
i pull tomorrow through today  
into this pinnacle that rides  
all past and future histories.

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