

## Being the Neighbor

Opinions on crime vary by neighborhood

Physicists have known for years that crime is a window of shadows.  
Velvet curtains, a morning poisoning or weekend benedict on the side. Shake of salt.  
They're right about the travel. Don't leave your neighborhood unless it's a must  
Stay put. To accelerate energy over the green lawn  
turns memory relative.  
Other studies have been done, and these agree: travel is a real threat.  
According to such velocity an event can happen.  
Absolutely anything, for real  
They are right about that.

We sit on the porch floor, faster than light, rowing by our chairs.  
Nothing by the porch with our oar-shadows.  
Nothing rains by the pool, a thousand times ingrained in the light law of doorknobs.  
Tighten, swell, snap. Purple fleshy springback blemish.  
We sit on thousands of years. The porch is made of our chairs.  
Nothing goes faster than us. Light lasting eight days or a bruise is a non-thing.  
Place where the car was left parked yet open like a vulnerable evening  
Like someone leaving the window.

It's particles known as photons, but not physicists. It's particles of light known  
as absence. It's the window everyone knows shows nothing  
of what's inside. If you are still standing, looking out.  
Physicists know photons, but no law says light  
is decent. No scientist claims to know all the neighbors' rules  
after dark. On our watch, particles of blanks unspoken. Framed and shuttered.  
A special relativity dictates how we see what we're looking at.  
It's not light. Sound of empty garbage  
bins settle dust.  
Might the rosebush wheels sound like someone moving  
farther  
out by the  
fence.

Dismember a cattail at the periphery, another  
summer repeats its lesson.  
We can't row all the way to the end of sight.  
We're tired. We can't shimmy down  
light.

The mundane summer friends, lily pad, cala-cloud, cattail, pupil  
can we mark moments faster  
than the day marks us  
than actually go            familiars.            Lens, degree aim, half-life  
can the sun ascend the shortest day, length of the shortest sky?  
Sun's highest half-decaf   hand crank   manual repair   mail-order   foam gasket.  
Paperclip, turned hook-eye sewing set convenience parking lot swing set  
store stolen minutes within its spring; mid-day marks the sun's highest point  
our shadows' shortest time to shrink the year. How strange that the date marks think  
to do that. Those mundane friends actually travel faster than the sun's rays.  
Length of scratchy touch   dropped            reverberating   hand-held  
                                         soft grip ten pound   row.  
*You don't say? A break-in? Last night?*

Didn't you say you were barbequing by your pool and lifting weights?

*I had my headphones on.*

Right around ten-thirty when the sun was setting, did you or your kids notice  
anything  
a strange car or yelling?

*NOPE- by then we were indoors, sir, watching sitcoms. Didn't hear anything  
but the canned applause.*

In disagreement, events don't exist at all.

A breakfast over salted or under prepared can be the real cause of death.

According to substance, memory can exceed event. We can forget an act is  
criminal. We can reinvent ourselves according to the values of a new neighborhood. Go  
sit with those on the other side, where all of this is the normal everyday.

Anyway, if you had to you would do it, right? If I held a gun to your head and made you.

It would take infinite anything            to force such a meeting.