

Marco Maisto

Object Permanence

It was time to do surgery on the year, find other people
to ask about the contumbled habitats in the park
and on the body. Each grass is warmer
or colder than the grasses around it. I don't feel like this is a story

for me to tell. Green rivulet.
Open channel. A habitat hidden in plain sight,
like a miniature clockwork village
obscured by the wood grain of its inhabitants. Green rivulet. Tiny mountain.

This is not a moment I am qualified to describe.

I hope that by saying this of myself
it will become true of you. Open channel.
Plain-sight habit. An unknowing-machine oscillates at the heart
of the mound in front of us. Noisy green grass.

Uncountable nouns. I am or we are a monument
to thought-space and funny, feigned terror:
this, and these—and hey, try counting these on these. Handful of rices.

Your posture is ink-black, waterproof, closed-looped; and yes, it contrasts better
set against the giants here than the ones back there. Forest green shadow.

I know that this moment

is laminated on top of another version of today.
Where you kneel, sifting through the grass. Open chatter. And then another,
where you stand above yourself,
fingers grasping at the earlobe closest the reader. We share a very long past

with no mutual experiences. This is you without history.
This is me without history. Curious open channel. City falling through the earth.

