

In the Neighborhood

As I was arriving...

I thought: *this is how long it took to get here.*

I mean there were so many thoughts before,
that finally led to this action

Forks in the road –

with all those structures built before.

So, why couldn't I have been here earlier?

Made the critical decisions quicker –

Or, simply stepped forward.

There is a song the sailor sings

when he's lost at sea

and can't find – me.

Rarely will the buzz differentiate
amid our crowded places.

In departing those conversations
that subtly shift
or snap –

Startles this solitary space.

When our old fallen sailor stumbles on – without sea legs

Dragging along the agendas and debates:

– who should have done this?

– how could this have been?

The Germans call it – *die Grenze.*

That space or zone at the edge

The boundary between this and that –

high and low,
which over time shifts –
Even its imaginary dimensions
to become – mythic.

Roots poke curious fingers
into all our sticky stuff
and wills migration –

My sudden body of bees
swarms forth –

All the hair on end –
Our hive is in motion.

V.O. & text: j. sturgeon 2017

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