

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.

text: j. sturgeon 2017

"roamin", Bradley/Sturgeon ©2017