

Jacob Kelly

The Raptor Finds His Wrenwood Ave.

The sound of news like a lawnmower.
Figures backfire. There's always a little coffee
cold at the bottom of the glass.

He looks out the window and says
I don't know you, but he doesn't
understand that's never been the point

of a cul-de-sac. Under us there is an ocean
vibrating in the pipes, waiting
to return home. If I stop watching,

I can almost forget what's happening
as sprinklers mist the air.
Mayflies spin like atoms.

The black phoebe picks off
a grasshopper sputtering over the fence.
How much more beautiful can fatigue be?

I close my eyes to spy on the blue falcon.
He dives into the trees like a fork.
The mockingbird in his belly is singing
to me.

Awake

After the dream, it's like you just left
and there's nothing else to talk about.
But then the world is a cake of ashes
balanced at the end of a cigarette.
No one's pinned down the exact
nature of photosynthesis.
The horizon is always a fraction of zero. And, perhaps,
long ago, in the same setting, I discovered no one
wants to talk about loneliness. Like I need someone
to examine a questionable mole on my butt cheek.
Like we're all bodies in empty space
and I'm too dense for my size.
They sip their beer. Their eyes wander toward the TV.
Nothing is bottomless, they say;
there is no other universe where this isn't happening;
take the dog on a walk and remember what it's like to be a person.
So I get out of bed and drive the dog to the pet store.
I buy her a pig's ear and it feels like I'm donating to charity.
I also blame this on you.

Jacob Kelly lives in California with his two dogs. Currently, he is trying to find time to fish.