

NO MORE THAN THIS, PROVINCETOWN

Half a mile from the center of town, north
over pavement cracks running like fate lines
across Pine Street, one block in from the sea,
there's a cottage with morning in the yawn
of a window open above the sink. I watch
the crescent moon, like a wind-curved sail,
vanish, while blue slowly rreclaims the sky,
and light regains the trust of violets abloom
with fresh spider webs spun stem to stem.
The room rises with the taosting of bread,
there's a stick of butter puddling in a dish,
a knife, burgundy apples ready to be halved,
a pint of blueberries bleeding on the counter,
and little more than this. A nail in the wall
with a pair of disembodied jeans, a red jersey,
and shoes embossed by the bones of my feet
and years of walking. I sit down to breakfast
over the nicks of a pinewood table and I am,
for a moment, not afraid of being no more
than what I hear and see, no more than this:
the echo of bird songs filling an empty vase,
the shadow of a sparrow moving through
the shadow of a tree, disturbing nothing.