

MEMENTO

"Perhaps the universe is suspended on the tooth of some monster."

- Anton Chekhov

The cosmic black sheath
You see tonight really
The back of his throat

Yawning, bored with some
Interstellar dinner party.
Black holes final proof

He likes to slurp the white
Hot soup of stars.
The salty seas of Earth

Lip-smacking blue, but
Moon a cold, dark dish
Of absence, loss, regret—

Even monsters can't forget.

...

IN CENTRAL MICHIGAN

Here, farms gather at the interstate
Like a band of gypsies, curious
To travel into those distances not
Checked by barns or grain houses.
Yet I suspect people in this place
Know each other the way folks
Used to: slowly, deeply, like a field
Worked far into so many summer
Dusks, bounties to be. The black
Earth here seems like the truth
No one ever got around to telling me

- Jon Ballard