

ADAM NORMAN SCHELLE

Central

A word, necessarily,
from down a throat and to the left,
to take the place of me in certain rooms;

a drawn-out symmetrical whisper
like a moaning cello: blatant in nature
but less important. The scent
of week-old solipsism hangs

like smoke lodged in clothing—
sometimes there is only the past.

Later, which will then be now,

someone will hear something through
a wall—or at least say they did—
and then two things will be true;
it will be impossible to tell them apart;

bespoke realities, conveniently
structural like the language
of exotic numbers, intentionally obdurate.
Beyond all this, the quotidian—

its elements so unmistakable and pure
they become intolerable: inflated pedantry
woven through like irrigation.

On a slate grey Sunday, leaves at their last,

in all their not-long-for-this-worldly
brilliance, prostrate themselves (you imagine)
at your feet. As you stand motionless

tracing the paths of each of their falling,
you resurrect your faith in *someday*.
All the while, through a window,

which is not really a window,
you are watched by someone whose name

makes the sound of equidistant stones—

a perceptive architecture that *allows you*.

The wind blows; it begins to rain.
Overhead, a flock of geese passes.

Everything, and the leaves that lie dying (rejoicing)...

Nothing has ever seemed so alive; nothing
has ever seemed so already gone.