

ADAM NORMAN SCHELLE

Waterfront Momentary

A sparrow lives above the floodlight

Beneath it is the warmest place to stand

I imagine the world into the world:

Miles away a young man
twenty or so
is picking at the skin of his elbow
thinking what size band-aid
he'll need

Much closer than he a snake cranes
its neck finding it is not the dusk
turning the sky amber

but a barn burning down;
there is ash on its tongue

I focus on the feeling of my feet
against patio pavement;
I inhale
then exhale necessarily

I try to remember not being—

I try to remember becoming

The first thing:
it is early morning *Today*
you are three, she says
The room is pale blue The room
is cold...

Then the rest of it...

When winter was the most beautiful word;
the years I only saw night; when I was

not known by someone; when I could not
imagine *now*

The sparrow shifts in the nest
above my head

I imagine the world into the world:

Somewhere an orchestra
plays in a minor key;
the lake waltzes in waves,
listening saying *thank you...*

Once I was so far away
I was far away from here