Imagine the sun going up. A wilderness that plays and plays. A first flame that passions cheeks red. The softening of a spirit. Imagine a flagpole, the shadow overlaying a meadow's only flaw. The inertia of this becoming. Imagine fine French muskets at a wedding. Imagine this wedding. Forget the details and the knowing. The taste of cherry pie with coffee under the cabana. The smell of that inside.

Imagine the sun going through the window. Dust as a tool for depth perception. Dust as the details. The leaving and the going of memory at eighty-one degrees this year. Imagine the heart a time-bomb. No sadness greater than the knowing. Imagine the sun finally bursting. How a wilderness quiets after gunshots. Change nothing. Imagine for once, a peace here. Forget it.