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This Young Country

February 15, 2018

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.

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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.