

To Whom It May Concern, As Long As It Concerns You

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It's not what you may
Think It to be—
Subtler Sand on feet and lights
Strung between two buildings;
How might I remember your hands?
Rubbing your eyes; picking food
From your teeth?
Will there be room for my name
On the aging surface
Of your tongue tomorrow?

Wake me, crawl
Inside me like a sunrise
Through hotel blinds; like a major
Artery There's no reason
To make me go home yet – no
Reason for an orchid to die—;
It is understood: Simpler,
The ripples of mid-day
Freezing; it is
This, not that.