

Alejandro Escudé

The Varying Constant

Watching it all unfold; the snowy-haired lawyer
and the trees outside with a goldfinch in them,
I sense the beginning of the universe with its
faster light, and the cosmic horizon. Ashamed
I stare into my phone waiting for the chime,
but time floats away from me, putting more distance
between myself and its gallant, square windows.
A full moon caressed by clouds in a lavender sky
framed by jacaranda trees. June gloom and everyone
ensconced at their local bar, everyone *has* a local bar,
watching the theatrics of government. As I shower
I see two black phoebes huddled close outside
the window. One flies, and I feel good and towel off.
My body has stopped waiting for it too. I recall
I thought I'd meet a woman as a student in Rome.
But I was lonely in Rome, and a shopkeeper yelled
at me for pissing in his unlit bathroom in the dark.