Beginning

In the beginning, in the list of begats, one begat got forgot: work begets work (one poem bears the next.)
In other words, once there was air, a bird could be got.
Not taken.
Not kept.
But conjured up.

(published in *The New Yorker*)

Future Perfect

Where you were before you were born, and where you are when you're not anymore might be very close. Might be the same place, though neither is as slippery as being here but imagining where you will have been — that point where things land, are finished, over, and gone but not yet.

(published in *The New Yorker*)

Probability

Most coincidences are not miraculous, but way more common than we think — it's the shiver of noticing being central in a sequence of events that makes so much seem wild and rare — because what if it wasn't? Astonishment's nothing without your consent.

(published in *The New Yorker*)

Red Bird in Snow

You can choose to stop short or have it not matter, not weigh the brightness, not hold very still and be known to yourself again. A thing fills with exactly the radiance you accord it.

(published in *Third Coast*)

Belief

Light being wavy and particulate at once is instructive -why wouldn't other things or states present as both/and? For instance I both believe and can't. Holding these together produces a wobble, I think it's time to take seriously as a stance.

(published in *The Georgia Review*)

Proximities

A man walks into a coffee shop. But it's not a joke. I bought coffee there last summer. Small, with milk. It's never a joke to walk in or out of a shop unharmed. It's easy to forget you aren't a person being shot at. I'm not. I wasn't, though I was there last summer. Not-shot-at and I never knew it. Did not once think it. Thinking it now

the moment thins, it sheers and I move back to other coffee shops where I never fell, or bled, and then I sit for a while with my regular cup and feel things collapse or go on, I can't tell.

(published in Antioch Review; featured on The Slowdown, chosen by Tracy K. Smith)