

Some Days it is Necessary to Change the Sky

for Wes

Marlene Pearson

Someone has turned on a light.
I do not like what I see.
I am in a place of boundaries.
You are here.
Some door has been locked.
It is getting difficult to breathe
cement walls/locked windows.
I know neither of us can stand much of this.
But sparse good byes are best in this atmosphere.

I remember how we talked up on the roof
swallowed poems mixed with tuna sandwiches and yogurt
laughed at dispersing clouds
ordering them another way.

Remember the day you moved the sun?
When Jack came you stopped the wind
and since he was from the midwest
and not had the experience
you ordered a mild earthquake.
Such gods we were.

When it rained and the lakes formed (where the roof top sagged)
you simply did your Jesus trick and walked on water
until it seeped through the holes in your European shoes—
soggy reminder of our mortality.

We'd find ourselves a room where we could have talked all night
looking at our words floating out
fragile clouds so tame we held them in our hands
peered into them like a crystal ball
saw the dense growth from where we both had come.

We seemed to have grown from the same seed—not bad
but the climate was all wrong.
Cruel gods with their threats of thunder
and there was too much rain.

We cannot always stop the day.
Burnt sky comes unpinched at its edges—
not good for a poet's mind.

And what is that key you have in your hand?
You say you must unlock your door
count trees of another jungle
go to a world where spun silk weaves new skies.

Yet you wonder about days there—
if there is not a roof
will you be tall enough to reach
the clouds with your fingers
and push them back where they belong?

Remember Jack will be there. Just tell him.
Then watch—he's learned to move whole skies
from one world to another.

When you go
turn off the light
but leave the door open
I need to watch you disappear.