

jordan jones

Insomnia

The furniture is excitable. It lurches
with a pliant, living hum.

Good poetry
has handles and it pulls you along

I walk through woods along old paths
branches

are the great ignorers.

Windows take on the character of the
scenery before them.

Objects don't mind dust
as much as people do.

An open jar of peanut
butter on the table resembles flowers,
I love its fragrance.