

“circumnavigate” just bothered me.

So ten minutes ago I decided to rewrite the whole poem from scratch, and it was shorter, *compress*, Hall always said, *Chris, please, for the love of god, compress*. And now, two pages is four stanzas and it’s marvelous and I am a little less than drunk, but it doesn’t matter.

The poem is gorgeous and the confidence is back and I feed the fish and *finally* stand for a congratulatory smoke, knocking the water over, slamming the top of the lap to rescue the hard drive from the wave and as everything crashes and swells I realize, I never pressed save. And it *doesn’t* matter.

I finally *get* it;
the poem exists for as long as you see it. Poems are “Super Position,” an electron in two places, simultaneously.
A stanza existing and unwriting itself all in the same moment.

In my head I type an apologetic ballad to the girl and crawl into the cold covers of bed, all the while still wondering why circumnavigating just didn’t seem like the right place to end.

Thawing

Mackenzie Moore

My friend told me
LA would thaw me
This is good
she said
tucking my scarf tighter
the brittleness of Chelsea
cutting through both our coats

Mhmm

I nodded
Suspicious.
But I wasn't one to talk
a glistening block of ice
sliding along
unable to be stopped
unable to sit still
unable to be touched

She wasn't wrong
I dripped for a solid year
after moving
Leaving trails behind me
as I tried to acclimate
to the blinding light

This thawing though:
all the water has to go somewhere
That without the municipal pipes
dumping into the East River
you need to find
new storm drains

People in LA cry in their cars
There is no solidarity
like crying on the train
where someone will
shoot you *the glance*
that infinitesimal nod
We've been there,
you'll be okay

You cry in the sunshine
and it feels like a joke
Like the equipment van
parked on your street
will call wrap
so you can go back to
whatever it is you do

Your wish is granted
and so you stop thawing
before you even realize
You go out one morning
ready to wipe up
after your soggy footprints
but they're gone

Huh. Just like that
You nod,
Suspicious.
But you're preoccupied
because your skin is bone dry
Parched. Papery

Could use some cold weather
you lament
But you can't go back to freezing—
Surely it would cause cracks.