

MARIANNE BORUCH

Is the Past What's Left in the Glove Compartment

of a totaled car? Disc five there once,
the library lectures-on-tape (*Daily Life in the Ancient World*)
however fog-socked-in shattered day of arrival.

But *arrival*: that would be

the Present waiting for a Future to soothe
and clean up after spills, the bloody broken moving parts.

What a mess. Poetry. Just a lot of questions
answered the dumb way, the muddy hard way
via the silence it comes from,

the mirror that reverses and breaks when you stare into it,
the camera that won't click right anymore.

Be careful what you predict, poet,

what you hang on to
like a prophet does. Be careful of that
ever-distant dot on the horizon in you as
you walk into fire and flood.