

*July 29, 2020*

*I am sitting in my parked car, alone, with the windows down. This is in a grocery store lot. I steal some time to peck a fragment of language into my phone. The air is hot but there is a breeze, and noticing the relief brought by this fresh, moving air, I soon see the wind animates everything. As it has done, since forever. (How old It must be, and what, exactly, is it?) It is too easy to become lost in the metaphysics, metapoetics, metaphors. I write a line and then another. Words and words. Soon enough I want to label what I am doing: poem. A hawk glides overhead and I start to write about that—*

*Then the business of the day called me away, and I didn't return to the words I'd started to make. About that hawk. I don't recall them. These aren't those words. Those words are lost. The wind swept them away.*