

## Tell Me Not to Lose Sight

On TV, there are many more  
men than women,  
so it seems hopeful. You too  
can be found. But,  
in the evening,  
when the sun goes down,  
I see only the shadow  
of my neighbor's underwear  
hanging on a line.  
I watch what doesn't happen  
until I see everything inverse:  
emptiness where shape is. I am  
like a child who hasn't yet  
made the leap from one  
to two, the concept of  
*more than one*  
stuck in the space  
between a finger,  
and a finger. Who, then,  
can bring things together?  
It is a question that feels  
like a little prayer, a finger  
holding itself up to meet  
its own silhouette.

## An Entrepreneurial Mindset

From work, the road feels doubly long.  
Or reversed, the houses now,  
at night, unfamiliar presences  
tentatively taking shape. Like deer  
nosing from the woods,  
the yellow blinks of windows bump,  
bump, bump to black.  
On the radio, a woman announces  
the local blood supply is blinking out.  
It's been too cold. It's not  
that we're less generous. We've always  
wanted to give. All along,  
you've been repeating the same  
hesitant movements,  
just slower. It's the same  
old road, you're just newer,  
you're new.