

Slow Life

Train the eye to catch
not what's novel, but what remains at all times
the same.

The sag of the neighbour's fence
which has been sagging, like a pair of faded pyjamas
from some thin little body,
for years.

The paint peeling from the old man's eaves,
and the bony tree in his yard across the way,
with those clinging rust-coloured leaves.

The street and sidewalk
flat between your homes.

To train the eye to catch
that which marks time, the real rhythm
of our world, which is slow.
And which only accelerates
in rare bursts:

the weeds
that run amok in the old man's yard
when he finally dies,
when his house doesn't sell.

Jacob Bachinger