

Despite myself, I delight in rocking alone as myriad  
birds squawk & the broken fountain splashes three

hot hours after Georgia said Isaac Babel wrote  
the best stories not only in history, but that anyone

could ever imagine. Is that a jay with the ruffed head  
in silhouette? I am beside myself, right arm perpetually

draped across my brother's granite-hard shoulders.  
Was that my twin striding up Jan's front walk, the one

she called "fierce"? I think not, for it must have been  
"me." One sip of a White Russian is quite enough

for a lifetime & yes, that *is* a fire-spotter circling  
in the painful blue up there, so it *is* good to prop

one's feet on a basalt slab & not doubt that a splintered,  
civilized self can maybe wallow a toe in a tepid puddle

dribbled from a green hose without guilt or further thought.

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# Delight in Rocking Alone

by John Repp