

## Remember & Imagine Need Not Be Two Separate Actions

All windows open  
In comes  
the summer  
blend of fresh  
& filth from  
trees & bus  
exhaust There  
was a trolley &  
then there wasn't  
but the clangs  
rattles that  
soundtracked our  
passage haven't  
disappeared  
The Wissahickon  
Schist that these  
walls are made of  
has many uses  
like holding onto  
the sound of  
where we've been

If you want  
a history lesson  
you don't even  
have to get up  
Let me get you  
coffee & pie  
The ghosts in  
this house are  
older than we are  
That's how they  
got to be ghosts  
Portraits are  
witnesses to  
all that made  
these rooms breathe  
Mice chew on  
the foundations of  
nationhood  
that are left in

the basement  
as droppings  
Slaveries declare  
an ending then  
deftly shift There is  
freedom in here  
because we are  
together

That said let's  
take the caffeine  
& snacks to  
the porch Feel  
fire as the asphalt  
gets soft This is  
the weather when  
church bells swell  
our chests &  
the smell of jerk  
chicken makes  
our insides  
feel greasy Take  
a sip to savor  
pilgrims that drive  
down the street  
slow & confused  
in search of  
shrines the homes  
of the giants of jazz  
From Oslo to  
Tokyo they  
look for  
the soundlabs that  
made them feel  
at home here When  
I say here this time  
I mean planet earth

Take a bite &  
hear hi-hat in  
distance This  
history happens  
now in the park  
A potluck horn  
session w/  
BYOBeats  
picnic blankets  
strollers contact  
highs This has  
been nice for  
this weather but  
there was  
a trolley &  
then there wasn't  
Night then  
day then  
night then day  
Autumn falls  
w/ leaves from  
trees The new  
supermarket is  
more upscale than  
customers are &  
cold is  
approaching Moving  
trash trips over  
broken sidewalks  
It leaves  
traces of blood in  
the cracks

Panic is a stage  
of grief & now  
we take refuge  
in music A little  
girl feels  
lost because she  
wants to

contribute but  
she has lost her bow  
It's a good  
thing we're here to  
remind her that  
remember & imagine  
need not be two  
separate actions  
Tomorrow's garden  
harvest begins w/  
our empty lot  
It's maybe a forest  
complete w/ a  
pool to float  
through the days  
we have We  
grab brooms  
& rake leaves  
to assure  
her that we  
are human shields  
that reverberate  
We are her  
safe space She &  
you & I are  
this house & we  
continue to sing