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
tracies 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