

September's Start

I wish I found a willow
tree peering through my window,
swaddling my street
embracing those walking
below, cradling those crying
as I am today, a hard day, a day
of moving.

Instead, the window
of my new apartment watches
a decrepit corner liquor store
once belonging to Tom
in glaring comic sans.

I judge Tom only in his choice
of lettering. The building matches me—
exhausted wood pulling
from its paneling, broken
glass, peeling paint. I wonder
if Tom matches me too.