

Initial Impression

Savannah is better closer to the river.
At least for people who don't live here.
It doesn't help that they've torn up
Broughton Street which was
our first destination and the furthest
from the river we've been.
Unless you count Los Angeles which
is *very* far from the river, this river.

This river, the Savannah River –
Cross it and you're in the Carolinas.
Walk along it and you'll find
everyone else – all of them.

We happened upon a people circus
a candy store, and I've already mentioned
the risky historic steps.
We hope to learn their story so
we can ascend them with a sense of that weight.
If we were smart we might descend them instead.

The cobblestones, the lingering scent
of the Revolutionary War and
the funk of slavery.

Tomorrow, according to the pattern
we've grown accustomed to
is another day.
It's *forty acres and a mule* day,
It's Fritz day.

If the line isn't too long it'll start with a biscuit
and coffee, those who came before me
described as *fabulous*.
But not now, not this moment.
There is so much to sleep
before I shvitz.

She Is

Addie shoos away a bug with
a pleasant *no thanks* and I
imagine that bug going back
to its friends and saying
*that's the nicest lady I ever
tried to infest.*