

*David Ruekberg
3558 O-at-ka Creek Rd.
LeRoy, NY 14482
585-538-6463
david@restory.net*

The Poplars of August

I say this, but it's not me saying it.
I'm a two-way mirror that looks in on a room
the width of a hand stretched temple-to-temple.

Inside the room houses and people wink
open and closed, trees wave
like trees, the ground moves in big circles.

And these things I tell you about myself –
all lies. I drink to remember
and all I remember is the past.

Meanwhile the present,
the present – if only I could
remember the present – if only

I had some kind of blueprint
or a glassblower's rod to grapple
this light – then I could –

Then I could tell you something I mean.
Meanwhile – the poplars of August persist,
persist,

and the slippery glass I lean into,
and the imprint of my hand
and its valleys and signs.