

Roy Schwartzman

Messy Erasure

First trip to the Appalachians:
heard you could see five states from Lookout Mountain.
No dotted border lines, no proof. Demanded refund.

First all-nighter, no surrender to sleep.
Good-night kisses only drowsy imprints
of clumsy closure, fizzled reassurance.

Last time I hit the backspace key
backpedaled into illusions of clean slates,
faint traces of regret the signature of adventure.
