2015

Placeholder

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I’ve placed this
inside the envelope
I slipped beneath
the door to many
years from now
when I no longer
coincide with myself,
when I’ve forgotten
what I’ve chosen
not to remember
and I may or may
not have witnessed
what I’ve seen,
when what I had
been doing without
realizing it was aging
the world, using a trowel
to apply aging, its
thick putty filling
chinks in the surface,
smeared with
beams of light (see also:
time) that chinks
can also refer to,
so that no room
could pass through
the lack of room left
for me to age
meant ensuring
that I not be present
even in presence,
that my constant evaluating
be a twine strung
from being to being
here (I would pull on
the e and feel val
at my palm before
the twine would
fray and burst),
I’ll open to where
this has been holding
the page beneath it,
the real page
with the real poem
I was never able
to write because
I thought it could
be written, I’ll recall
how I had to allow
things to happen
before they could,
how my need to control
diminished my capacity
to withstand even
the frailest iteration
of change, how I
often reached into
the myriad of π
expecting to pull
the same number,
the same lock of
the door I’ll find
this under
keyed to waxing
or waning crescent.