

You're the deciduous forest

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enamored with Douglas firs. If you were a character
based in a bestselling novel,

you'd be the annoying one
who never makes it past the first draft. You're the kind of man

who patiently stands by for hours while the phone keeps ringing.
You're the kind of woman

who happily dates that man.
Every time you've uttered something you've misspoken.

Every waking hour, you're half-asleep,
& when summer settles in,

you're wearing skis.
You're so indebted you yearn for when you were simply broke.

If you were a planet, you'd be unmasked as Pluto;
you'd be an asteroid

obsessed with gravity.
If you were the leader of a nation, you'd be overthrown.

If you were the exploited masses, you'd be
every failed insurrection

& every minimum-wage
godforsaken occupation. In architectural terms,

you're what's referred to as a vacant lot. You had potential
but you've wasted that.

Without meaning to,
you've fashioned a life wholly devoid of meaning,

& each person you encounter instinctually recoils.
If you were the soil,

the toxicology reports
would rule out plant growth. Even the desert

would be more fertile. Even the sky would be envied
for its relative foundation.

