

CHRIS TALLEY

Where Do I Sign?

I've been thinking of that house I want to buy
that hangs on a mountain, and after dawn or rain,
this great fog overcomes the vista below

of the valley town and its three steeples,
and I imagine sitting on the porch
and watching the fog until sleepy, a book

in my lap, and sometime after I fall asleep.
I would be in some work shift, not really
working, but my body there talking at

people and shoving coins in soda machines,
vagaring through the purgatory hours
until I drive back to my mountain home

and go out on the porch with my wife, and we
sit there, watching the valley rest until
morning, and then there's that fog again,

but this time, the steeple tops are visible.
Though I have to go to work, I want to stay
and describe them to you, explain the way

the sun comes out on a Tuesday or Thursday
around six, tree limbs bounce with squirrels,
insects spiral through their variations

of life, and I can see an entire town alive,
twitching with windshield glints and squat voices
of horns, garbage truck's banging melody,

and an ambulance shoving itself through streets
and daydreams, my daydreams, wilting when the town
flips off, and those short evenings begin

with the six o'clock news, a comedy
at seven and eight, a book in bed, a kiss
good night, and a conscience atrophying to dream.