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Long Ago into the Future

I get confused. So an acorn that
pretends itself for years into the giant oak
could nevertheless be windfall,
kaput. One blistery night
can do that. I've seen
clear evidence in the woods.

By the time the future hits, there will be a past
with our names all over it. Names
brought up from a distance
do have a solitary, universal ring to them: *here lies
whoever and ever*. Or whomever—
depending on how
the rest of the sentence goes, reversing fate,
subject to object not
seed anymore, not just-starting-out and maybe
that brave. The *such*

of such matters! The twilight way
it weeps or lucks somewhere to come
back there. Rooms,
various unveilings. To be so
infinitive about it—to spark, to hesitate,
all you want.