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All at once & out of nowhere a foundation where once emptied

lot, emptied corner, emptied empty. These days no one's

sure what comes faster: a building taken down or
a building sputtering up. Or the days, passing. Because

here we are again. This morning a white out & still
progress. What to say. How to—. Here? Who can lay

blame. Who can nod, say drift, call it knee-deep & over,
or yeah, mouthing maybe, pronounced altered view, or no,

& sounding out winter—what rushes up, every day that
face we turn into or away from, blinking back & then.

So, another fence, this one temporary—, but who isn't.
I meant it when I said here we are again. Because here

palmed against, against the deep of pocket, against small
ache of back or shoulder, or pressed against any window

where we're looking out & not quite saying not even this
nothing could stay, could leave prints. Not quite saying here

some other morning, hand-traced & slow. Who says each
night turns over & again, says nearly makes it worth it.

Late afternoon, nearly dusk, we'll name roofline—framed-up

& right-angled. Only hours, not half the day, & already
this new shape taking over, already peaked & so much

more everything. Still, everywhere snowed-over, so
from the window I'm pressing into, holding up

against, what's been built today is bone-looking, almost
animal, & maybe the wind will pick up & it'll start to

cross this fading blue of midwinter, this sky
so full of itself today I turned my back, something

I almost never do. I'd like to imagine the roof
made alive by the elements, taking off along tree-

line, toeing lampposts & stretched wires, making
a break for it, maybe, heading toward the river & winding

its way home along banks where soon sandbags
will line, will pile to hold back another

spring, rising. When this morning the timber
hauled in, it caught the light & for a few minutes

& I thought maybe even. Thought maybe something.
Then every thing comes from somewhere, every some

-where a place, a where, in hours. Which doesn't repair
the now-gone view or set things right. Which means only

that in a room somewhere we'll never be someone
builds a series of rooms, then dismantles them, then places

face-down in a bed what will be reconstructed in a town
five hundred miles away in the dead of winter. Tell me

someone had a view. Tell me someone didn't know what
little was left. Tell me someone thought of the decade-long

backyard, the deep privacy, those years, all that tucked-away.
Or tell me this has nothing to do with me & that like every

other single thing I'll get used to this too. Say in a room
you'll never be someone builds a wall & keeps building walls,

makes good time, works up thirst, maybe bevels trim or rounds
the corners of what will, in a matter of days, no longer

be something seen-through. Say in a room. Say see. Say again
& all right & maybe somehow what's new will shelter

from some wind, will soften some glare.