

Roger Mitchell

BORROWINGS

Someone's worn this thing before.
It's been places I've never been,
maybe next to me, eaten things
I'd never eat, fallen,
gotten up and moved on, whistling.

The paperclip in my pocket,
bugbite in the morning,
the stain on my clean pants,
hair on the mirror,
the life I find myself living.

And here it is, a smile in its face,
waiting. Not long, but waiting.
It stands at the back door, hands
in its pockets, watching the sky.
Hurry, it says. Hurry.

Out of the dark, children.
Out of the night, day.
I won't be back for a long time,
but I will be.
Out of I don't know what, something.