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The Future

Jonathan Wells

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Wells: The Future

THE FUTURE

Jonathan Wells

I wanted to be everywhere at once
without a shadow, as though motion
might be my anchor and my shape
a spinning bullet miles above the earth.
The sun didn't catch my quickness
and I skimmed the world's surface
picking fruit without stooping.

I want to stay here now in every room
of her house, one fresh with lavender,
another cooled by pearls, the table set
with silvered fruit, a bunch of red grapes
in a pewter bowl, the light carried by flies
across a sumptuous emptiness.
I don't watch myself,
I have no shadow.

I met a man once
who sat in the sun so long
he could remember how deep
the day could be in him
and he sank into his shadow
which ate into the grass
and he became my father.