

Josh Luckenbach

Spring Poem

Oak leaf rollers
hang from the trees
by thin silk threads
the drying rain
makes glitter —

this shine
and the low breeze
the violent gusts died
into, all that's left
of the storm. Maybe

this is memory.
What's there to guess at?
— the caterpillars
already dangling
by lines almost

invisible from leaves
they will reach again,
dark clouds over
some other landscape
now. But who —

who is the child
by the river crying?
Do you want me
to claim, dear reader,
it is or isn't me?

All at Once

It's January. The decade's first frost coats our lawn
in Arkansas as tensions escalate
between the United States and Iran,
days after the U.S. sent a drone to assassinate

the Iranian general who had just landed in Baghdad,
the same time our son
turned four months old, which is hard
to believe, how quickly and slowly time has gone —

those first days home from the hospital, I'd keep
looking at him, exclaiming
at the smallness of him against my lap,
and without language and beyond explaining,

though I will try, I'd think how he'd go on and on, how
he'd keep going on from that moment,
from whatever moment it was — and right now,
at *this* moment, all at once, the Iranian missiles which went

undetected have just hit the U.S. military strongholds
in Iraq, my wife and son
are asleep, our son is four months old,
and the decade's first frost coats our little lawn.