

at the bike shop

two men whisper

conspiratorially about oil re

neries i try to catch their eye but

im a bad catch

(a girl's arm and all that) i too have things to

conspire about but no one to conspire with

they are taking stones out of the building and

replacing them with more stones lling the

dumpster with bricks building another

dumpster within the dumpster to contain

perhaps another dumpster(?) poorly dressed

men are something of a miracle i marvel at

the shape of their jeans the dull color of their

shirts the laxity of their stance i have so

much to say and yet the saying is always

saying things better left unsaid maybe the

men will drift closer to me in the helmet aisle

and tell me they want to hear my thoughts

on rubber ask: have you ever seen so

enormous an emptiness as the elds of iowa?

and i will remark i don't believe in emptiness

but in fullness, in so much fullness there are

times i can't take a step for fear of what im

stepping on and they will shake my hand and

tell me good day

then ride away asking

why they ever asked at

all