

Unload

Looking around I can see
that I need to ditch almost everything
somehow, someday, scatter
this rebuilt life.

Moving sounds too timid, so does traveling
both words miss the gravity, the intensity.
Instead, call it a journey,
for I am going very far away
so far, only a few people I know
have ever been,
and even then just briefly, sight-seeing.
Not me.
Foolishly, I am staying
emigrating
embracing new language, strange customs.

Anyway, back to today
so many small items to unload
an empty apartment by January
that's my goal.
Of course, I know in my soul
I will never fit in once I get there
No more than I ever did here.

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MMIX