2005 IATE Poetry and Prose Contest

Poems of Exceptional Merit

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Sit

The air was cold and hurt my fingers and the smoke lingered as time persisted
so we got up walked away
urgent to assimilate life's pinstab pieces
into a portrait of what it should be.

Years and mistaken pinnacles later vaguely puzzled with this world's asymmetries
I sit here the same bench same air cupping my cheeks with frozen gloves with a
new set of weary eyes wait for another inevitable curveball that I will not see coming
I will always be a day late I have always been a dollar short Smack! on the temple.

Where are you now I briefly ask (?) a laundromat The North Pole probably nowhere.