

Untitled by *Hannah Jones*

Completion, balance, fullness.
Everything comes together.
My childhood, my consciousness, is made up of burning hot seatbelts,
mulch, vinegar for Easter, hardwood floors and airplanes overhead.
So why shouldn't anyone bring a carnival to the ballroom?
Life is made both of gold tassels and sticky floors, of slow dances under the stars,
and the water draining out of the tub.
The sun is underwater, a sailboat perches on the horizon,
where the floor meets the wall.
I looked into your eyes and saw all the insignificant details that clutter "living,"
more solid than they've ever been.
You bring together all the strawberry scooters, the dust, losing an earring,
the leaves and lasagna.
All things come together—I know because of you—into a wholeness,
a wholesomeness, that continues regardless.

Based on Lari Pittman's painting, *This Wholesomeness, Beloved and Despised, Continues Regardless*

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I stood at the base of a glass wall,
 watching the mulch and memories scatter
 and escape my safekeeping.
I sang of pirates, diners, chicken fingers,
 hypocritical right turns and waiting for you every morning,
 breathless.

Stop. Go. Red light, green light.
Sorry, rewind is broken; there is only fast-forward.
 And of course, the inevitable “PAUSE.”

Flowered pink pages were left behind,
 and she opened a new show with a new cast.
Or at least that’s what she thought, when really the glare of lights
 sent her stumbling back into that same glass wall.

Back when I was small
 when we threw peas and macaroni across the table
 when I looked for dinosaurs under the driveway
 and was fascinated by monkey grass
 when I had ducks on my walls and they weren’t made of glass
 when 5:35 meant Batman, and we still rode bikes
 when you made me lose a tooth on the seesaw
 when pumpkin faces were not fancy
 and we played with Ninja Turtles.

Stop. Turn. Run away.
There is no rewinding the words she just said.
 You must disappear as fast as you can.
There is no putting reality back the way it was a moment ago.
 But you can push “PAUSE.”

Slow motion waterfall once again
 bottling up ink and pen,
 nudging me towards a hysteria I want no part in.
Where have I gone, and from where have I arrived,
 that I sit and idolize a time gone by?
And you—all those things I thought I’d tell you
 Well I finally did, and now there’s nothing left to say.