

JAY RITCHIE

SONNETS FROM DECIVILIZATION

1.

I came outside to see the light
On wet ground, changed
How do I explain to you that I will die?
Cinnamon on the air, I'm inside
Your room which is a rose, no one's here
I fall apart on your sofa in the early afternoon
Spring & death, spring & death
The combined effect of stress & precarious employment
The pitched-down colour of the sky
A cardboard box peeling in the rain
I reach dramatically for your hand in Target
An unspecific & crowded citizen
You speak to me like a 7th chord
I turn & stare into the resonance

2.

I turn & stare into the resonance
Of a glacial stone deposited human ages
Ago at the edge of a desiccated meadow
& in a flash you decide to trust no one—
You're like a lonesome cowboy at the start of the movie
I can hardly remember sitting in half-dark
& projecting a more exciting life for myself than this
Alone in a sea of futures, as if I won't
Be the same cowboy tomorrow
It has become a challenge lately, to get up
& slip into the stream without accelerating
To flood water overtaking cars, the present far
Outpaced by its timeless, personal consequence
Often the distance between us grows as wide as it really is