

JORDAN MOUNTEER  
**CAUSALITY**

I am watching wild geese  
return to the lake through  
the scuff of a bus window.  
Their formations point away  
from weather and its violations  
as if to disavow the tedium we suffer  
half the year in winter's gated districts.  
Or the effigies we burn in private  
to lure them back. Joslyn lifts her head  
off my shoulder, her tired gaze  
lost in the metallic light of the city  
as it pistons between day and night.  
Some nights in my arms she stretches as if  
she might reach every corner of the room at once,  
and when I fear she may I pull her closer.  
Her wrist resting into my thumb,  
piano-wires pulled along the bone,  
the buried tension in the angle of her smile.  
These are the variables we consciously align  
so as to love each other with the passing  
likeness of a history driven into the details  
or a dream caught in the edge-  
of-the-world orbit of waking,  
each moment leaning into the next  
like dominoes balanced on the rim  
of our everydayness. More feet shuffle  
past us in the aisle, the hiss of brakes  
as they collapse, the perpetual stop-and-go  
of every sadness. Behind us a dozen  
white wings upheld on their reflections.