THE PROSE POEM:
AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL

Volume 4 | 1995

Continental Drift

Barry Silesky

© Providence College

The author(s) permits users to copy, distribute, display, and perform this work under the following conditions: (1) the original author(s) must be given proper attribution; (2) this work may not be used for commercial purposes; (3) the users may not alter, transform, or build upon this work; (4) users must make the license terms of this work clearly known for any reuse or distribution of this work. Upon request, as holder of this work's copyright, the author(s) may waive any or all of these conditions.

The Prose Poem: An International Journal is produced by
The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress)
for the Providence College Digital Commons.
http://digitalcommons.providence.edu/prosepoems/

Barry Silesky

CONTINENTAL DRIFT

But this ain't tuff nothin', as the country song goes. This is so much sun pouring over the crow's hoarse October there aren't any excuses. This is the body's nervous shake: too much room. Why don't you paint those steps? Leave sex out of it for once. I could have a cigarette, but I already tried that; one more thing to leave. It's the way the continental drift theories are blown apart by the facts—no signs of rupture at the supposed edges, and the micro-plate islands disconnected and drifting to run up against other coasts—where did they come from? The Appalachian's long ridge buckled, folded, bent by what pressure? The Equator across Minnesota? There was comfort in that scale, watching myself shot backwards to the tiniest prick then nothing, and yet, it might as well not be: throw in starvation, anarchy in Africa, and the personal trivia's apparent. The three-year-old shot by a drive-by could be the jungle that once covered the interstate. A star's blink light-years we try to measure. The steps need painting. I want her body rocking on me from above, my own racing on, the way it was. Another baseball season over? Despite the team's sad finish, they did better than we expected; and we saw enough.