

When the smoke gets here  
I'll measure it for content,  
the house I grew up in,  
toys I once owned,  
a basket of hooves and human  
legs, trunks of young doll  
cousins, lifted and separated  
like they said in the commercial  
to their most dramatic advantage  
like how I'd be, when I was older.

It takes 25,400 microns to fill  
an inch and that's important;  
the bigger they are the better  
for the lungs. Though experts  
say we'll be protected, by  
distance and currents; it's  
come before, in the autumn,  
when the hypodermics landed  
on the shore. Just before  
the sewage and sea mammals;  
I learned the word "necropsy."  
My boss wouldn't allow  
me to use it because we'd hit  
The jackpot, which always  
comes after the boon, the blip  
accountants discover in  
retrospect, like sparks plastic  
might make rather than smolder  
in place. That beach was a mistake

only I could make, on my own.  
I had to adjust to its mists  
and fibers, what ruins its directions,  
reverse for west, north is a  
construct but also magnetic:  
Just how is that possible?  
Better minds than mine of course.  
Perhaps the dawn will be affected  
rather than the sunsets, as in  
the winter I came home from too many  
time zones and slept afternoons  
as if I were a ghost, waiting  
for my motive. Waiting  
as my mother must be,  
my father and sister  
to be transported  
in vapors and droplets  
from the sea water  
that welcomed them,  
now put to work  
segregating smoke  
from flame.