

WHEN YOUR MOTHER CORRECTS THE INDIANA POET LAUREATE YOU FEEL LIKE YELLING

By Curtis Crisler

When your mother corrects the Indiana Poet Laureate you feel like yelling, “No Miss Sofia!” as if you are Laurence Fishburne and she is Oprah Winfrey caught up in the past. Shame on your brown face like rouge. But a minute later, when he comes back to her acknowledging she is correct, you realize

she’s always been correct, and although you never thought where you came from would matter much, a splash resides, and it all crests back to Lake Michigan washing up on your life, and how you would

one day butterfly into a man with legs, matriculate into another day to flap your wings. To never know you’d meet a man who would become your bookmark. A man who would become your eye-loop. A man who would become another man in front of you—a voice you recognize in the wolf’s howl. Some

say you should have never been here, but you have always leaned on stargazing and letting the moon burn its lips on yours. Somehow you saw the moment your mother would meet the Indiana Poet Laureate,

and somehow you were always here, and he would be all these men packaged like lunchmeat into some moment of time where you have swallowed life like bites of tart green apple in the backyard of your suburban mess. The yard, your mother built a garage on. The world’s a small place full of eyeballs for

huge moments. You wish more brain matter, but your head hits the mesosphere driving out of the county of lakes—everything behind you is closer than it seems. You still go forward, into the darkness, where a

white line pulls you back to where you’ll start propulsion, again. Although the world is not a circle, it is an O-shaped mouth yawning in the hurt of morning sun on its walk of shame. Most times you end up somewhere you have faded out, but begin where there’s no footprints—torn edge of rotating beginnings.