

AS MY PASSPORT EXPIRES

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the post office is closing; i am
last in line, wearing a winter coat in
spring. all these tulips bent to the cold snap.
all these faces of strangers alive for a flash. ten
years. the bookends of identification. time
will renew my name & numbers, claim me
the same. when rain turned hail this morning,
it broke the spines of umbrellas i found
abandoned, turned up in trashcans. i don't look into
the camera as i once looked, before my scars,
when i had wanted to chart a course. my new
photograph and the old passport are attached
to the paperwork and sealed. ready to be delivered,
to be made sort of permanent.