

POEM FOR JASWINDER BOLINA

JOSHUA MARIE WILKINSON

It's yours for now & switched up
cigarettes for bleachers & a sigh,
whiskey for water, walked out

through the park fogged up,
city of which saints exactly?

Or which bed should I make up tonight?

Which edge of the river knows
your cousin's waiting? or spins the wall into a
window? Copped
old friends, it's new years, yeah, I don't know
anybody here either forever.

Laughing clowned advice into a barricade—
outlasted the so-called temporary towns to linger off

& drink around
through. Autumn's unmarked holiday is filthy. Neighborhoods
& a tavern common. A note on your fridge,
carriage house steps...creakily...hello & a half goodbye.