

Placeholders

by Adam Sifre

Everyone falls,
stumble and slips
"It's too much," a place where everyone stops.

Sometimes it's an empty bed in the morning,
the sharp ring of a phone,
the soft steps of the retreating mailman,
or the wail of a child; maybe a siren.

It's the thin ice, the cartoon anvil, the speeding bus.

We all come

here, baptized in tears; dark and alone.
That's life.

That's not life.
The moments, the moments of love.
When you wake to a hand lightly touching.
When the coffee is perfect, the cotton robe, deep and warm.
The kiss, all reassurance and promise.

The moments we harvest, lovingly hoard -
fireflies in a jar.

Beautiful.
Each a place,
You take with you.
Everywhere.
Even in the dark place where
It's too much.

Especially there.

