

## Our Street in Endless Circles

The day makes a map of disappearing,  
frenzied rumor of hummingbird,  
between how we see and are seen.

Last night around the fire  
a voice said, this conversation  
only seems to be based in reality.

The day makes a map of disappearing  
and the ants need a bridge  
for carrying crumbs twice their size.

There are moments I pretend I am popcorn  
swelling fourteen times my original size  
and nobody ever looks surprised.

All I want is to watch an old lady's hand  
reach through the fence for a fistful  
of rosemary, spice of remembrance

and wonder how far must she carry it?  
How far must it carry me?  
Now sputtering lines of laughter arch

from the neighbor's sprinkler  
as pairs of shiny brown legs begin  
their pedal through then back around

our street in endless circles.

Someone looks up and says, *now that is summer.*  
Someone looks and says, *poor kids.*  
Someone says *faster, faster.*

Jenny Browne

