

Shane Book

**Tuesday**

A question hangs in the air like a hoped-for fear,  
sunlit steeples balance in the purring snow,  
and you frequently feel the same deficit sitting or standing  
in line for tickets, a cataract assessment, the river's spray misting the balcony.  
One thing leads to another torn from the ultimate fighting ring tone music.  
You can pretend not to eat light  
in the *palapa* where such things are done  
but the more the day progresses the less things will become.  
The far-off bus chugs along, silently. No wet fur smell  
escaping through the cinderblock roof hole—  
we lie down with the morning removed from our bags of rain.