

## **DO YOU REMEMBER THE FACTORY THAT BURNED?**

This road wasn't here. This alley wasn't here. The stream became a reservoir. The flood came down the hill past the Catholic church. This was a stream. It shouldn't be a lake. The bridge is too low. Water can rise past it. Dead branches clog the dam. Sunlight grazes pasture which was woods which was a farm which was a factory. A wall. A plain old wall. The new map lies on the old map. We set the clocks back. A different sun rises over a different ridge. I fall asleep and levitate. Trees lift the roof off the house. I sleep with pines. Their branches are sturdy but unkind. I don't love you anymore. I don't.

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