

## how to end a decade

*Golden Shovel on Lines from James Tate*

newborn to adulthood, I had to take it one today  
at a time, one hour, one afternoon. I  
talked myself out the door with “I am  
going on an adventure” in that falling

summer light, made a mission of falling  
off my own maps, ignored the sense of falling  
fast from fixed points, the retreating trust in  
my potential, beginningness as worthy of love

the magnolias snagged me that year, soft and  
like me blown with such impatience, such desire  
for purpose and direction. They nodded as if to  
say yes, this time was something I could leave

but first, it would make out of this  
raft of in-between days a floating island, a place  
that would go, but first would be its own kind of forever