

## ***Cold Smoke***

Falling from the sky like cold smoke  
I am aging in reverse.  
While my surroundings blossom  
button downs, I wilt into silence.  
Home dissolves into hand-me-down  
wheels on pavement  
as boyhood fades or emerges;  
it is too slow a transition  
to tell the direction.

My nimble fingers  
have long since become clumsy  
or are still developing. History  
at odds with memory allows uncertainty  
to breach the present, and tonight  
I will sleep dreamlessly and alone.