“The Y”

Unlike St. Peter who sank when he looked down, this guy's bend, pumping like mad, intent on keeping speed over the shifting ameobic shapes he probably can't see. He's probably not even thinking that besides the exercise bike, the hard floor, there's another reality pool water swirls on the plate glass.

But the gray-haired woman chuckling beside me sees it—how he pedals yet gets no closer to these eleven year olds lined up on the pool's edge, their gently emerging torsos and thighs. The guard eyes her collection of bags, and I'm trying to imagine myself ten years from now wandering in here Thursday before Thanksgiving watching children I have no connection to.

Why would a woman do this? Why would she get on a bus, let the road flatten everything behind her, then step off somewhere in Maine, one of those flat-roofed cinder block stations, enter a coffee shop and ask for the Y?

My mother used to ask why I collected such people. Why I had to think so much, couldn't stick to my job, why I had to ride my bike down to the piers to watch the water hypnotizing itself. She'd imagine my indigent, or married to a used car dealer who tampers with the mileage.

But maybe you can't roll back anything, you can't undo what was done to you and shouldn't even try. Maybe its all recycled

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池水，过去和未来同时存在，
现在是一个闪烁的教训
一些孩子难以信任，而另一些
长成像鳗鱼一样流利，期待水去爱他们。
也许我们是被激怒了，母亲，对于错误的事情。

是不是不合理
想坐在这个蒸气阳台
看着神奇的孩子
犹豫和冲刺？我想问
她包里是什么——物体从梦里
distilled 是紧急的
无论她去哪里？

礼仪告诉我，安静。
但她很好，摇着头
和我开个玩笑，男人
在没有任何地方那么快地
蹬，而我们则靠在
看台上，顽强的
在孩子们的声音中
小生存的寓言。