

Epilogue (three poems)

January 2017: you receive a summons
and then a document

citizen, or rather, subject – again
nation and kingdom, twice

obligations under law
and yet, greater freedom

In Winter

We say, “Trying to boil the ocean”
to mean trying to do too much
We should say, “heating the café terrace”
to mean a total lack of foresight

Year Zero

you didn’t quit your job and volunteer in a refugee camp
you can’t leave your kid and volunteer in a refugee camp
anyway, your partner is waiting for paperwork
and then, repeat line two