

Nicholas Reiner

*The Future*

We enter this union to be  
starshine, to be thunder

elemental, we are cast in iron  
we are cast in circles

we cast circles out of ourselves  
shimmying wind

as we sleep & how do we  
go from here to here,

how then shall we proceed?  
Marriage is ten thousand

Tuesdays & chopping lettuce  
standing over a messy kitchen table

rejoicing on the couch  
when we laugh at each other's jokes.

The future is a hurtling  
shuttle of nows.

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*Midnight*

23:59 → 00:00

every day anew  
or every night is new

zero bisects every night  
zero propels the shy dark

through the morning zero  
harbors the slumbering day like a port

say: what is it to begin at nothing again

tonight what is it to return

at morning to nothing

