Twins' Birthday, 9/15/13

Paul Watsky
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by Paul Watsky

A struggle to
retain the here
and now against their adult else-
whereness. In exquisite a.m.
weather, the faux Adiron-
dack deck chairs pre-
view my estate sale. I hope they sell

as a lot, the four of them plus a brace
of clunky, trestle-legged side
tables and our backed bench especially
beloved by my wife. Mis-
calculation. I'll go
first, and the real clear-
ance will follow after
her. Now that's settled anyway, and

a jumble of wind-
fall pears I'm monitoring

for ripeness comes back
into focus, waxy
green, their upper
surfaces gleaming modestly,
throwing shadows on their naturally faded red-

wood plinth, on two fist-
sized paper weights, river rocks Clare scavenged from the South Fork of the Trinity, granitic quartz, off

kilter like the fruit and throwing their own, smaller, shadows.