

GO YOUTH

I was in a dreamstate and this was causing a problem
with the traffic. I felt lonely, like I'd missed the boat,
or I'd found the boat and it was deserted. In the middle
of the road a child's shoe glistened. I walked around it.
It woke me up a little. The child had disappeared. Some
mysteries are better left alone. Others are dreary, distasteful,
and can disarrange a shadow into a thing of unspeakable beauty.
Whose child is that?

There's a hallmark buildup in the situation, tone, cognition, and leaps here. And I get the sensation of water stalling right before the falls. The poem's immediacy shakes me—its pursuit of mystery, its questioning of unspeakable beauty. I read it again the second I finish reading it.

- Daniel Moysaenko