

Some Afternoon in Smalltown, USA

We were driving to nowhere and
talked about sons, daughters,

and the world—

about how we are unintentionally
woven into this grand tapestry
with other threads of star stuff,
how an omnipotent hangnail
snags some threads

but not others—

why some threads are pulled out
for being the wrong shade,
the wrong texture,
for lookin' at some other thread funny.