

BREAKFASTING WITH SOPHOMORES

When I was what you are, the world
was every place I'd yet to go.

Nothing near, now, or here
meant more than something anywhere
tomorrow.

Today, the ratio's reversed.

Back from anywhere, I watch
the Indiana earth I walked,
measure Indiana's level weathers
and remember...

Where did twenty-five
Decembers go?

North of action,
east of indecision, south
of possibility, and west of hope,
I stare into the now and then
of all those years at once.

A sophomore who has my name jogs
by in ski boots and an army-surplus
jacket.

Netless tennis courts
turn populous with players only
I can recognize.

Oblivious,
the campus pines still celebrate
their rooted anniversaries.

A DC-7

seams the zenith with a chalkmark
wake, and clouds rush over
lake, dome, and stadium
like bursts of smoke from field
artillery...

No different in its bones,
no greener, not a foot more hilly,
Indiana's real for the acknowledging.

I sit back, listening, observing,
memorizing everything.

Two decades' worth
of meals and months and mileage
consecrates this minute.

Even
an eyelash swimming in my coffee
seems important.

When I was half
my age, I never would have seen it.