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Hindsight

Life experience doesn't matter
that set of overly specific
imprints where nothing lifts
back to its original position

Seeking once to understand
the placid stars and weird
pastels guiding his decisions
I opened up my father's

journal and found only
mind-numbing daylight
some notes about Europe . . .
The so-called

clarity of lastingness
trains of chance events afford
feels obvious and bare
like a lapse in judgment

Give me just those few
blank pages toward the back
where birds and trees
can at last collide in peace

Impartiality

Some people have a destiny others
seem not to How low on the list
of species do you need to travel
before existence becomes an on/off

proposition? An average house sparrow
lasts long enough maybe to memorize
the seasons twice flicking aside brush
for its young to discern on its own

Maybe I've fallen in love with my cousin
and so ordinary things seem dumb
hallway after hallway the same
oddly-timed coincidences and the same

international markets receding into absentia
while Nature inserts its usual *So what*
To believe no crisis exists other
than what is felt internally

could be interpreted as deeply
myopic but no crisis exists
other than what is felt internally
Birds come in broad strokes as do

refugees and sociological peoples
Whereas God has probably numbered
the hairs on my head the number itself
has all but proven too mundane to notice

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Michael Homolka is the author of *Antiquity*, winner of the 2015 Kathryn A. Morton Prize in Poetry from Sarabande Books. His poems have appeared in publications such as the *New Yorker*, *Ploughshares*, *Threepenny Review*, *Antioch Review*, *Agni*, and *Poetry Daily*. A graduate of Bennington College's MFA program, he currently teaches high school students in New York City.