

IMPRESSION

By E. P. Sinone

How time
Never matters
How time never matters
As the afternoon fades
Effortlessly
Through the colorless mesh curtain that screens
The wooden window
In the Palace Reading Room
A quiet room
Where Sherman Alexis' Grandmother
Framed in rectangular pieces
Of leftover
Pine
Tells the story of an Abuela
A collector of sorts
A weaver of hair
A rock with a firm body
Whose skin has no need for useless things
Where on the other side of the window
Hazy images of tourists
Standing in shades of red
Glow
As they bob up
And down
Before vendors seated on chipped bricks
Cross legged
Whose body parts
Sleep
Whose arms

Reaching upward
Hold gems
Strands of turquoise
Silvery things
As they wait
While they wait
Because time never matters
How time doesn't matter

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