

ANTI-PASTORAL

This summer you leave the City every chance you get. You want to feel like a real poet
Getting lost in the shadows of the trees, discovering new plants, butterflies up close, birds
With the most beautiful petticoats. You arrive with pencil and paper ready to document the landscape,
Open green spaces, Southernness, a world you did not grow up in, yet you are intrigued. It has claimed
Parts of your history, as a writer you wish to hold it by its neck and claim it, so it doesn't control your
present. Foolish poet. You arrive at retreat after retreat, only to discover that there is no retreating from
history. No withdrawing behind enemy lines, no rewind button or fast forward. Whatever you are running
from, across the mirror of time, its ghost is running towards you.

