

Scatter

Have you ever felt lost while the world keeps moving around you? *Scatter* explores the tension between the mundane and the contemplative, using everyday imagery to reflect on apathy, disconnection, and longing. The poem moves through moments like a cat devouring the newspaper, the rhythmic sounds of a sink dripping, the simple act of buttering toast, and a man sweeping dust into dust—each fragment capturing a slice of ordinary life. These moments evoke philosophical reflections on time, memory, and the search for meaning in a world that feels distant. The poem contrasts external events with the speaker’s internal experience, mainly through the metaphor of egg yolk binding the tongue and oceanic brine representing an unattainable ideal. *Scatter* meditates on existing between moments, where meaning often slips through our grasp, yet the search for it endures.

My cat eats the newspaper again.
Front page first, then obits,
then the editorial on potholes —
his stomach, a blackhole for devouring
white space.

The sink drips Morse code,
more stutter than stream.
I butter toast slowly,
like Frank chewing poems.

The neighbor's laundry sags:
Pink Floyd shirt, bleached red sock —
Braque's tension, loosened by sun.
Someone wears them, hums,
or listens to the radio.

Across the street,
a man sweeps dust into dust,
nothing changes but its direction.

Prongs divide egg whites,
clinking rhythms I once owned.
I wrote them down —
now I let them scatter.

Yolk clogs my throat,
binds my tongue, thickens my
breath.

Fridge light spills onto a jar
of pickled green beans,
its brine the ocean I meant to visit —
not for swimming, but for wading,
as if the brine might rewrite me