

Poetry

by Tasha Cotter

A collection of selves—brought me out
like a little boy waging war,
to keep his paper boat balanced
on a summer boulevard flooding.
Let my mother shout stop.
Let the fireman come.
Everyone watch the wieldy thing I did
be a nature on the street,
stopping, then floating slowly.
I won't regret its movement away from me.
Let the people, when they see it,
feel the difference.