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James Croal Jackson

Victorian Village Visit

I forego clouds for the place where we
began, the reclaimed church a nostalgia
though we have never visited together,

our young energy coursing throughout
the space in natural light. I drove three
distracted hours to arrive somewhere
both haunted and exalting, half a mile
from the rickety structure we learned
ourselves in when we were different.
The constant cycles of change are
a daunting revelation. When you
watch the sky for a while,
the clouds you grow to love
are no longer where you want.

it's happening new species of birds

in my eyes beloved song
thrumming anew at the feed
because water wants what
water cannot understand
it is ephemeral all
wings a blanket we carry
tucked in our pockets
alive and regenerative
each heartbeat nothing
precedes the moment
passes us here to have
and proceed

James Croal Jackson's latest chapbooks are *A God You Believed In* and *Count Sees With Me*. His work has appeared in *Hello America*, *Little Patuxent Review*, and *Ballast Poetry Journal*. He edits *The Mantle Poetry*, from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.