

A Hum, Then Trumpets

Arrived home and scanning for movement
across the frames of my photographs,
I find just one true image imported from Europe.
An elderly woman in Montenegro vacuums
the front steps of her home within sight of the sea.

This machine wants it all.
Wants to suck up the long winding street,
the town, the Bay, the looming mountains
and castle ruins, the whole Balkan peninsula
into its sagging filter bag.

I almost told my love of this
while our bus blew out of Kotor,
kicking up gravel on tight corners.
She slept, rocking a little, dreaming
about an elite paratroop
of crime-solving elephants
who live on the rooftops of a distant city.
At least, that was the plan
as she relayed it
before dozing off.