

Nirvana

I can't find the can opener
then I do.

The electrician shows me my name on his forearm
"Linda" in pink magic marker

which is how he remembers
whoever's house he's in. Once again

there's trouble getting on a website;
and a friend's voice on voicemail isn't friendly
enough.

Sandra's in mourning for her time on retreat.
You've got to go, she says, with glowing eyes.
It was amazing!

What? I say.

And miss all this?