

d.n. simmers

---

**Abandoned**

*“There’s an abandoned refrigerator too, in the mirror. This is no end.”*  
-- Alice Notley

Going into the house  
to see my mother was like  
going to a garage sale of faces.

Some of them were blank, some smiling  
but, with no memories.

She sat on the edge of a group. Included.  
When her memory came back.

But it was gone, that day.

So she stared at the faces.  
As they played their cribbage.

They stared up, at us.

We came over and she put out her hand.  
*“Do I know you?”*

One of those mornings when her memory  
was out of service.

Her eyes would scan. Then she would  
say something. Like *“You’re...”*

She was remembering an old boy friend.  
Before father.

She would shake her white  
hair. Mutter to herself.

Not long after, she died. The systems  
shut themselves.

Turned out the lights, once and for all.

## **Mall Hauling**

Out as the mall opened.

Sun trying  
to get in there too.

As the cars pulled up and feet  
slipped out into the rain and wind.

The place was empty.

A few old ghosts with white hair and  
staring eyes

Shop clerks wishing they were at the bar.

As the shuffling lost floated by and  
were gone.

It was mid-day. And sun finally opened the sky.

Cars came and went and the  
Food Fair filled like old candy wrappers.

Mouths moving shadows.

Wake up. Get out of bed. Come see the wonders.

As a man picks up  
discarded empties

like echoes

while clerks talked  
to each other.

## Three Friends

*“Anger, disgust and injustice.”*

--Robert Hass

Anger was having a treat, at the corner store.

Being so hot, the ice wafer was melting.  
Down.

Disgust came around and pointed at  
drops on the tile floor.

Asking, *“Are you not going to pick that up?”*

Injustice came in. Then.

Seeing his two friends  
arguing over spilt water.  
On a tile floor.

He asked the owner for a mop and cleaned it up.

Feeling sorry  
for himself.

Always having to clean up  
after his two friends.

## **Sun Glances**

So cold. This morning.

Now sun dances between  
new shadows.

Where the clouds have fled away and  
blue sky is taking over the air.

Like a sea above  
it swims  
with little things  
like dragonflies.

Runs with birds

and the trees sway and salute the large eagles.  
As they rest on their top branches swaying.

Chases and bobs with  
the little ones in the fields as

they chatter and canter  
like young creatures  
of the wild.

And the soft warmth of the patio is coming back.

## Last Breath

*“Man reckons with immorality, and forgets to reckon with death.”*

--Milan Kinder

I went out last night, breathed. Then stopped. As shadows came out, talked. Of when I could surf. With blondes and the red haired, paddling out. From the bowels of a pier. When tides were high, waves, the large ones, would lift me up like the hand of God. And move me through barnacles, sea otters, to shore. Sun straight up. Sand hot. While heat danced with the crabs. Hiding in the shallows, where mussels were digging. Digging deeper. As shore took back sand. Tides like large silver snakes. Or a green army retreating. From skim boards and pony tails.

**d.n. simmers** is an on line special editor with Fine Lines. He is in seven current anthologies such as *Tears in the Fence* ( UK), *Red Savina Review*, *Royal City Poets 2016*, *The Capilano Review*, *Poets Touchstone*. He is in the current on line issue of *riverbabble*. He is in the just launched chapbook *Menu* ( about food) and has been in *Van Gogh's Ear*, the anthology, in Paris , France.