

Getting Somewhere

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I GOT NOWHERE TODAY and I will get nowhere tomorrow. Sitting on a wet sofa— wet from I don't know what—I can feel time and space having intercourse. I am the sad voyeur in the corner, the ugly triplet, the odd one out at the threesome. The air is all rhythm and no standing. I look out the window and see the neighbor taking out his garbage. He puts the bag in the bin like a mother putting her baby in a crib.

I remember childhood. Not my own, but the meaning of the word. It sits heavy on my tongue, singing a song I am tired of hearing. I remember Robinhood too, but that feels like a different thing. When the big bang happened I was in Oklahoma. There was a rodeo that day. A child won a hundred dollars by taking it from the tail of a muddy calf. There was a large boom as the child thrust his prize in the air, we all looked around and realized we were existing.

There is only time and not time, space wearing a poncho and not space. In a room, I am the absence of money. The neighbor takes out another bag of garbage and the television is game-show heaven. Let there be a river. Let it be so at peace with itself it takes my whole lifetime to meet the ocean.

Any good river should be fat, any good ocean
should be worth meeting. That is philosophy.

I may have gotten nowhere today,
and I will probably get nowhere tomorrow,
but when I do get somewhere it'll be Napa Valley.
The sun will be drooling fire, and I will be
at a vineyard. A nearby villa hosts a birthday party,
and although I was not invited, I don't mind
because I have finally gotten somewhere.
Somewhere so green it could be a salad bowl.
Somewhere well-mannered and dry,
where leaves float to the ground in lazy parades
and the babies sleep. The air will begin to pray,
and I will listen, "Blessed be the vineyard!
Blessed be the vines! Blessed be the grape
and the wet mouth that eats it!"

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