

# Riddance

By Rae Armantrout

Ok, we've rendered  
the rendition

how often?

What were we trying  
to get rid of?

We exposed the homeless  
character of desire  
to the weather.

Shall we talk  
about the weather

worsening four times  
faster than expected,

eight times,

until the joy  
of pattern recognition  
kicks in?

Until the crest  
of the next ridge  
is what remains  
of division.

Source: *Poetry* (October 2019)