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)