

## At Sixth and Provident Drive

K E L L Y M O O R E

So I walked in one night and found my husband  
curled around some woman on the floor as if  
they were stuck there, in a place moving so slowly  
I appeared like a flash of light.

You see, inside this city are little cities moving. At what rate,  
I cannot measure.

Second helpings of barbeque, sweat in the grass,  
a bottle of whiskey in the middle of a room in the middle  
of the night: you could smell the sequence of their whole  
evening  
with your nose down inside their tumblers.

For all I know, they fucked for years  
in the tiniest villages of saucers and spoons.

I can tell you as I stood there in my house that night  
I heard the sound of a million years  
hitting the windows like birds and flapping away unfazed.  
It rattled my body and the window panes.