

Why I Don't Meditate

—Suzanne S. Rancourt

they said, “close your eyes” “relax” “let your mind see”
roads, I see roads, keep my head down, don't look left don't look
right.

narrow, dirt roads, summer mountain meadow roads where there
are goat paths, where the faeries live, or so the locals say,
I see roads lined with tamarack, yellow stone pine, fine sand dusty
roads

that ruin camera lenses and jam automatic weapons.

I see white sand beaches that are not alpine and they take me to
New Mexico, White Sands, Alamogordo, Three Rivers, St. John,
North West Scotland, there is warmth and I travel through
Guantanamo, Si Bonne (Castro's favorite),

and there in Santiago on the steps at the plaza, the men play
dominos

when the women aren't around
or revolutions aren't being waged
or eyes gouged
no retina scrapes clean.

Montgomery, Alabama – I'm pumpin' gas 'round midnight
with the ghosts still blowin' down Rosa Parks Boulevard.