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The Person with the Loupe

One of us asked what we could expect
from whatever might come next, but the person
with the loupe wasn't there, so we walked the sidewalks
home, swept the stairs of our entries,
and waited. Later, someone thought to see
whether a building was still standing,
and while we nearly agreed it was,
the person with the loupe was needed to confirm—
we could not be accurate to the same degree
as the person with the loupe—how much the wind
had eroded the building, the wear
from pigeons' feet, whether the brick
could stand up to whatever time was left.
We should ask the person with the loupe.
The person with the loupe is always invited.
The person with the loupe squints
from so much looking through.
The person with the loupe prefers stillness in order
to achieve accuracy. This makes it difficult
to keep up on things. The person with the loupe
is still working on last year, says
*Each calendar day has a square the size
of all the others.* But the days, we recall,
seemed otherwise. Some shifted long while others
shadowed fast. *Nevertheless,* says the person with the loupe.
Therefore, we answer back. The person
with the loupe gets the front seat. And is looking at
something we cannot see from here. We are very far
away. We have always been very far away.