

## TELEOLOGY

None of it happens for the best,  
not the plane late, dinner spoiled, train tracks  
running through sleepy town square,  
not boyfriend huffing Wite-Out,  
not daughter vomiting her breakfast  
every damned morning in the same bathroom stall.

But there it is again,  
as if Jesus had conferenced in the break room under the  
 clichéd bare bulb, shadows like  
the missing maquiladora workers of Juárez  
burned into the walls, and he had said,  
“Yea, this was according to plan.”  
Meanwhile he’s pissing in his pants.

But it will all work out, won’t it? Even the  
not working out is a kind of solution, though some  
solutions I cannot live with,  
which is another kind of teleology. Evil,  
whatever mismatched sock that is,  
always knows.

I want to say it all makes sense, that the tattoos,  
beer kegs, spotlights are just so much  
extra foam mushrooming my pumpkin-spiced latte,  
effervescent, weightless,  
but I have no proof, not even a gut feeling,  
since my guts are roiling, the toilet’s flushing,  
& the only concrete is the concrete.