

## ACQUIESCENCE

is there a  
rule for how  
the light

breaks at dawn  
for how its roses  
splay over

water for how  
they look  
at us

and say  
come  
on!

move  
ahead!  
see this

world! you  
only have one  
life!?

Or how  
the laugh  
of the

barista  
at a  
mediocre

joke—but  
good  
enough

showing a  
childlike  
sense of

play—when  
it enters your  
ears

reminds you  
how laughter  
really is

the most  
human  
music

a mark  
of the  
humane

though  
occasionally  
haunting?

or how a  
color seen from  
just this

angle—the  
angle that  
makes it

sharp  
contrasting  
its

surroundings  
like the  
moon

in the  
sky  
or

the coffee  
stain on  
white—

can fill  
your chest  
with

an  
overwhelming  
sense

of  
geometry  
and wonder

at the  
shape of  
existence

itself?  
Is there  
a rule

for  
how  
an old

man's  
weathered  
leathery

face  
tells  
a kind

of story  
that you'd  
never

know if  
you  
never

asked  
—and having  
never

asked since  
a passing  
shadow

since time  
fleeting  
since

tick  
tock tick  
tock

will be a  
mystery among  
many that

requires  
your  
acquiescence?

Or a  
rule for  
how and

when  
after the  
child

asks why  
why  
why

eventually  
they get  
distracted

by a  
flickering  
multicolored

light  
the  
promise

of a  
sweet  
or the

unassuming  
smile  
of madre?