

comedy divine

ethan grant

Déjà vu strikes me mostly on stairways.
It's that sense when winding through half-space
from landing to landing, wood worn bare
by footsteps, curtains smothering daylight
as rain prattles at the window-glass
of another gloomy Sunday.

You told me stories once around the winter hearth.
You wove legends through coals, glowing gold
and smelling of black, of cracked leather bellows.
Misty moorlands stretched along the mantelpiece
and witches flew down chimney flues, soot
streaking brickwork, swords in stones,
the rocky laughter of green horsemen
echoing ominously in earthen chapels.
But now you've grown so old.

We have walked coastal streets, cool mornings
at dawn, when fog on the harbor hung low
in heavy autumn atmospheres,
hovering like zeppelins moored at mastheads
before sinking, breaking, dissolving in space.

We should stand on a hill some midsummer night,
with a sea of Monopoly houses stretched
dark green through the valley below us.
You'll tell me of fields your grandfathers turned,
but I'll speak of nothing I claim as my own.
And a smile-shaped moon sinks low on the west,
sick and yellow at the hill-crest's rim.
One by one the houselights blink black—
and should I say we've been here before?

Maybe crickets will cease their whine for a while,
and the locusts' dry croak grow still;
and we'll scream at the sky because we're still young,
and laugh as dead stars stream down.