I Considered Voting

I considered voting.

I stepped under the cottonwood tree on the corner

to be caressed by falling leaves.

I considered standing in line

in my mask,

in my state of full moon,

in my state of migrating robins.

I considered the smile, the questions

of the volunteer who asks,

“Your name,

your address,

your undetermined heart beat?

Did you vote before?”

I considered answering:

“I am Jupiter. The shadow of a star.

My address is the apple tree

in the orchard at 83 Via de los Romero.”

I considered using the black pen filling in

those oblong shapes to darken my eyes

to look like the woman killed

on the street corner in Memphis.

I considered folding the election documents

into paper cranes

to toss around the election room.

Yes. I am here to vote.

I am joining the deer in the line

just behind me.

8 November 2020

La Cieneguilla; Santa Fe, New Mexico