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