Scribbling on the back of this Medicaid mail

to the tune of a common tiredness. The cardboard

O my worry,

piling against the back door. I used to go places

like I was going places. The difference between outside

I reach for

and inside when there is no door. For a time, the promise

of a cat in every bodega. These days, a rover landing

your hand

on Mars. I can sink my teeth into every lox bagel

and still fear the open sea. I once met a woman furious

about the perfume in Earl Grey. Threw an actual fit about it.

Could she imagine another world? Dating simulation games

Helene Achanzar

and Texas strung out with snow. For three weeks

my sedan buried in ice. Thaw will render it a boat.

So I ordered two pairs of hiking boots - one for myself,

and one for myself when I'm feeling brave.

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Helene Achanzar is a poet and editor whose writing has been published in *The Georgia Review, Sixth Finch, Best New Poets*, and elsewhere. Winner of the 2022 New England Review Award for Emerging Writers, her work has also been supported by Bread Loaf, the T.S. Eliot Foundation, and the Chicago Architecture Biennial. She is a senior editor for *Poetry Northwest*, a regional chair for Kundiman, and the director of programs at the Chicago Poetry Center.