

*Force*  
Holly Cohn

I remember getting into the car with my younger self  
the tension in the space was high  
all precarious with fear

I hadn't traveled far on the outside  
but I had covered a lot of territory  
inside roaming  
throughout the alleyways of my own veins

He had been everywhere, Kazakhstan, India, Japan, and  
Oh So Far Away

With him, I landed two feet on the ground  
where the cocoon of our rides swept over the waves and hills  
of the countryside

I didn't know how much of my life was filled with him  
until he died  
and Then  
he showed up Everywhere

In the bird feeder pole he hammered so simply  
and planted into the ground  
He called the feeder Home

In the hole of the rake handle  
and all the rest of the wooden shanked garden tools  
that he drilled with delight  
in contrast to the manner of his stepfather's precision garage

He created organization  
nails as hooks spread across the wall of crooked order  
handles with tiny holes barely large enough  
to force the nails through

apertures  
suspended bits of light  
laughter in small spaces

filtering through