

## Morely

As in: he'll morely be sitting there,  
the butt of a roll-up between index  
and thumb, the makings of another  
in his lap, for why wouldn't the next  
world be much like the one here?

As in: the crane this morning  
alighting on the shed roof, morely  
knew to expect the Sunday chicken-  
scraps, the leg, the wings. Did he scry  
into the kitchen window last evening?

More *than likely*? It must be, I suppose.  
I've never heard another soul  
utter this mind-made shortcut. His  
and his alone. Now he's gone, is that all?  
Morely. This shatterable ves-

sel; the mini urn on the windowsill.

ANDREW FITZSIMONS