

## *Every Few Years*

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Every few years  
I look back and think  
what a fool I was before  
how professionally duped  
how aesthetically passé  
how romantically mortifying

And how relieved now  
to have arrived at a more enlightened stage  
able to disentangle my delusions  
as if I already know tomorrow

Every few years  
I want to vomit up my past  
escape to a place  
where no one knows me  
and remake who I am  
the mensch I admire in the mirror

I'm haunted by the futility of averageness  
of unremarkable accomplishment  
of not being loved but humored  
my presence habituated  
my absence shrugged off

Every few years  
I want to turn to her  
with my mind full of unconsidered ideas  
my heart circulating all new molecules