

The Laughing Poet Moves On

JIM DANIELS

She laughed quickly, not with you
or at you. She laughed
in her own universe of fizz and whirl.
She laughed into immediate
evaporation, leaving you wondering
if the tide was coming in
or going out. Her laughter spilled
out as if a fan were blowing
on High, exploding into that universe
where consequence was
theoretical. Then one day, a truck pulled up
and loaded all her worldly goods.
Her laugh twittering up, rippled through
the green leaves of her award-winning
trees. The neighbors thought they might miss her
but they weren't sure.