

## STROLL: PEDESTRIAN SONNETS

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No need to be embarrassed applauding his ability to propagate—the  
sadness you feel when he gives up on a plant, knowing it's not  
personal.

Often the case that love comes to those who die.

The friend who found the tombstone for one Big D in the cemetery  
and straddled it while his wife took his picture.

Too hot for red, you think, a little pink from yesterday.

Never bought into what they call “overanalyzing,” but did buy stock  
in a mushroom company.

My own husband, a postscript—a joke about initials and not about  
being a little extra.

How to respond to the dead-dog text?—“Glad he made a good exit.”

Hard to tell what others perceive as cold, but surely no one's thriving  
in this heat they call a wave as if it were a greeter to a store with  
no merchandise we want.

Another tea.

Someone is shooting charcuterie.

I'll take “overkill” and raise you “empathy.”

Leaving the house without the raunchy deck of cards that often  
startles a passerby.

The efficiency of a cat playing with a ball of its own fur—that we all  
might make such use of ourselves.

The tea now drinking its own condensation.

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What if the first time something was made, it was the best, then you  
just had to try to improve on it, but couldn't, he asked, looking at  
decades' worth of cars in a photo grid.

A Oaxacan hat from Portland.

The likelihood the lump will be found by a lover.

He wags the tea bag's tail.

You search for love but nothing comes up but human pairs.

You'd think it'd be easier to know what you're not.

Driftwood aesthetic.

Was of two minds about the modifier "precious" applied to certain foods.

That mountain range that looked like it was wearing a boa of ice—our  
gaudy nature.

If the world's a little bunny, watch it grow and hope no one runs over it.

Having a thing for hand-painted signs—sunspots brought out by sun.

A walkout a kind of walk.

Questioning whether a meme is a just digital version of those posters  
that used to hang in offices of school counselors and nurses—the  
kitten, a desperate towel, slipping off its clothesline, given a hu-  
man thought to think.

To wonder if your loved ones would need help paying for your funeral.