

# For the Nourishment of Ephemeral People

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The difference between a good day and a bad day is on a good day  
I can see the 7:21 PM sunlight illuminating the backs of women  
and know that there's something unknowable buried under everything.  
I know that Tony Kushner knows this train I'm on is not really a train,  
we're not really here on earth,  
and Ossining and Paris are actually the same place.  
We all wait like teacups in a meadow, for something like knowledge  
but stronger to pour into us from an even height,  
amber and steady, hot with slate-colored steam carried from it by the wind.  
This gallery I'm going to has many refracted yellow lights  
that are going to make me feel like I am hosting a firefly ball  
this coffee I'm about to drink has grains of you in it,  
sleeping with your limbs wrapped around a shred of cardamom.