SOME MORNINGS EVERYTHING GOES RIGHT

Stepping out of the bathroom

I toss the opened Klee's Pedagogical Sketchbook I was reading

to my bed.

So that I can wash my hands.

Usually my aim is bad.

But here is action: the book flips, closing,

opening,

this yellow squarish bat,

like Larry Bird's 3-pointer, long

in flying,

like a solid, closing to a plane, to a line

at one point in its trajectory,

trading momentum,

compactifying

to a perfect landing, title up

on my unmade bed's pillow.