

MARGOT KAHN

*The World in My Phone
& Out the Window*

California's in flames.
Hoar frost lights the fields.

Sexual misconducts tally on.
Fog rises off the water.

Containers wait to set sail.
There's snow all over Brooklyn.

Plovers skim across the Sound.
Logs are stacked and sorted for the saw.

A friend's daughter dances in Tel Aviv—
barefoot, curly-haired, spinning.

My husband's message arrives: *Is your train on time?*
Someone I've never met has painted her nails red.