



# THE LATITUDE, THE LONGITUDE & A THIRD AXIS CALLED TIME

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*When you change your environment, you change  
your opportunities*—or so said my son, endorsing  
our move across the nation to a place he didn't know.  
And we went, and worlds shifted, and we thought  
him so wise, to have sensed that only parts of our thinking

were true, the rest only habit, relentless and dogged.  
We were silent through Texas, the sky shouting  
with thunder, pounding our van with hard rain.  
There is a point to all weather, exclamation to recall.  
Generations before, folks were warned to stay

away from windows, lest lightning strike and capture,  
the image of fear embedded in that pane for all eternity.  
They would sit as stoics in the parlor, turn off all the lights.  
They would be—together—silent, still and calm. Prepared  
for those encroaching storms, holding hands and breathing.

The desert scorch. The flooded streets. The minefields of the night.