

# Undid in the Land of Undone

All the things I wanted to do and didn't  
took so long.  
It was years of not doing.

You can make an allusion here to Penelope,  
if you want.  
See her up there in that high room undoing her art?

But enough about what she didn't do—  
not doing  
was what she did. Plucking out

the threat of intimacy in the frame.  
If I got to  
know you that would be  
—something. So let's make a toast to the long art  
of lingering.  
We say the cake is done,  
but what exactly did the cake do?  
The things undid  
in the land of undone call to us

in the flames. what I didn't do took  
an eternity—  
and it wasn't for lack of trying.

—*Karmin Bowers*