

## DEVON BALWIT

### Where You Were Going Never Was

*"Where you come from is gone, where you thought you were going to never was there, and where you are is no good unless you can get away from it."*

— *Wise Blood*, Flannery O'Connor

You have been belled. You try to sneak up  
on the moment, but you jangle like a shop door

and all you see are tail feathers in the far distance.  
Your car won't start. It hiccoughs when you

pedal the gas, then chokes in indecision. If only  
you had wheels. Life won't wait.

Just over the horizon, people laugh and moan like in  
a whorehouse on a Saturday night.

You don't even have enough change for a hand job  
and are turned away at the door.

Come back when you're a man, son, they tell you,  
not realizing you might never grow up.

This is all there is. Your ma has tossed your things to  
the curb. You bindle them up and

they sit on your shoulder like a second self. You talk  
to this hump, but it snickers and doesn't answer.

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**DEVON BALWIT** is a poet and educator from Portland, Oregon. Some of the homes her poems have found are: *Lalitamba*, *The Cape Rock*, *The Prick of the Spindle*, *The Sow's Ear Poetry Review*, and *Timberline Review*.

