I love the way the waitress
  can chew gum and sing while she wipes
  the dust off a plastic plant
  and then stop and talk about the weather.
  And I love the dramatic weather:
  the way the air changes with us,
  the way another world arrives
  in an avalanche of clouds,
  the way the continents meet and separate again
  while I jot down my immediate impressions
  on a sheet of yellow paper;
  taking note of little things, the scorpion,
  the first creature to walk on land;
  or craters of illusion, great assumptions of normalcy,
  where Ohio once was, or never was.

— Paul Violi
from “One for the Monk of Montaudon”

A Memorial Reading for Paul Violi
The Poetry Project at St. Mark’s Church
June 13, 2011