

Post Paradelle

The moment your right arm drops off the gurney.
The moment your right arm drops off the gurney,
how swiftly he lifts it up. Tucks aside. Nothing said.
How swiftly he lifts it up. Tucked aside, nothing said.
He tucks the gurney. It aside, nothing drops off,
swiftly said. The right moment: How your arm lifts up

before I could open my mouth. The past closing,
before I could open my mouth. The past, closing,
lay on one side. Looking out the room into yours.
Lay on one side, looking out the room into yours,
my mouth closing... The past open on one side,
looking out the room, before I could lay into yours.

Left ajar, window in a constant sonogram.
Left ajar, window in a constant sonogram
drawn across your emptying sky. Absence
drawn across your emptying sky; absence,
a window left? In constant absence, sky, ajar...
emptying across your sonogram. Drawn

swiftly, it drops off before he could open your mouth.
Looking into the room, a gurney aside. Ajar,
how I said nothing right. Absence: The moment
your arm lifts up, closing the past; the window
tucked out. My constant sky lay on one side,
emptying, drawn across sonogram. Yours left in.

Proem

search in craggy about for his where
to wake up only in the dry never
a song (of what is of no significance to)
and now my o my is the an of

to wake up only in the dry never
outside the non of a face sequitur
and now my o my is the an of
or a bolt from the a leap over whom

outside the non of a face sequitur
end over the before vanish into the

or a bolt from the a leap over whom
far into like yester some day

end over the before vanish into the
some article like all over we
search in craggy about for his where
a song (of what is of no significance to)

Proem II

Time is the wisest counsellor,
reads the message in a fortune cookie
slowly crumbling in my hand,
while I think of him stiff, his voice fading...

out of air, you dabbling in geomancy,
wondering when the balaclavas would strike next.
The sun is sick as a lozenge. Birds chattering
above in a chill, drizzly Washington D.C. sky.

We fumble toward a discharge. The context
shifts elsewhere... you with the pitchfork
exempt. So, my dearest, we say our final goodbye,
even though, who knows, our lives may cross,

beeping at the end of a line on this monitor?
This morning, I bring forward the hour's hand.
Take out the trash. Feed the stray. Call Mother.
The past catches up, a silent brass band.