

Elegy: Log Cabin II

a swaddling sleep

a fabric with give, an unstable logic

lines and lines of it

so many panels excised

an elastic

absence

folding
and
unfolding

hung like shadows

the sag of dread

i am swathed in words

in remembering, i fray

how could he unravel us?

128 daily seams snipped

in death he was a stranger

in death he was unmeshed

Elegy: Flying Geese

where
are they
flying to in their
ancestral angle, against

a
dusking
orange sky,
now veering gently
askew? since he died

at
once, two birds
break form.
what does it
take to change
a fate?

to
salvage:
in truth,
each season I
wish to begin
anew

I am
ashamed
at what
migrates me
from one
day to
the
next.

what
happened
to us were
accidents.
I'll never
know

what my survival meant,
why this work
is called
a craft

as if it's of some use.
my one life
I should
want

History

From the door, I watched a stranger stomp through the front yard
leaving his prints in the snow.

Your memory is something warred over. Did you know?
In all our lives, a kind of mastery we pretend to.

In your life, so much gestured at. An unfinished fresco.
Lines drawn between the camps of what you could've meant.

The first snow dusts the corduroy fields, the canvas
tented over exhausted troops. Young and lustrous

with ideals for a new nation without you.
Now I understand: What's written is written in plaster

until the spring melts every mark away.