

Exeunt

This death all suddenness

Whose breath sends me out
flying over country hills,
rain-lapped, spore-spent,

Whose curled hands squeeze
the sky bleeding azure
when my dark boughs take flight,

Whose voice fails to sound
the syllables we loved,
the night koine we knew
and wrapped around a life,

Whose lips fall in cold season
upon the blackened place
where the heart tries
and tries to measure emptiness:

I cannot enfold
what so lacks shape.
In great bursts of air
your shadows are drawn.

Chicago, 1984–2003