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So what you end up with is maybe a comb
& a toothbrush, some slippers here or there

in a landscape you cannot
account for: you got – how? – where?

though you charted it as best you could
figure out how to yet all still falls away – the solid

parts the bloodian bits; those most close who have
since diffused themselves, anodynian but

not to be reached to be asked any number of things.
You sit on the side of the bed & look round

at the residue that used to be you.
There is the question of the body, though,

that remains. How it stirs.
The skin, the breath, the eyes, the hair