

And Also With You

The comet taught us how to watch the war.

The comet contended that fire

is romantic and recommended we each behold it alone,
envisioning out there somewhere our next
lover, craning up at this same sky.

Was the comet simply endeavoring
to keep us divided, we asked it, and the comet

did not reply. Then we discovered the men
who wanted us dead
were convening at night on the site where their hero

had been unceremoniously
interred. And so we exhumed the guy, burned him up,
and fed his ash to the rapids,

to be churned into marlstone and mud-rich
air. Good thinking. Now he's everywhere.

Other Things, If Not More Urgent Things

How to get close without going over.
How to feign lust for whatever's on offer.
How the largest possible quantity
of anything is a lifetime. A lifetime
of oat bran. A lifetime of timing belts.
A lifetime of saying, SURE, WHY NOT,
I'M ONLY ON EARTH X NUMBER
OF YEARS, and not knowing what
to make x. Sometimes I pick a number
I've already passed. I remember
the gambler's credo—when you only
have fifty bucks left in this world,
you'd better get rid of it fast; the last
thing you want is money around,
reminding you every day of the money
you lost. The recommended
retirement plan is arabesque, then leap
and smash on the seawall. We made
a promise not to catch each other.