

A Short Letter, in Waiting

Tonight a fallout sky hollows the throttled city,
evening orange to the point of whiteness.

In vacancy there is not much to be said
for exercises in successive thoughts, or for the simple gift of rhythm.

Just this week, down the street from where I live,
police found a woman's body wrapped in a blue tarp.

No apparent identifying marks.

These streets – heralds of misplaced feeling –

habituating auto-dumbfoundment.

Derailed, diminished, now I relish the simple accidents:

How a young girl told me she was thankful
for *everything under the sun*, but instead of *sun* she said *world*.

Those children, sending tiny droplets of pure wonder
through the universe like little atomizers, summoning you –

a distant point of energy floating somewhere
in the unknowable world – this hazy thing I feel but not cannot see.

In closing, let me remind you of the strange combinations of words
found on certain second-story porches in spring.

There are things we used to love that we don't anymore.
Let us tell ourselves that this is no great tragedy.