

Perspective

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1.

almost blue, the river
at least from a distance

close: hazel
(the color of her eyes after
i no longer loved her)

closer, closer: cupped
in the hand that had once touched
her and drawn to the mouth that
had more than once - - - :clear

2.

the year we were both dying, the plumber
& i, we continued working
certainly, we needed the money
(hopeless medical procedures are the most expensive)
but we also wanted to belong to the world
and believe that things were fixable
that morning, he came when i called him
(the dying sometimes swear allegiance)
into my bald and scrawny apartment
where my kitchen sink was clogged
nothing as simple as i'd hoped, the elbow
trap, instead, we were at the main drain,
corroded, tumescent, and even leaking,
oh Larry, i asked, is this really very serious?

sweetheart, he said, his face blank as the ceiling
which terminated his gaze, you of all people
should know this: it's only plumbing.

3.

this is the expectation: resolution
deconstructed, we remain reflexive Hegelians
(thesis, antithesis, synthesis)
we want all our images neatly bundled and tied

we crave details that accrete into meaning
we want alms in the form of answers
to questions we believe are begging
who was that woman

with the hazel/not-hazel eyes and why
did we break-up, if we did, and what
was i dying of, if i really was, and if
i was, why am i not dead yet?

or is it all about the river and the drainpipe,
connected through metaphor
or symbol, *Lethe* or *Oshun*
or *samsara* itself?

i can offer no satisfactions, i have nothing
my darling, there are only desires
those exquisite ropes that lash us
to this astonishing raft of life.