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I Remember Rilke

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Dara Wier

I Remember Rilke

I remember Rilke sopping wet,
sprawled out as usual
all over his lilac bed,
newfangled breezes firing up
his freezing rooms,
crumbs of sesame drugs
loose in his killer hair.
Like 91% of the rest of us
he lied about the time
he spent alone.
He spent most of his time
on the telephone.
And the rest in pursuit
of a spider he'd run across
at supper, striding up
his butter knife.
He was one handsome devil,
all tensile muscle
built for rapid travel.
He never once said please
or hesitated to crawl
into dinner plates.
Such a relief to see
a grown, living spider,
astride a trivet, declaiming
against minutiae, by simple
virtue of his bearing,
the unrequired champion

of infinity, enjoying himself
at the table, encouraging
Rilke to commit to memory
his adoration of a certain
shade of violet. Without
apology, without so much as
a nod toward regret, he ambled
up a woman's arm and turned
like a friendly bracelet around
her sensible wrist. I don't
truly remember much more about Rilke.