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News of You

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NEWS OF YOU

I learn to read you in the oily
silence of the lemons, a bowl
painted with chrysanthemum; in the
autumnal, the girl in a torn coat
sitting at the park bench staring at
her feet, the sexual cries of the
pigeons in the bean tree in my yard—
their flapping out at dawn, a flurry
of white like exposed thighs. Not
to listen for news of you as though
you had become a man in a book,
forever on page 243—entering a
room, softly closing a door. You
lift suitcases, pay the check,
an anonymous exchange
of quarters for coffee, a credit card
for a tank of gas. The tightness
eases but only in increments. So long
I spent snaring the trap—delicate
instrument of hair and wing, brightness
of blue bead and razor. Now if you

could only see me disassembling
it—how I struggle to love the
backwards glance, you changed into
mere figure—an illustration in my book
of illuminations: The boy with the falcon,
holding out his thin wrists.