Winter 1994

Farther Down

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Farther Down

I’m considering burning the house.

You probably have the town on your mind.

You’re afraid there’s no end to me, the possibilities.

If I change my face, will you stay?

When will our agendas meet? And where? Over cafe au lait on a street? At my house, still smoking?

Farther down it was father who drowned. Sucked in the last of his own promises:

Silk robe from the war.

Can I wear it without thinking? Can I remember the name?
I will say who I am without hurting:

A miracle.
The light in my eyes.

Smoke still sifting
if you look long enough.