Good News, Bad News

Gary Duehr
GOOD NEWS, BAD NEWS

“I am German.” This is the central meaning
Of the century in which Gray
Landed, and spent one
Entire life in its minutiae
At a teardrop’s end.

Is this it? To look back 30 years hence
And realize these dim
Days are it, were it, that things go
On like this awhile
Then stop? Every star is a plane.

They move further away, a house lit up
Inside. Gray is hanging next year
Beside files silent
And white, stuffed with good news and bad
Crumpled together:

Photographs of the doomed captioned with wedding names.
The anonymous witness’ face a vague stain.