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Of Three Distinct Moments

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Of Three Distinct Moments

1) An afternoon as I recall
She was so smiling
A middle-aged monolith
Exceedingly unfrozen
By the first and last words
She ever spoke to me
You're so thin!
Certainly confirming what I had long known:
the tears, for porcelain, of varied hours
equaled perfection

I did the dimple thing as best I could
She walked on
But now, I was resolute
I would be able to stop soon

2) there is language, in fact, i believe
a bare minimum for the expression
of how i
i how,
i'll never really know
Why God? and me
without her
anymore
those damn bagpipes
and i seriously do not mean this in jest

those damn bagpipes
were more real than seeing the coffin
and that's as close as i might ever come

3) there was this teensy weensy little period
of about one month

after i was one with her
during which i was convinced
i knew what the Whole Thing was about
and waking up was so much fun
regardless; inevitably my tummy
would feel funny
when our hands were one, like us
once
that was always enough

even now, when i imagine her
i almost think i know
it's just that
i never really do
know, i know that i don't

but her freckles
in early autumn
are far too compelling,
too beyond being captured in netted words,
to try
to stop
remembering