

Ultrasound

Now everything is better, let us cry
late, in elegant empty rooms,
our tears evasive. I will not be there
bearing my uneven sympathy
crushed in cardboard skin--it's glass or metal,
these flickering blood-drawing shards.

Everything I hold to must have broken
to a cold slag of cut phrases--
how did we accomplish so little, so long?
This isn't an apology,
for what haunts you is not my fault, it can't
be, though all the same signs are there.

I thought that natural things don't need explained
but that thought itself perplexes:
I'm still amazed how water condenses
towards the flameside of my lamp's
chimney, in just the same manner as dust
returns to the surface dusted.

The invisible pull of piece to piece;
the soul's soul must get cloudy, too,
your fetus dangerously reposing,
borne on a wholly human tide,
takes warmth from the entropic principle:
things get better tortuous ways.

Now the sun is laid to rest; the car doors
thud across all this continent.
The radio towers wink their long eyes
in staccato celebration.
If you recall this when you're her mother,
pause to give thanks: let your face rain.

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