

A Whittenberg

Lag

When you realize,
'Please return the library books
They're on the table'
As her last words
Balances every "I love you" she'd given

Instead of goodbye
The incessant, familiarity of instruction
the sum
of my mother

Watching Jordan's Fall

... God, I hate November.
All the hope I had hoped
against hope for Jordan.

Dad beat Jordan, to
straighten him out, to show
Jordan, to silence him.

My brother lived until the next
season, onto the next winter,
very quiet like a fallen leaf.

Water's Wine

The balance of bliss is pain

The balance of pain is enlightenment

The balance of enlightenment is more enlightenment

The balance of more enlightenment is transcendence

The balance of transcendence is alienation

The balance of alienation is bliss

Extant

shame on you
for eating flesh
the protein of your friends
(at least, you didn't eat your sister)
but come on -- what were you thinking?
to maintain
survival excuses everything except when it doesn't
shame
after your plane crashed into the Andes Mountains
after the impact, the crush of metal, the raging fire drowned by the snow
more bad luck
the avalanche, the avalanches
being lost, being broken
and you can't eat the rugby balls and the plane food is gone
the hunger, the relentless cold, the hunger, the screams,
where was the utility?
civilization sent search parties that couldn't find you
shame
nourishment was only a 60 mile walk away or at least the goat herders
you had to find your own cure
you saved yourself
shame