

Assuming, Once Again, It's Done With,

It's easy to think, *what's left,*
now that I no longer
cover in the light of you—

A lapse in grief
is another emptiness; a space, in turn, filled
by the usual remembering: the unthinkable
made so possible as to become fact—*he vanished*
and she went on—

In my periphery,
every shadow is a new dead thing—

the coyote dead beside the water, its clean bone
the unwasting work of birds.