

LAUREN CAMP

Autobiography of Things That Are Not Solid

Down on my knees I photographed
the sky. And the grasses
held their dead bugs. July
was sore
with wretched heat. Some pitiful
seconds. The heart kept up its jinks
and clipped deviltry. Against the fence
the drying foliage. Long blue
which I looked at
to look at because there has been little
to do but sacrifice. My father
was buried in linen, curved over
with imperial
prayers. I wanted them to sing him
the wind, which I saw
as his sort of grace. I wore good shoes
to the cemetery despite
rain's slippery delirium. They lowered
the coffin with ropes and claws
and I flashed on the father
in water in Texas. Oh, the embrace! Held together
in madness. My father
argued with me
and I with him. What if
everything you lose
takes its place beside you? What if
you hold it there, tight?