

DANNYE ROMINE POWELL

Loss Considers the Idea of Bliss

He's not exactly opposed to it,
as he would be opposed to grime, say,
or certain kinds of odors. It's more a matter
of weight, he supposes, or timing. Something less
sublime, less fleshy, would suit him better.
He thinks of the windy give in every given,
the corpulent hope now decomposing,
John Hinckley's mom, before switching on the TV,
happy at her ironing.