

As for Now,

to come to grief  
let the door close.  
Do not turn  
from a shriveled ghost  
who begs audience;  
a wild-eyed child,  
*petit moineau*,  
little sparrow,  
whispering with longing  
at your feet, or ancient  
voices with whips of words  
that curdle your helpless love  
into mincemeat.  
Let them pass. See  
the beauty in what occurs:  
a chaplain who hears  
what you cannot say, a nurse  
who remembers last words.  
Allow Mnemosyne,  
goddess of memory,  
to fill to the brim  
those singular winged voices  
gone within.  
The room grows still.  
Paper lilies and rice grass  
in the vase on the table  
next to keys and mittens  
send up an old perfume  
from a street you once knew,  
dangerous and wise,  
where tears, once cried  
blossom rooms among rooms  
of knowing inside,  
lighter than air,  
gentler than pride,  
border after border  
discovered, crossed  
until you quake  
with the enormous eternal beauty  
of the one you have lost.