

No Speaker for the Living

— when heart's doors closed.
Aortas are jammed.
Worthless arteries pump until they stop.
The first time I heard your rattle:
*From a situation in which nothing can happen,
suddenly anything is possible again.*
Mr. Fisher taught me life.
Every part.
Especially the last.

You and your ilk — servants of specter —
pined for your immortality.
So you suckled at *the black milk of dawn*,
supped hemlock: *it is clear to me that it was better for me to
die now
and to escape from trouble.*

Trouble, so mortal, coils around
our necks.
The frigid grip from your remainder:
shadowy hands.
You drag us away from one another.
We could stop you.
We don't, though.

And now songs between fungi and flora fade to silence.
They're too cold.
And our family? We forgot our songs. The kinds that
made us.
Your rattle echoes everywhere.
Is this the apparition, the eternity that you chased?
A bell toll so clamorous
the voices of everyone we called ours
don't reach.
I miss you,
but this time
I'm not gonna crack.