

the after math

we marched on at first
or rather we declined to march anywhere
at home with my mother I felt
such closeness in our solitude.

but what may come will come
and you may not come at all
lonely flowers bloom
beneath hopeful autumn leaves.

the summer sun rises gently
with the final desperate breath of dawn
and then the mourning comes
and brings the cloudy darkness of sunshine.

the world gets colder
and our hearts grow cold, too.
we lucky members of september-
we know that cold is a state of mind.

Now that the new year
has failed to become new, we
-with tentative hope-
we do the after math.

What calculation could possibly encompass the immensity
of desperate gasps in empty rooms
silent hymns in empty churches
immeasurable love.

if we do the after math-
with some empty, useless equation-
Division next? Haven't we already divided, and subtracted too?
Our memories are too sharp to be multiplied.

somehow in the after math
something tentative hides beneath mounds of spent paper
what secret plant will grow?
That depends- on how well we do the after math.