

# Disposable Pleasures

*by* Ed Higgins

when I take the time  
now to remember

you have become  
a thousand page

memory book  
sifted into particles

that tie and untie  
cords of absence

tighter than old lusts  
or other familiar delights

only hinted at  
in these photographs

of the sea's peculiarity  
on a grey clouded day

with an immense sun  
opening heavily upon you

a white O'Keeffe rose  
sensuous and blooming

as perishable as skin itself  
or undoubted truth

disposable as loneliness  
and all such light pleasures.

