

# maggots are small minutes in the trash i saw them

*by* Bobbi Lurie

greatest love comes to those closest to death keenest love comes  
to those who die quickly less love to those misdiagnosed or  
diagnosed prematurely or who outlive their sentence of death due to  
no diagnosis substantial enough to care for or to be sated from  
caring rooted in the earth is the death sentence people speed across  
to or from with that which cools this fever trees bleed amber crying  
is a bell which chases most away little honor much expectation  
dance of flattery steps away little is late and later is less each  
directly walks desultory no amnesty and therefore suffer forever  
from misdiagnosis maggots are small minutes (sixty seconds) in the  
trash i saw them appear while etching in an unventilated space  
where i intaglioed your name unmarried are the granite slabs we  
meet alone within camouflage a life where fewer falter well  
forgiveness is a seldom mouth if ever engrave his name bury the loss  
of home what needs a place at any cost a coverlet or word like  
bodice gone forever is the sense of lace i dare not give the name of  
the city though i begged not to leave mounds of please broken shells  
of careful walk across the lack of vowels and how we did not give a  
single detail of biographical text as if neither of us chose so why talk  
intentionality betrayal is in the eye of the beholder wrestling a word  
which might have been a silent thin veneer of caring it's a myth  
that's why

