

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

