

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.

