

Post-Probity

by Ophelia Hu

After dividing the sabliere
and after the outliers roll away,
disappear,
or sit like a thrombus between two fingers,
will there be enough in the day
for you to watch the sun sag
into its everyday tomb,
to listen to the sagittal sigh
of a passing evening,
to eat the last fruits of a wounded innocence
dashed against the scree of summer?

Or will you nurse your closed fists
and cry
that the pearl hurt you so?

