

Some Last Things

by Sam Rasnake

So many words to say now he'll never say though
he feels their weight in silence, though he needs
their meanings, he knows he won't find them,

still they bite at his tongue — what he once questioned
he knows for fact, what he once believed, he's long since
forgotten or dreamed away — if you whisper your truths,

they'll disappear, he'd say, so he never whispers them —
and when he does speak, his voice is the wild thud
of trees falling oceans from here in cool shimmers

of rain, in the hot curl of asphalt, in all the time needed
though there's so little now to do, and he's prayed deep
into the hole of his aching, but that's not how it ends —

in a hush, in the beetle's scratching at the baseboard,
a bullfrog's croaking from the dark rocks in his pond,
his cane leaning against the opened window

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