

# 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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