

OR, I SAW SOMEONE LEAVING THE WORLD

A dozen blank-faced ghosts are rising; their fat crow's
barking in my ear—such an ark-ark-ark to it. Now

a shade comes down with a clatter I can barely
bear. It is dangerous to listen. Better to scarcely

notice; better to sleep through the bother—salt
the bird, *mea culpa, felix culpa*. (Happily.

Happily.) I am my own damn fault. I am a barn door
flown closed. Or, I saw someone leaving the world

—my hand is a trail of sighing glass; my fingers,
slammed shut. The writing: it's wonderful, nothing.