

It Is Not Dust We Are Becoming

We took this twilight inside
of us and it guttered bruise-blue
among our organs, as fear
seized and palsied your feet
that once had been smooth
and commanding on their
stamp dance pat of land.
Toes tell each story twice,
you wrote once. Twice
because once no one was
listening? Or because we can't
know how we have lived
until we know how we will die?
Oiling the gnarled roots
of your toes, I understand
finally, the humility of both
the one who bows to the other
with water and cloth,
and the one who allows
himself to be washed.
Neither is above, we are both
so sorry for humanity,
its long shuffling in sorrow's hands.
Already you are freezing
away from me, your body
stiffening into something fixed
as what it used to be—
a memory, a scent,
and your self, ongoing,
I have to believe, into what
fates or recreations?