

## Of Liberation

You arrive in a sentence  
where you would like  
to stay, but you are told

to move on to another,  
so you do and wish only this  
time to keep to imaginary

places. You are not  
given Zanzibar or Timbuktu  
but Paducah where two

soldiers compare figures on  
a motel balcony. You  
note the exits and a sign

announcing "no free breakfast."  
One says, "You look good, man,"  
to the other, who nods. Though

you had always understood  
figures differently, you  
respect their loyalty

to a cause impossible  
to understand. "I've been  
through two surgeries, and

still smell as good as  
a piano," the admired one says.  
"We can let the poets

stay as servants." The  
moon is quartered and the air  
is mild. You sleep in a rented

bed overlooking asphalt.  
Through the vents your  
German professor repeats,

"Ich komme aus Dodge.  
Woher kommst Du?" over  
and over until your

True Being separates from  
a cough that will not  
go away. The professor

in the morning seeks  
out your eye as he  
slips out the door,

"To be in a sentence,"  
he asserts, "is by  
nature to be passing through."