

Recoil

it is possible to see a man it is possible to see your father
seconds from his home years away from a graying beard
climbing up a chain-link fence the face of his face
an aperture of moonlit flight whatever's the opposite of rebellious
his knees a quiver of plum tree his chin a shutter of anything
at strobe-light distance contrary to self-defense

it is possible not to pretend it is possible to believe
you wouldn't nurse a fruit tree with ill-intent
perforated with frostbite it is possible to entertain the thought
to redress the wound of an empty page
to weep at a greenlight to weep over a shadow heavier than yours
to stop writing this poem to flinch at stars that never flinch