

## Now, soft

It is good to learn how to do everything badly, even this.  
I can say: no one ever went back but did.  
I can say, that summer I stayed alone  
with the dead and their things,  
but it was all done badly and there was no end.

The dark window and the still trees were a lie of peace.  
The dust covered everything but doesn't protect it,  
the sunlight doesn't sanitize.  
That all their hearts together would sound like a stampede  
is lovely,  
but the loveliness does not save them.  
I chose to stay and it didn't matter.  
The telling lies of an end. I know nothing ends.

It was when I first saw it that we could finally stop speaking:  
a knuckled lump lifting her shirt at her soft waist.  
I never touched it. I turned away and washed dishes,  
put my hands against the sink bottom.  
The heat was like a touch, the bottom held me up.