

Buckner Richard

"Picture Day"

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made: the way we never talk / the day
the news slipped out:

i watched the big distraction glow
and suddenly was found with hollow
roads of "i don't know", think
in our thin overthrows, and it's
closing time on the other line,
shallow (in the light and thunder),
cold (at the crown), crudest as
the shell was breaking (and someone
looked around). i didn't want to find
a savior weighing off with other
strangers to the wind, just to let
you in. i left when nothing else
was holding, fasting, as a way of
folding. i'll never figure through
where it was with you, down to
standing and staring.

i hear from some i lost. i caught
my breath, but, it was done (and
the harbor lights were gone).

someone moved like they'd waited (so long)
and didn't stop to tell it wrong or
come around or play it down.

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