

Coda to a Marriage

This room with its complaining floorboards,
rushing spigots, soft latch of doors,
the blackness of dawn before dawn

with its sharps and flats, a discordant
jay's first recitative of the day – let
it be defined by disappearance.

This poem would like to report a vanishing,
a woman last seen rising from a chalk
outline of herself, a song escaping

from her throat and winging into black –
notes written on the night sky like stars
uncharted. Her sound is a sound that falls

between the staves of treble and bass.
This is not to imply that she is alone.
The moon silvers her walk. A scarf, on loan,

circles her neck. The man who walks beside her,
unfamiliar. What more is there to hear?
The moon's dial made its predictable click

from wax to wane, the birds went diminuendo.
The grass surrendered its green. By what accord?
On whose authority? Innuendo

and heresy are companion stars – each consumed
with desire. A longing to be heard.

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