

Notre Dame Review

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Fleeing Ghost

for Paul Klee

As if your right hand, nothing more, unites
Your head to your emaciated frame,
As if your left hand clears away the proof
Of that exertion – angling to hide
Your fragmentation. (From?) But you are thin.
You find your flesh in fingerprints that dim
Your clarity to give you body. Lips.
But not your own. Possibly mine, my life
Fingering yours. So much to flee from, in
The dead hand past, the rest then taken on
At hazard. So you grasp across the gaps.
Yet – there it is, your skirt upturned: the tilt
That proves the dance. What you have fled, is gone.
The specter you threw off, that holds me still.

Cicada

after Thoreau after Anacreon

Cicada – dew-lover yet unmodeled,
chirr-coater of trees, land-suffuser, Muse-
amuser, earthborn, earthbarren, bloodless,
godlike – Mira pronounces you happy.