

Postcard from a National Monument

1999

I'm back over the water again, at the tower where
I called you by your name. Your face had chapped pink, tilt,
bony cheeks indescribable, moment before a forgotten word—

some things notch below the mind and stay there.

If I'd called out again, spouted any of a million nouns, pointed to the cars
passing, people, the things that were not us,

it would have been nothing, just air from a mouth—
now you're gone, and the view
is somehow different. I pick up a postcard and write

If you return here, I hope you'll grow used to the people,
the peculiar way they have of moving their mouths.
In time, I hope you'll grow to miss it when you leave.

I shoulder the words like a good dark bruise, yellow
on the edges. It's been a long time since these postcards
had anything to do with getting from one place to the other.

Even now, I'm just talking a good game. The paper
flies from my hand and into the ocean,
and I begin my waiting for someone new,

on another airplane, arms weighted, whole suitcases
of misunderstanding: to visit me here and return to separate
countries: to speak of my peculiar ways: no worry—

I'll think of ways to end that letter too.
When you were here it was easy to think of you.
Try to believe, as I do, that it was nothing

2005

disappearance of the object. disappear
the object.
And stop calling.

No, brain: occipital: medical: presumptuous medical, fracturing
and how fracturing
is as much a problem
of the modernists

and their war
as the postmodernists
(fuck postmodernists
and poems in the shapes of things
and topiary ideas in general:
mouth, mouth, mouth & I WILL
be sincere).

and how, Diana, you found the postcards actual postcards, 25
rotting notes
from a mother and a father on vacation

to a boy, later a man then sold:
estate sale then
the man who bought them,
sick, sick with cancer indescribable,

now: worry, indescribable,
and why girl you so sick of being:
up high, no one to talk to?

(and how “nothing” is both always and never a lie—