

To Weeping



That the hemorrhage be so slow, so late arising, that the body for days or weeks might carry in silence and perfect safety what will set its membranes, steeped in fever, all to weeping is what's difficult to grasp. Also, there is autumn. The buses ply the street and its potholes (my bike's tires, too, stutter over them). The elms abscise their leaves to live—though diseased—another winter. None of us, anyhow, escapes death (there, let it be said) though it seems this month a bit more likely, statistically, in Texas. It could be argued however that there is no autumn in Dallas: the leaves of the elm are a bright and limey yellow, ascomycotic brown dotting the tips and dentate edges. Yes, the terrific syntax and inflection to all the planet carries but there are errands to run, groceries, and the body weeps but briefly and without fever. The helmet strap is damp, the rain just ended. On lips and eyelids the fog's muculent touch.