

NEXT

I had come to this moment with little reprise
So left over was this quandary,
however unknown to me at the time,
that I felt bereaved of my resource.

And began a small consortium of complaints
Which no one heard - but I continued
hoping, though knowing it meant nothing -
in a larger group of thoughts.

Surrounded by portions of poignancy
I positioned myself and prepared
To evaluate the next move
Which came in such sudden dullness.

It bored complacency.
But begged its being so blamelessly
I tolerated noticing my then next move
And began to cry, slowly and lengthily.

And slept.
 and dreamed.
I think I have awakened, but I am not at liberty
to affirm, nor Essay - nor assuage
for you or for me - neither - I don't know.

But neither do you. I just cry and you don't.
Not of emotion but absolve.
So that I never come here again
And do this damned thing over.

But next I will smile when I see a Child,
For I know the chances are good
That I have given something to her,
And will one day sup.

But my next, next move I shall not know.
I will only smile with her and feel rain
And step on snow so cold it dismantles
And lie in grains and smell the dust of entropy.

Lines of what is fragile and brown have meaning
To no one but me, and I am in charge of this.
I feel what I think, and next, next - next time
I will just feel. Deeply and lengthily and slowly

Without caring of consequence,
Riddled by an undulating corpse of concern
Dead to the partisanship of prodding
Yells - which when heard inside - say, "Next".