

CARL JAMES GRINDLEY

You Said It Was Five Years

Well it has been a lot longer than that, by
 Now the shoreline itself has
 Changed, and behind the moon,
 The stars by which remembrance
 Led you, are a few
 Degrees off. Who knows, perhaps
 She was all that, and
 Your word web snared my hand
 For her beauty's sake still.
 Did she look at you,
 See someone like herself, or
 Like most strangers, without gloves in
 A crowd, did she pass
 By hurrying for her train?
 And did you realize that
 Every thing surfeits for every
 Other thing, or did you
 Suppose that your words would
 Remain as they were? Whatever
 Once graced the current's path
 Has been netted, your words
 Have been devoured by two
 Hundred wheezy years, two hundred
 Years spent picking at bones,
 Turning every page, until it
 Is as blank as the
 Tide, and, really, such scribbles
 As yours will never do;
 Lovers in our new time
 Themselves become palimpsests.