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.