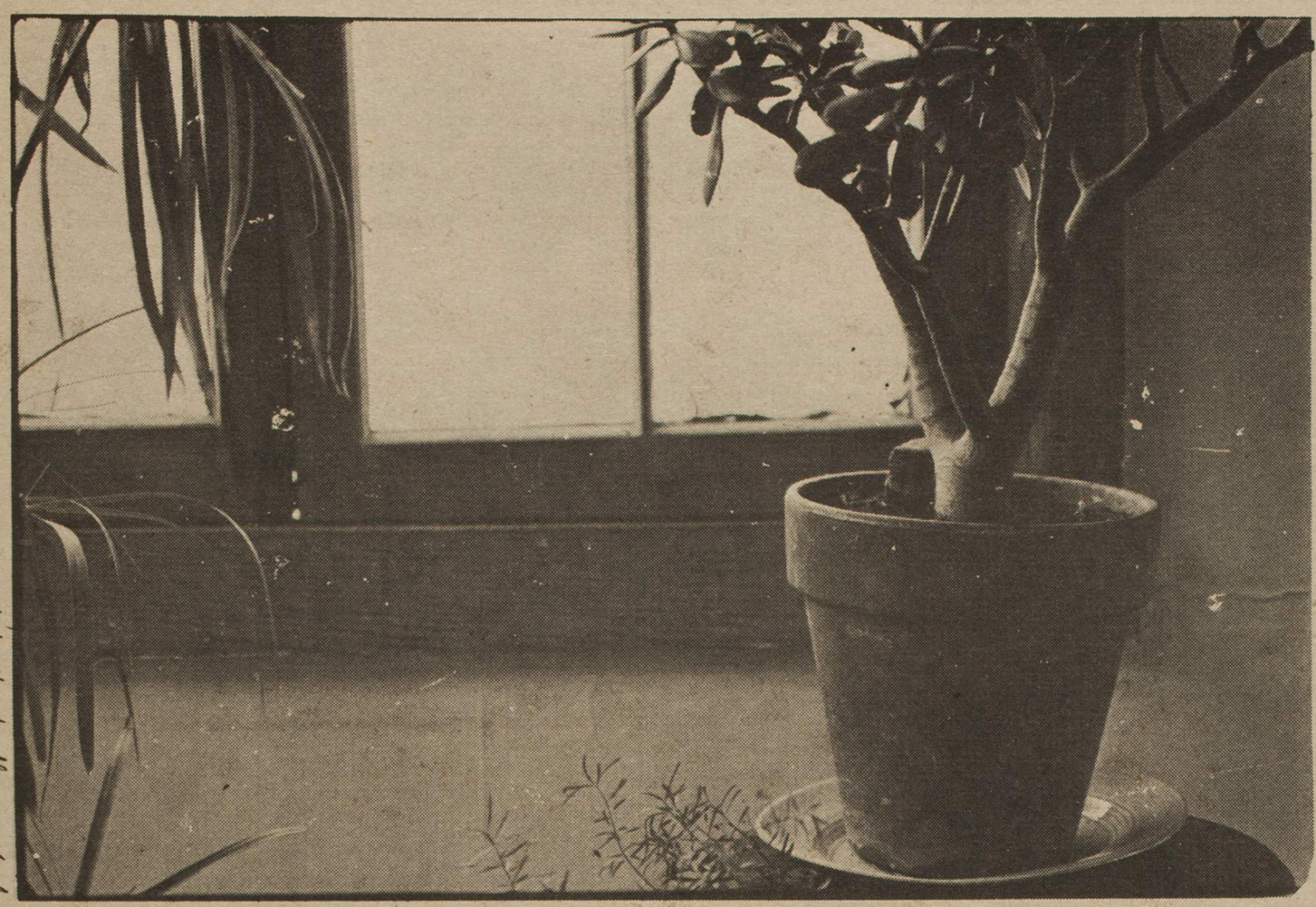

photo by kathryn clark

I top my fingers
blot. The tea
is bitter when
I manage the
price. In
february my
friend died
and two years
ago I wrote
this... and
emptied my
head of all but...

and that was it and is today but emptiness, no
virtuose moment. In february my friend
died and I wrote this. Now I top my fingers a lot and my face is
often mistaken for another. I often mistake myself as having
moment. A candle.
Not even a candle.
Everyday is its
identical self. Every
thing I know squirms
from under the eye.
It is every moment
the final. The after
noon is so huge it
cannot move. In
february this year
another friend died.
Ondonce, in August
he died. And several
times before

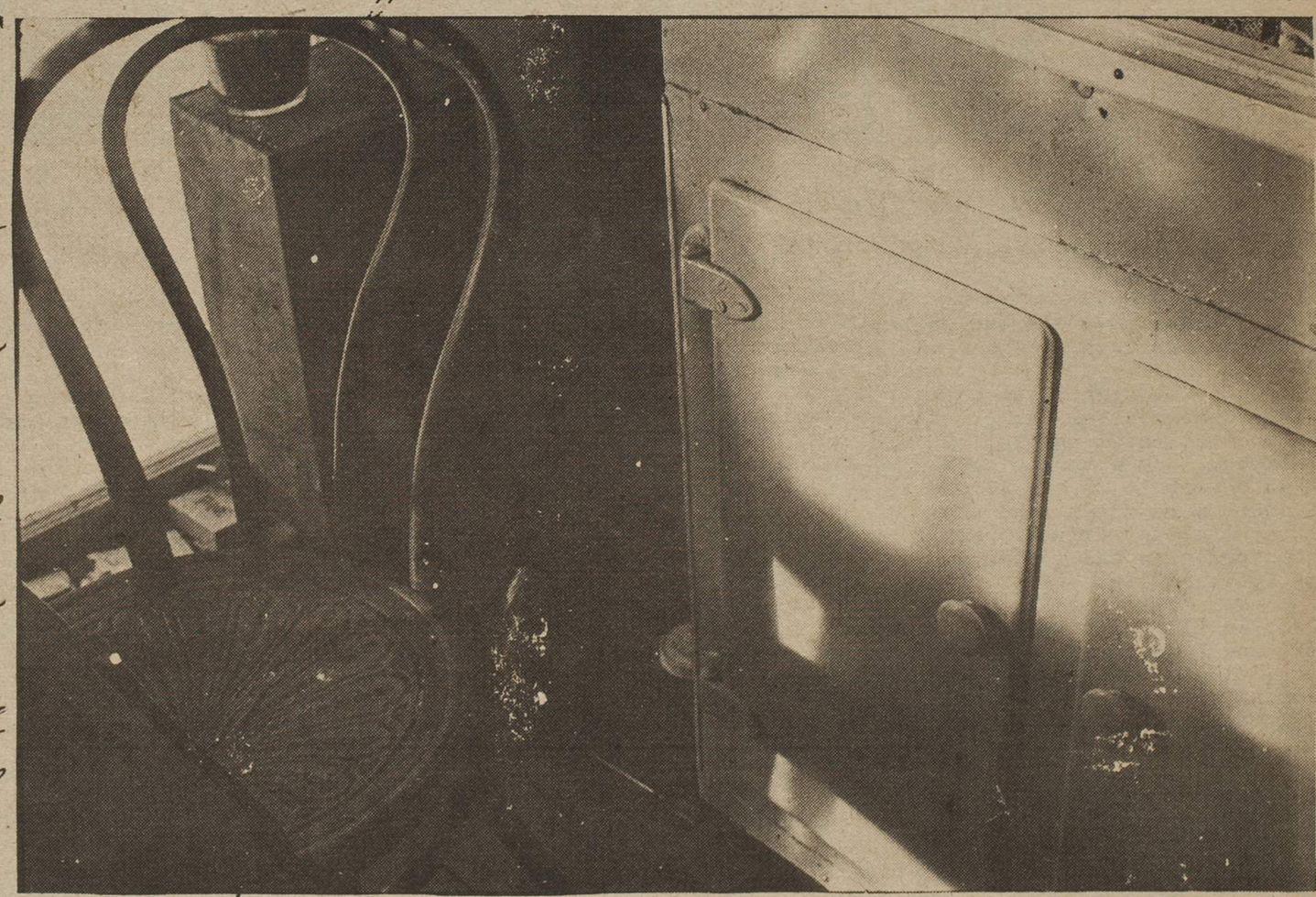

photo by kathryn clark

that he was known to die and reassured and
die and born again become to die. I wrote this then
and several others and none could carry the
ornament of my grief. I could have waited
through all afternoons if knowing but didn't then
looking discover the door through which he
or sadness he stood when I looked back
particle for particle salt. I could have waited
through all afternoons if I had known he
was but there.

poem attributed to Richard Wilber