

DASHIELL MOORE

TO BE REVISED

she said that words come from a divine source
tap a cloud, wave a flag, divert their course.
she said words come easily, she'd inquire within
like a guest would exorcise a pallid skin.
she said, and I could see her eyes straining
through bumblebee sunglasses,
I wrote because I had time for that
awful thing, I had six years for ink
to impress itself, and ten more for a press,
eleven to be read, and twelve to be known, and after—

after, she said, her eyes visible under dark glass
there won't be enough time or silence
in all the world, your course will be set
and your last word will be a signature.

She shook her head
and her dreadlocks frolicked
for absent freedoms
to produce a truth in the making
to say what it is,
or what it wasn't,

what for me
could be five years or twenty, but for her is
distilled in future tense—why she
wears sunglasses on such dull days, not for the weather.

an afterlife ill fits the novelist
whose life cannot end.
with a name on some lists, doors open, and
fellow beds become bedfellows, and
you'll hate these cages.

WHAT IT IS TO BE A GOD

The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh
The pale yellow of a flowers life
A like with its death.

How brief
And how inadequate
The fluttered body
Come unto and out of itself
Its interim being
The merest of winds
That possess a sail.