

Enormity

I have lost more than I kept.
My father encased in amber,
staring out of his life at me.
He can well recall himself,
I fear.

One more white-sky July day,
piedmont of Virginia; I have lost
nostalgia. The food is here,
the waitress says: duck breast,
grilled endive. I feel a fool.

Our garden fails the same time each year.
I say goodbye to it. The weeds say
nature abhors a vacuum: what is filling me.
Our life here is poor and full.
And what's left: the good and bad one thing,

always to be alone, and
always looking at yourself.