

Pleach

Mirage of a miracle—
a lookalike like a double root
in algebra, in Algernon—*friend,*
you were a child when you leaned
toward these things, the pitch-pine
syrup-light, and now your darkness
could use a breath. And I a break
with life a trial *a thrill* a thread
to lose *together with your telephone*
in an amniotic sea, *such emergency*
a cursive of togetherness—cursive y-yes
but togetherness is fit for a laser-print
or a second look: you yourself saw
as much in the word respect—
I admit, you can't reliably italicize
a dash / and that I wanted
to pronounce the slash, and also I admit
you're not here for my confession but
your shift from lean to normal line
was a muse to me a moment,
seeing doubleness where lately
the burned birds rang—*you mean*
the ringing in your fears
is but a letter away from listening—
beware, it isn't only love
that completes sentences—I suppose
you'll tell me what else if I wait
in my *respectfully* focused blur?
If I leave it here you'll probably
not eat the leftovers, so I'll be clear,
a life is a drift together and apart:
Nobody, not the plucky parallel,
not even me in my mirror
can give you any pause.