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MORRIS**

A BENEDICTION, 20 JANUARY 2009

Fresher breaths draw in
On this winter lengthened
By the plaintive taunts of
That wiser voice, the wind.
The young men hiccup into
Their cigarettes; they see
Mathematical movement
In the blushes of those irises,
Flag stars, they understand
The grave weight of their being.
The slap of shoe rubber applauds
On the palms of avenue asphalt.
Memory dilates like the eye
Of a child in her holiday parlor,
With white whispers of light
Winding on the family mantle.
She watched the ring as it slid
From the finger of an old warmth,
A tremor of living that spoke
Like the hushed trumpets
Of a burial, and then was folded
In with a wrapping of the flag.
Her anxieties were transparent
When the boys' choirs hummed
In cheeks of the more powerful mouths.
Her walls, though, were windows
Unlit by an accumulation of frost;
Her voice, a tangle of light
At her throat, as fragile as
The trickling of icicles, will yawn
For this eulogy. How lonesome;
She hears his footsteps innuendo
With their backtracks. Their fade
Becomes his valediction, and echo
As a whale's final gulping moan
In his ocean. With no hands there
To salute him, his signing statements
Sigh into mere diagrams, into bones
Only sands cradle, lastly ashes
Wrapped in velvet resting
On the shelves of holier homes.
That rapist of language,
His innocence is assured.