

Stanley M. Noah

And now a closet of clothes,
resilient

Just across the rim I found you.
Your skeleton lies singing in
Horizontal dreams on the desert
Floor, halfway in the southwest.

Pointed in that direction you so
Much desired to get there. Ribs
Full of shifting sands, remote like
An abandoned harp, diminishing
Decades, stark skies when here
Your breath could step no more.
I look upon your skull as if it
Reflects the face of an ancient
Moon. No doubt you once savored
A written name, a somebody. Maybe
You had been a genius or an ordinary
Spoken voice in a secret society, a

Father, or daughter with long black
Silky hair, or a mother, or a
Childless laborer, teacher, seamstress
To many—carried away by deduction
Of hours from thousands to one to
None.

No matter who you were, you
Are what we shall become, drop by
Drop our shadows becoming an empty
Clock. Surely we are more than the
Math of days, the aging of mirrors
Looking back at us like a cracked
Metaphor.

A clear image like any
Camera lens that knows too much.
Afterwards there is remembrance,
A closet of clothes, limp, folded,
Retaining their pigmentations like
Hanging moss from southern trees~
And you, again, like a strike of matches
Burning in the yellow canyon of echoes,
Criss-crossing a complexity of maps.

Stanley M. Noah has published work in Main Street
Rag, Old Red Kimono, Poetry Nottingham,
Eclectica.org, and elsewhere in the U.S., Canada,
Great Britain, and New Zealand.