



Image from Dreamstime

Simon Perchik

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You need this rotting flower box
the way a bed-sheet is folded back
makes its home in the same room

the dead hear as corners and fingertips
–there’s time and though it’s not raining
you cover her grave with your hand

as a promise, say nothing about
why there are no flowers where the ground
is shaded –in such a silence

what you reach for rises from your arms
as arms, one around the other
now that this dirt is empty.

Simon Perchik has been called “the most widely published unknown poet in America . . . who may well be our era’s Emily Dickinson” (*Library Journal*).

His poetry has been published in *Partisan Review*, *The Nation*, *Poetry*, and *The New Yorker*. His book *The Osiris Poems (1993–2016)* is available from box of chalk.