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Simon Perchik

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It was a map –what you hear  
stays on the way these dead  
wait for the river to point

where its bottom stones  
broke through the surface  
as the sound leaving one hand

for the other that's not too far  
stays wet, must know you will come  
by raft, pulled to a place

no one can put together again

though there is this path  
still dragging you along the ground

lost, holding on, silenced  
shaped name after name  
as pieces no longer turning back.

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Simon Perchik has published widely, including in *The New Yorker*, *The Nation*, *Partisan Review*, and *Poetry*. His collection *The Osiris Poems (1993-2016)* is published by boxofchalk.