

## Collectings

First the hair, this lock, that, which  
the brush shed in little poofs after  
the slightest sparks against the stiff  
suit, the too closed collar.  
Next there are the moons  
of nail filings & the rattling teeth  
each for necklaces or head dresses  
worn about the face...

I kept them in a file called *Forgetting*  
as later I went through your things:  
tie pins, cuff links, letter scraps,  
tissues filled with lipsticks' sweetest  
Drag on a cigarette...

The remembrance drew a poultice  
on wounds, & if I could I'd have  
put you on ice in a glass coffin  
with fountains, with genuflecting visitors...

Instead the earth takes you into its hide  
amid Palm Sunday alms, Easter fronds  
& there is no savior to roll away the stone.

Before you go I will pin this red ribbon,  
this rainbow flag & let each be lasting kiss  
for the good, the goodbye.