

Elena Cries

for 40 piano-wire-tight minutes
this first bravely scheduled night:
she sirens her solitude, face a boiled plum,
cries uncoiled between breaths, when she sinks
in woe's depths and we throb, swallow longing. Awaiting
the spiking febrile return
of another wave's crash
against arterial walls. Tiny pure voice riding
arpeggios of mucoused rage,
cruel crescendoes of weeping,
leonine roars of wilder wonder: *where has
the world gone? where are the strong hands
that held, patted? breasts' warm oceans of milk
I swam in, sea by sea?*

we hang staring eyes
on neon numbers
12:25 12:33 :47
handrails of sanity
as we stiffen on the edge
of twenty minutes' cradle-rocking
till eyes glue shut with tears, hands lift
in surrender
and twenty minutes of dry racked sniffles
reproach the quiet
of soul's stilled lament

this is the birth of pain, I reflect as we sink
into darkness, preparing to drown, to follow
your still rocking vessel,
wrecked off the shore of desolation:

little girl, rolled off the edge
of the world
into a universe
empty of rescuing arms and soft breasts,
black as your mother's heart
as she rocks and watches the clock,
counting out the misery,
turning to stone, slowly,
from the head down. Whispering to the night,
*you are not the only new born
to loss.*