*afterlife*

you come to me at night

with your huge hands

signing dark & slow

my sentence

& I sail

as slight

as a tangent

off your buoyant breast

into the bigger breeze just

coasting along

refusing

for the moment

deflation like the withered

parachute’s inverted

flower

the first death always returns

& the clouds ride a carousel

around a hill

singing out

carnival tunes

summer comes in

like fish and chips in the air

down on the boardwalk

where are you & where

is our assignation

not here not here & I dream

you and I are reconciled

finally in some kind of

gracious afterlife

a sweet reprieve

to eat & talk

at this eternal banquet

but all the food

is just pictures of food &

all our talk is just pictures

of words like Edward Ruscha’s

painting ‘Vanishing Cream’

yet there are no pictures

of wine & as you begin

to vanish I wonder

was it the Cheshire Cat

who ate the vanishing cream

but your lingering smile

clearly says it’s you

who’ve first vanished me