

Always Elsewhere
by Madeleine Clodfelter

You said the world overlays itself
a thousand times every night
every sea
just an opening in time.

Your words were always a
reminder of breathing.
You ruined every perfect heaven
with your cruel tranquility,
lined in shatterings of vases and pearl strands.

I tried to tell you that God was just a name
for the space between words-
that lungs one day run out of breath runs out of life runs out of pain.

And maybe if you could teach me to touch the charred remains of your body
suspended
from that blue palimpsest
you called sky

Maybe then.