

BIOGRAPHY

A sentence punctured by an error waxes
romantic at home, brown loafers splattered with paint.
It fell off a ledge on the site. "I love that praxis!"
Its wife looks out the window, ignoring the feint.
Days in the Index have no sunsets; instead
the sky falls open always across their lines,
sometimes lightly, sometimes like forgotten dead
give the lie to the mind's loopier inclines
and whimsical moments. The sentence wants water, gets a beer
thrust into its eye-covered hand. One drink
and it realizes its mistake. It's come too near
ensconcing itself without stopping to think
of its minor role, its sad station in the book:
always last to leave but never worth a second look.