

BRETT FLETCHER LAUER

SEVERANCE

I have come to the desired point, the evening of the 16th
mostly clear from nine until midnight, attention
was directed almost entirely to the north-west though
I turned my eye, a few times, to the east. I made
no committed reports. Quite possibly I overlooked

circumstances with opportunity to explain, misunderstood
facts containing certain sinister details, both social
and psychological, positions undermined in advance
prior to the greenness of moss. It is well known
I made no such reports, no descriptions in person

or via mobile phone, but this is supplemented by
the general communication of others, what they have
been told, in confidence or otherwise, or have
observed in interactions or lack thereof. I do find
it incumbent, given this platform, that I reiterate,

123

I offer no excuses, don't point to a childhood spent
caring for pets, adolescent years of skeptical reserve.
I made no public statement to my countrymen and now
is not that moment to look back over a thousand foreign
grasses, waiting for redemption to take shape. I admit,

I waited with an expectation of locating you across the river
more ancient than funeral structures. Lonely territory,
the night of the 16th my journal notes music left car radios
somewhere. It was a mistake inferring the world was
an island rather than an interlude advancing. I stood,

each stillness disrupting another, looked for signs in a field
guide and cemeteries, thought you would return how
rain falls like previous rain or silent mountains continue

inventing new snows. It should be known I suffered, slept
one eye up, over and over the same anxieties until a piece

of quiet. An exhausted bird, storm-tossed, arrived drawing
slowly familiar like detailed statements. It was naïve
to subscribe to a belief in auguries, to empower such creatures
with speech and furthermore to listen: The degree to which
one is ground to pieces fails to alleviate the burden.

No one remembers I was sick while the sun bent from where
to where, waiting, each stillness another until I believed
I had come to identify numerous apparitions, if not black
in art, mysterious in thought, and I followed myself away
from myself. I know actions committed, and here I mean

124

imagined, without concern for faith, have left me half-
demolished. It should be noted my expressed wish that
they be buried like a premonition dreamed by an Emperor
before the advent of papyrus, but it stays with a person,
repairs an invisible thread around a nameless finger.