

WHEN YOU COME TO LETHE

The sulks and slumps the gray areas
you will put them behind you the off days
the eyesores the vast turgid sea let them go
the oddments and omens the stammering the wraiths
and larvae what are these the slops and sludgy
waste stream you will allow these memories
to lapse the radiance the broken phrase
the smidgeons the fugitive minutes
drink now and forget

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JOHN WITTE