

The dead pots hump in corners  
around the shack. No music here  
but the music of white bone

drying beyond water in sun.  
Late August. I bring back distant  
summers—the air of memory,

the distal air of avatars  
mixing water and mud, clay  
the admixture of sky and earth.

A few miles away the sea wind  
moves, sweeps salt in sheets over birds.  
I sit now on the grey wood

of the kiln's benches. It is bright.  
The salt, like birds, hovers and then  
moves on. I have never been here.

I'll leave no bones still pink with flesh  
or blood. There are no bones to leave.  
There are no thoughts to leave. Only

the mind runnelled like earth, dry  
and bare as the limed earth,  
nothing but the wet flesh of memory.

## Four Days of Your Death / Jack Myers

*In memory of Irving Cohen*

1  
At the other end without a body  
no one believed in his death.  
It got larger like the blackness  
of a pupil in the dark  
until it soaked up all the light  
to fill his form.

2

The casket stands for character:  
stained, unvarnished hardwood  
holds the irrefutable fact best.  
The rings of hardwood ripple outward  
like a flat scream the body lies in.

3

Memory has senses that the dead can use.  
The hand that taught us how to touch  
now feels like the wind of a man passing.

4

The family gathers together  
like so many presents to each other.  
It is the middle of winter,  
the time of the tree cut down.

## From the Blind / Paul Nelson

I lace them together carefully, the pine boughs  
under the bank at the tide's edge, hiding  
the milking stool, the cheesebox shelf  
where my shells are stored, the root  
that loops once to hold the bottle.  
There is a downed spruce that fits  
the arches of my feet above high water,  
and in the dark I crouch there with my stomach full  
like a fat child peeking at his sister,  
waiting for gratuities to wing in, whistling,  
shush down and splash in the thin pond that makes itself  
each twelve hours of my life.  
Sometimes, cradling the big ten-gauge, I imagine  
my body loafing in the marsh like a pulp log,  
a new occurrence, the man who stepped off  
the creek bridge in April 1886, or the girl  
who followed him by eight decades, my mother's  
sister's girl, talked about, pearl of a girl,