

Memoir · *Henri Coulette*

A spare tire some boy spanked all summer long,
Its bald spot showing, leans
A sleepy head against a broken wall.

The wall leans back and whispers,
Truth is not beauty, beauty is not truth,
As is the wont of walls,

Especially if broken. The wall reads,
Paco, Shorty, Grunt,
The names the poets took before they left.

That souging at the sill—
Is it a requiem for the fisted spider,
His harvest a tall crown

Of iridescent ruins, of tiny shipwrecks:
The nature of things fragile
Made manifest?

Yes, and the boy made a man.