

## DISTANCE

All these problems are old ones: the rain  
so many days of it now  
of being away from your friends, the city you live in  
the way its light falls, its rain.

Let's have it that there's a warp of one hour  
between where you are and here

and suppose someone is *here*, almost half-way  
using the year up like air, money  
the work's going well, she knows a few people, a few  
places to have a good time

say at midnight  
they go to the graveyard, see its black angel, and  
some thought of music, and brought wine, so:  
to the stones, darkness, the stars and everything  
under them. And tomorrow. That smear in the sky line  
that's the sun coming around, whatever happens  
it isn't news. There were others.  
There was moss. A mat of needles  
to lie on, bedrock, the salt flats.  
And sand. There were seasons.  
The worst of the ways of having a bad day  
is this one. What if it happens again? take a breath  
and again. Look at the gates. One more.  
The marble babies. A pain like breathing. And  
now? Oh! here's another, yes, the surprise of dying  
we have no right to, so many days of it.