

RAY DIPALMA

From Obelisk to Water's Edge

As long as we are in the same room together
we share a similar sense of history

a change of purpose a common expiation
deliberate and serial first to last to first

temperaments backing into place—
they were vanishing they were riding the haze

amid this bulk and noise are dispassionate tidings
solemn details a missing piece of evidence that advance

the glamour of strange circumstances
within the silences earned by fragments and pursuit

until we learn the location of the lost city
the news will always be bad and the words

that make it up like a dialect without a grammar
but with its own clarity and logic endlessly complex and menacing